Volume Forty-Four, Number Six, December 1967

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by Norman Gall

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Andrew Hacker Shlomo Avineri David T. Bazelon
Lionel Abel

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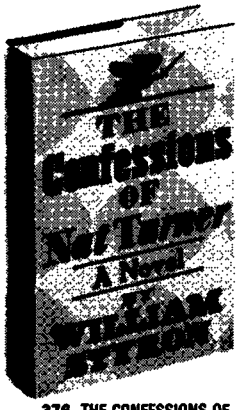

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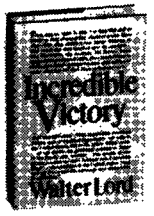

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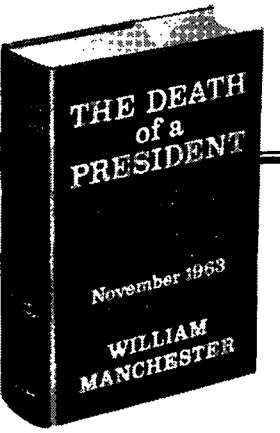

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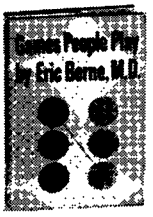

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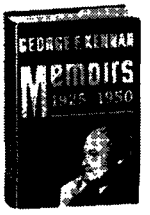

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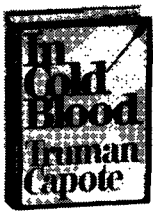

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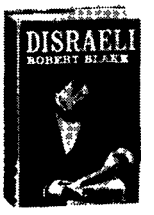

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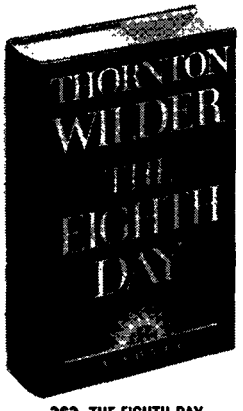

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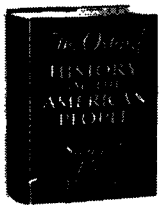

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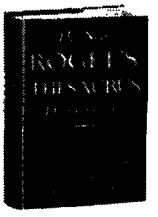

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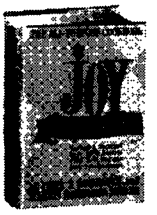

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VOLUME 44

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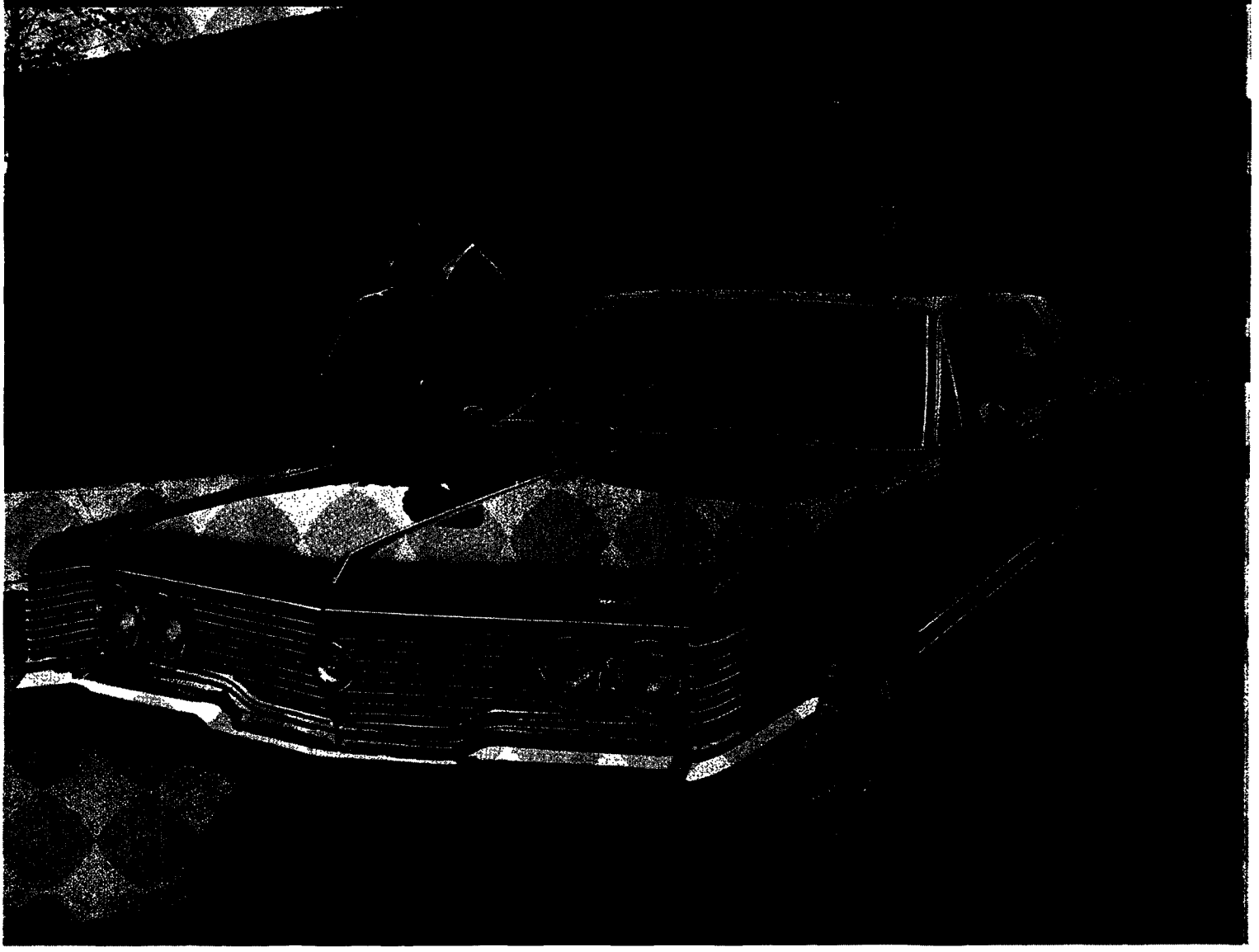

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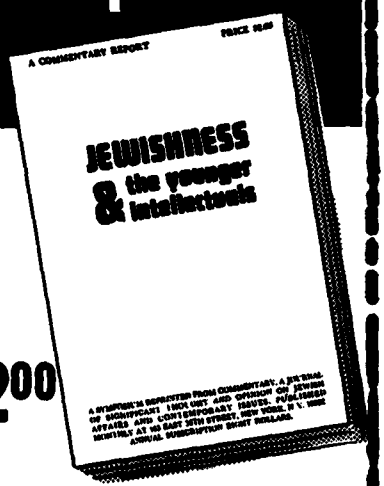

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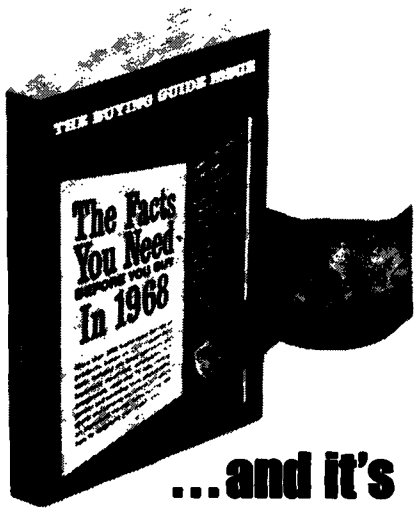

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LETTERS FROM READERS

On the Left

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Reading your symposium on "Liberal Anti-Communism Revisited," [September] I have been struck by the repeated statements about the breakup of the Soviet Empire and the growing independence of the Communist satellite countries. Where is the evidence for this?

I don't know when these essays were written, but history, after the Six Day War in the Middle East has changed. If ever there was an expression of Communist solidarity, a unification of forces, a reaffirmation of the Warsaw Pact, it occurred in reaction to Israel's victory. Even Yugoslavia—that prime example of Communist breakaway—returned to the fold, happily and voluntarily.

Now while Russia stands to gain from championing the Arabs—in terms of naval bases, sale of oil to Spain and Italy, new colonies like Syria, Iraq, and Egypt, and general political domination of the area—Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Bulgaria have nothing to gain. Yet they are acting just as the Communists did in the 30's when the Russian line was the Communist international line, and when to say no to Russia was to "betray the revolution."

Or should we consider the Communist International as having transformed itself into an anti-Semitic International now that Eastern Europe, India, the Middle East, and Northern Africa have all joined hands on this issue and are finding new allies—even in the United States, as the recent Chicago conference has shown.

What amazes me is that most of the participants in the symposium were Jewish and practically no one considered this new Communist mutation. Only one referred to the Six-Day War, and he seized upon Rumania, the one exception to the rule, to prove his thesis that the Soviet Empire was now a collection of autonomous countries. The fact that four of the satellite countries, including Yugoslavia, went right back into a state of complete unity carried no weight. . . .

This common Jewish willingness to sacrifice one's own people to what others say is best for mankind occurred in Chicago, too. There we saw Jewish "liberals" voting anti-Semitism—I know they said it wasn't—based on the same reasoning. Lines of communication for social revolution must be maintained even though the Jew is the price. . . .

JULIUS R. COGEN
Cleveland, Ohio

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

There is something pathetic and macabre in your symposium. . . . It presupposes the existence of a viable ideological entity called anti-Communism. The lead paragraph of most of the essays reads like a paraphrase of a loyalty oath, as if responsible criticism of the American Way of Life were the prerogative only of the properly anointed. Having established their bona fides they go on to say that Communism today is a weasel word and by implication so is its antithesis. As Paul Goodman states: ". . . we have the astonishing situation that in two generations radical intellectuals have produced no program of theory and action that mankind can rally to. Instead they have solemnly agreed to discuss garbage. . . ."

So the *danse macabre* of the liberals goes on in measured steps from left to center and maybe beyond. . . .

To me, the cardinal issue is whether the term "national interest" is definable and, if so, what methods are meaningful (from a moral point of view) to employ in its pursuit.

J. MENKES
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Every last one of the cold-war liberals who entered your essay contest sold out to the CIA, the Pentagon, and/or the State Department years ago. And they remain bought off and unrepentant to this day. Not one of the contestants has changed his mind in the least on the "evils of Communism." And, unsurprisingly, not one of them shows the slightest concern over Formosa, Spain, Iran, South Africa, Greece and all the rest of the enlightened democracies of the "free world," able to survive only because of United States bribery. . . .

THOMAS D. BRYANT
Carbondale, Illinois

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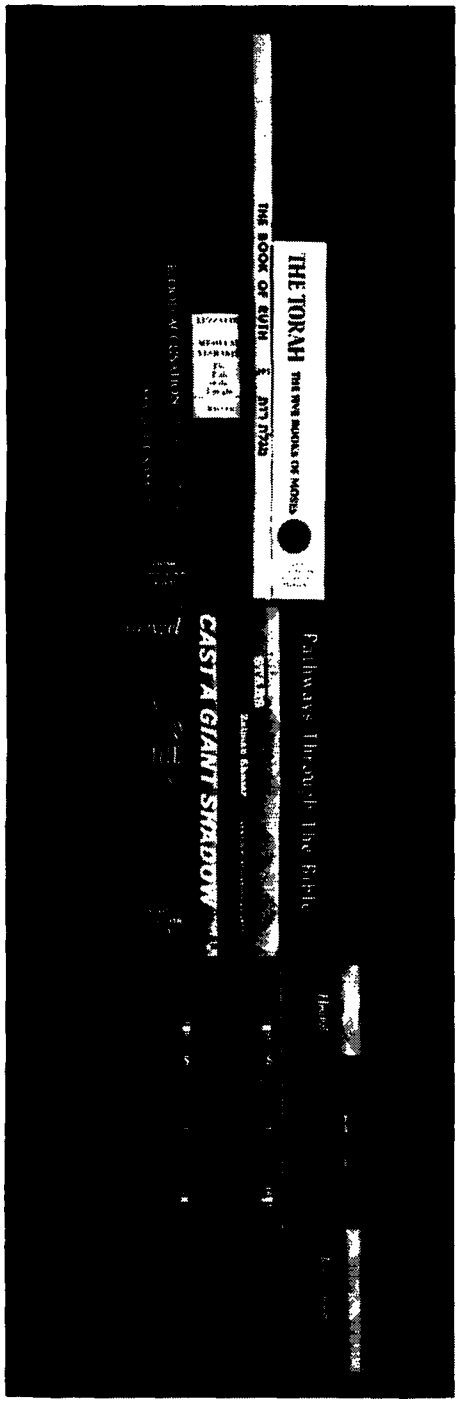

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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The liberal anti-Communist was created by Russia's machinations in the Spanish Civil War, the Russian pact with Nazi Germany, and the Russian invasion of Finland. Before these disillusionments, the liberal saw Communism as a guiding light in his quest for a better world; after breaking with it, he drifted about in a rudderless state, embittered by the parent who had exposed him to the harshness of the world, yet always harboring some small hope for a reconciliation.

The Vietnam war gave him that opportunity. The American relationship with Diem and Ky has been the 1960's version of the Russian pact with Nazi Germany—unnatural, cynical, contemptible. The American bombing of North Vietnam evokes an instant comparison with Russia's invasion of Finland.

By embracing these efforts the liberal anti-Communist has legitimized Russia's decisions of thirty years ago. He has made his turn at the far end of the track and he is on the way home.

WALTER KAYLIN
Old Lyme, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Your symposium on liberal anti-Communism provides more than enough documentation for the assertion of the New Left that liberalism as a social, political, or moral force is dead. My generation (I'm twenty-seven) has been constantly disgusted by the inability of our so-called intellectual superiors to confront the assertions of C. Wright Mills which are so forcefully stated in *The Power Elite*. This inability or lack of desire, bordering at times on outright dishonesty, to confront the economic basis of our "fight against Communism," is powerfully symbolized in your symposium. None of the participants seems to question the right of one country to consume over 80 per cent of the world's yearly output of resources even though its population comprises only 6 per cent of the earth's total. No one mentions the close collaboration of American business and the military complex. No one wants to admit that freedom, of a personal or political nature, especially when a foreign country is concerned, is of little significance until American business interests are threatened. Communism has become a catchphrase which allows America to intervene anywhere at any time, to safeguard our economic interests.

An increasingly unsubtle censorship . . . is forcing the young leaders of my generation into extreme positions. Slowly the channels are coming into being which will allow a great number of us to view Hanoi, Cuba, and even China at first-hand—not many will refuse.

Unless a more honest attitude develops among our intellectual elders, an entire generation of youth will be alienated from a tradition that could provide for evolutionary rather than revolutionary change. . . .

IRA EINHORN
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Only anti-Communist liberals heading our government could have gotten us into this big a mess. Goldwater, Nixon, Henry Wallace, George Wallace, or Strom Thurmond *trying* to do what Johnson and Humphrey *are doing* would have brought such protest as to make the placement of five hundred thousand troops on Asian soil impossible. And many of the writers I've read in COMMENTARY, the *New Leader*, *Partisan Review*, and *Encounter* served as a great volunteer army of press agents and PR men, furnishing slogans and ideals to justify what we are doing. . . . The real danger to our nation is not from Sidney Hook's "ritualistic liberals" or from the followers of Gus Hall or George Lincoln Rockwell. . . . It is the bad judgment of good men rather than the sly plans of bad men that get us into trouble. . . . In World War I, if you hated democracy and wished to leave the world unsafe for it, you should have supported President Wilson.

JAMES C. WHITE
Minneapolis, Minnesota

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In 1941, just as our military experts knew that the Russian army couldn't stand up against Hitler for more than a few weeks, our anti-Communist experts knew that the Russian soldiers and civilians were too demoralized by Stalin to offer any resistance to the Germans.

J. Edgar Hoover (being only a cop and no logician) tried to prove that the fewer the Communists in this country, the greater the danger from them; Sidney Hook (being a logician) proves

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that the greater the thaw after Stalin, the greater the Communist menace.

Despite his endless flow of articles in the most widely read journals, providing the learned-academic underpinnings for the McCarthy crusade, Hook ridicules the notion that the intellectual anti-Communists contributed to Washington's professed *raison d'être* for the Vietnam war. . . .

Mankind is indeed in a sorry state. The priests have failed us, the kings have failed us, the politicians have failed us, and now it is evident that our last hope, the philosophers, can no more be trusted to direct our destinies than other mortals. . . .

George Bernard Shaw once suggested that a wise, disinterested, and unengaged Chinaman should be the guiding head of state to insure a just and enlightened reign, but of course this too is now out of the question. . . .

SAMUEL SALZMAN
Brooklyn, New York

MR. HOOK writes:

Mr. Salzman has misstated what I wrote. I did not "prove" that "the greater the thaw after Stalin, the greater the Communist menace." I pointed out that there was no necessary connection between a less oppressive Soviet domestic policy and a less aggressive Soviet foreign policy. Stalin was much more cautious then Khrushchev. *Vide* Hungary, Suez, and Cuba.

I also suggest that instead of looking for political saviors, Mr. Salzman might try thinking for himself. A good beginning would be to improve his reading habits. He should have discovered long ago, before he became disillusioned with Confucius and/or Mao, that Shaw, the ardent admirer of Mussolini and Stalin, was not a reliable political guide.

The Mikveh, Cont'd.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In an otherwise excellent article, ["Moving the Mikveh," September], Sanford J. Ungar remarks that Jewish community centers in cities other than Wilkes-Barre are "usually run according to the tenets of Reform Judaism."

. . . This comment reflects a lack of knowledge about the nature of Jewish community centers and YM-YWHA's throughout the country. . . . Though they are indeed institutions of the Jewish community, they seek to serve a cross-section of Jewish individuals and families, regardless of their synagogue affiliation, or indeed of whether or not they have any such affiliation. On such matters as *kashruth*, the Sabbath, etc., community centers and Y's run the gamut from Reconstructionist to Orthodox. . . . Then, too, one must question Mr. Ungar's criteria. The fact that an institution is closed on the Sabbath or observes the dietary laws does not necessarily tell us very much about how "Jewish" it is. In fact, one could probably make out a case to prove that certain centers which ar open on the Sabbath are more "Jewish" than those which are.n't.

In sum, before Mr. Ungar attempts to make blanket characterizations of all such institutions, he should devote at least as much study to them as he has to the city of Wilkes-Barre itself.

JOEL M. CARP
Program Director
YM & YWHA of
Mid-Westchester
Eastchester, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Sanford J. Ungar errs in stating, "It was Rabbi Akiba who finally declared that purification could only be achieved through a ritual bath."

This statement is based on a misunderstanding of the context in which Rabbi Akiba's opinion is recorded, in Tractate Sabbath 64b of the Babylonian Talmud. The debate there is not about the means of purification at all, . . . but about whether a woman may use cosmetics and other means of beautification during the period of ritual uncleanness. In the parallel passage of the Jerusalem Talmud —end of Tractate Gittin—it is stated very clearly that the predecessors of Rabbi Akiba . . . also were of the opinion that purification could be achieved through immersion only.

Purification rituals for women have been practiced by the Jews from time immemorial, as can be seen from a casual remark in II Samuel 11:4. It is interesting to note that even the Falasha, who are not acquainted at all with rabbinical tradition, practice the purification rites through immersion and therefore place all their settle-

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ments near streams. The *mikveh* excavated at Masada—obviously dating back prior to the time of Rabbi Akiba—was found to comply in all details with rabbinic law as practiced today. . . .

Mr. Ungar . . . does not explain at all why those rites, which according to his words, "were meant to apply to both men and women —and even to inanimate objects" are observed now by women only. Actually, the purification rites for humans and inanimate objects were connected mainly with the Temple and therefore became defunct after its destruction. However, women have to undergo ritual purification also because of the injunction contained in Leviticus 18: 19, which is, of course, still valid and therefore observed by strictly Orthodox Jews. . . .

YEHESKEL ETZION
New York City

MR. UNGAR writes:

I was not concerned with "how Jewish" an institution is, as Mr. Carp hints, but rather with its degree of attachment to traditional Judaism—and in this sense, the Jewish community center and its practices provided one among many examples of the high degree of traditional observance which goes along with the strong religious affiliation among the Jews of Wilkes-Barre. Therefore, it was consistent with its other institutions for the Jewish community to maintain a *mikveh*.

My information was that—despite the diversity that exists among Jewish community centers throughout the country—Wilkes-Barre's was in the minority in this regard. Whether it or Mr. Carp's YM-YWHA is "more Jewish" than any other is irrelevant to my article, and for that sort of determination I bow to the expertise of Mr. Carp.

Professor Charles Liebman's letter, published in your last issue [November], reached me too late to reply. But just for the record, I have this to say: I thank Mr. Liebman for pointing to the error in my statistics, but his estimate that 4 per cent of those eligible use the *mikveh* may be no better than my 1 per cent. I have not seen the sex ratio and age breakdown of the 1957 Bureau of the Census study to which he refers, but if he calculates that a thousand women are eligible (the letter does not mention an exact number), 4 per cent is correct only if forty women use the *mikveh*. That was the highest estimate of number of users in my piece, and Mr. Liebman is being optimistic. The range of estimates is from seventeen to forty, so in fact we may only say that between 1.7 and 4 per cent use the *mikveh*.

The Six-Day War

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Theodore Draper's penetrating survey of the third Arab-Israeli war is a perceptive recording of a complex chapter of world history. I would like to take exception, however, to two minor points:

(1) In stating, "When the United States *unexpectedly* withdrew its offer to assist Egypt to construct the Aswan High Dam and Nasser *struck back* by nationalizing the Suez. . . ." the author perpetuates a myth. The withdrawal by the United States of its offer to build the Aswan Dam came as no surprise to Nasser and served as the excuse rather than the cause for nationalizing the Suez. It was on July 26, 1956 that Nasser announced the takeover of Suez, but in October 1954, he had created a commission to study various problems to be anticipated when the company's lease expired in 1968. A year later, the Egyptian Embassy in Washington received formal instructions to seek American pilots for Suez. Nasser had already decided that collaboration with Russia in building Aswan was preferable to the American offer. In a meeting with Soviet Minister Shepilov, it was decided to go through the motions of seeking U.S. backing for Aswan but to lay down impossible conditions so as to use the inevitable withdrawal of the American offer as the occasion for nationalization. Far from being an impulsive reaction to an affront, the nationalization of Suez was carefully stage-managed.

In a letter to President Eisenhower dated September 15, 1956, the late John Foster Dulles wrote, "You asked whether our withdrawal from the Aswan Dam project could properly be deemed abrupt: I think not. . . . Telephone conversations . . . indicated that the Egyptian government knew that when they came, as they did, to get a definitive reply it would be negative." Eisenhower recalls that a further letter from Dulles stated

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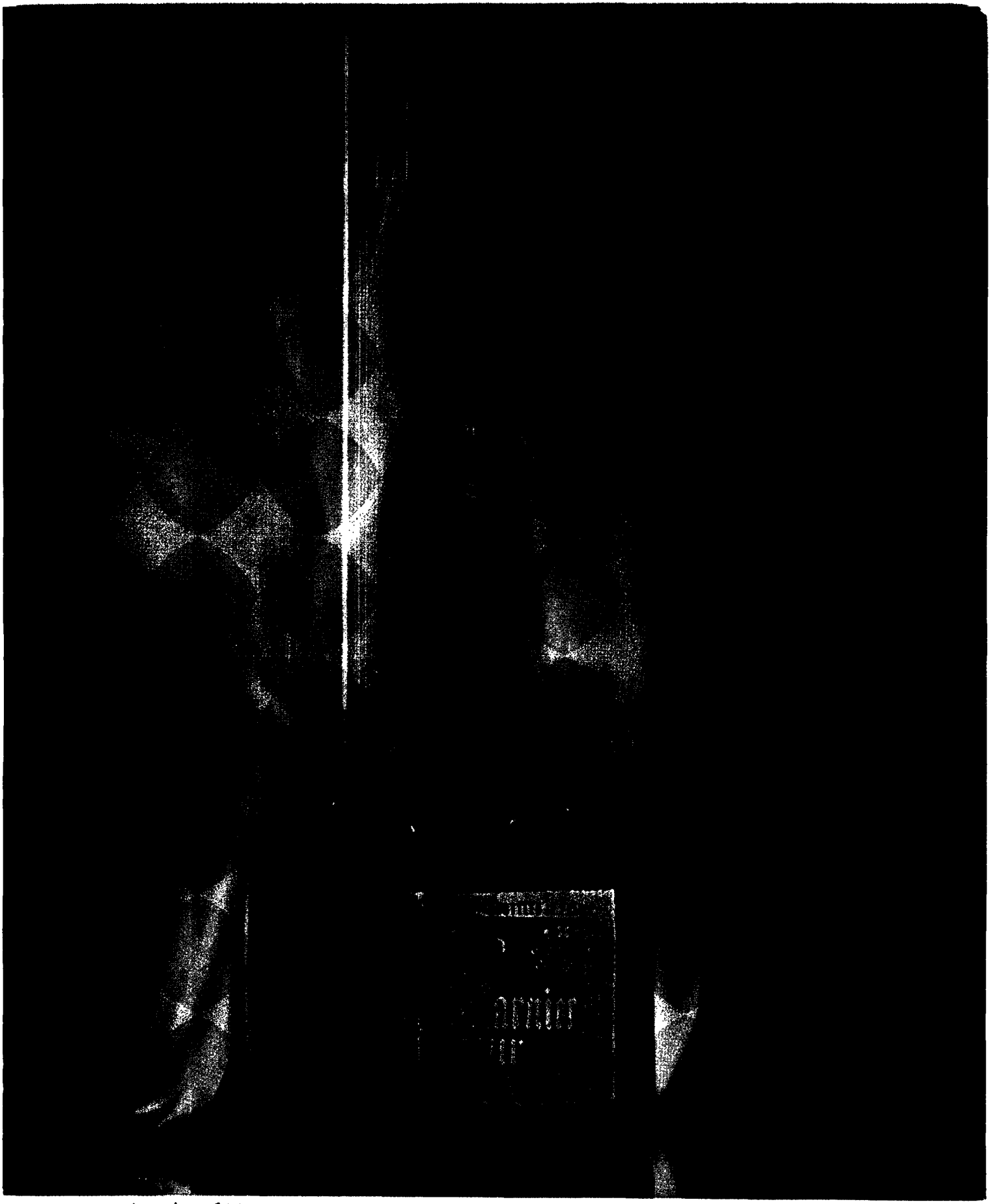

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that "President Nasser has since said that he planned for nearly two years to seize the Suez Canal Company, but was waiting for a good occasion."

(2) Draper passes over one important distinction between the outburst of 1956 and that of 1967. One ingredient present in 1956 was absent in 1967: in 1956, influential U.S. oil interests (Aramco) were rivals of the British Shell combine for the favors of Arabian oil concessions. American oil interests were only too eager to replace the retreating British interests. Hence the desperate British thrust in 1956, initiated without American participation, much less approval. Oil rivalry between the U.S. and Britain is no longer an ingredient of the 1967 Middle East scene. Britain has capitulated; she has surrendered the tiger to the American tank.

[Rabbi] STANLEY RABINOWITZ
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Theodore Draper discusses the issue raised by William F. Buckley and John P. Roche in their criticism of individuals who are "doves" on Vietnam and "hawks" on Israel. As Draper points out, the issue is far more important than the statements which raised it. However, I think he is wrong to suggest that the criticism by Buckley and Roche implies that "Vietnam doves must be dovish everywhere, or, conversely, Israeli hawks must be hawkish everywhere." The "Roche-Buckley line" is defensible on grounds much more rational than Professor Draper seems to think.

There are at least three points involved. The first concerns the specific arguments used by Vietnam doves. Some of these are applicable only to Vietnam, others are not. Among the latter are the following: U.S. military intervention has to be sanctioned by the UN. There is no treaty obligation ratified by the Senate. The U.S. should not get involved in a land war thousands of miles away on the mainland of Asia. Domestic problems are more urgent; U.S. intervention abroad diverts resources from the solution of these urban problems. War devastates the country which the U.S. is ostensibly trying to save. U.S. intervention abroad harms our image in the world, especially where the U.S. is regarded as fighting for "white" against "colored" peoples.

Many of these arguments have been advanced with great heat, and in highly emotional terms. All of them are as valid against military intervention in the Middle East as they are against such intervention in Vietnam; and nobody who urged such arguments against U.S. intervention in Vietnam can reasonably demand, or endorse, intervention in the Middle East.

The second point concerns the effects of the above arguments on congressional and public opinion. There has definitely been an increase in isolationist sentiment in this country in the past year or so. This sentiment would probably have developed in any case, but the arguments used by the Vietnam doves must have encouraged it, and indeed many doves have done everything they could to foster isolationism, and to make American military intervention abroad seem despicable. This new isolationism was at least one of the factors which led the administration to temporize about the Gulf of Aqaba—which does not excuse the administration's inaction, but does go some way to explain it.

The third point concerns some of the arguments specifically advanced by some of the individuals who are doves on Vietnam and hawks on Israel; and which are not to be taken seriously. It was argued, for instance, that the government of Israel had popular backing, while that of South Vietnam was a military dictatorship. This may be true, but would any of the Israel hawks look any more kindly on Arab aggression again Israel if there had been a successful military coup there?

Suppose that the Israeli army overthrew Prime Minister Eshkol, and installed General Dayan in his place. Would this affect any of the obligations the U.S. might have toward Israel? Would it affect rights of free navigation in the Suez Canal or the Gulf of Aqaba? Would it affect Israel's rights under the 1949 armistice agreements or under the UN Charter? Would it, above all, affect Israel's right to exist?

This, it seems to me, is the crucial similarity between the Vietnam and Middle East problems. What is involved is the existence, of South Vietnam in one case, of Israel in the other. Professor Draper writes:

> As soon as the *casus belli* becomes the existence of Israel, there is no

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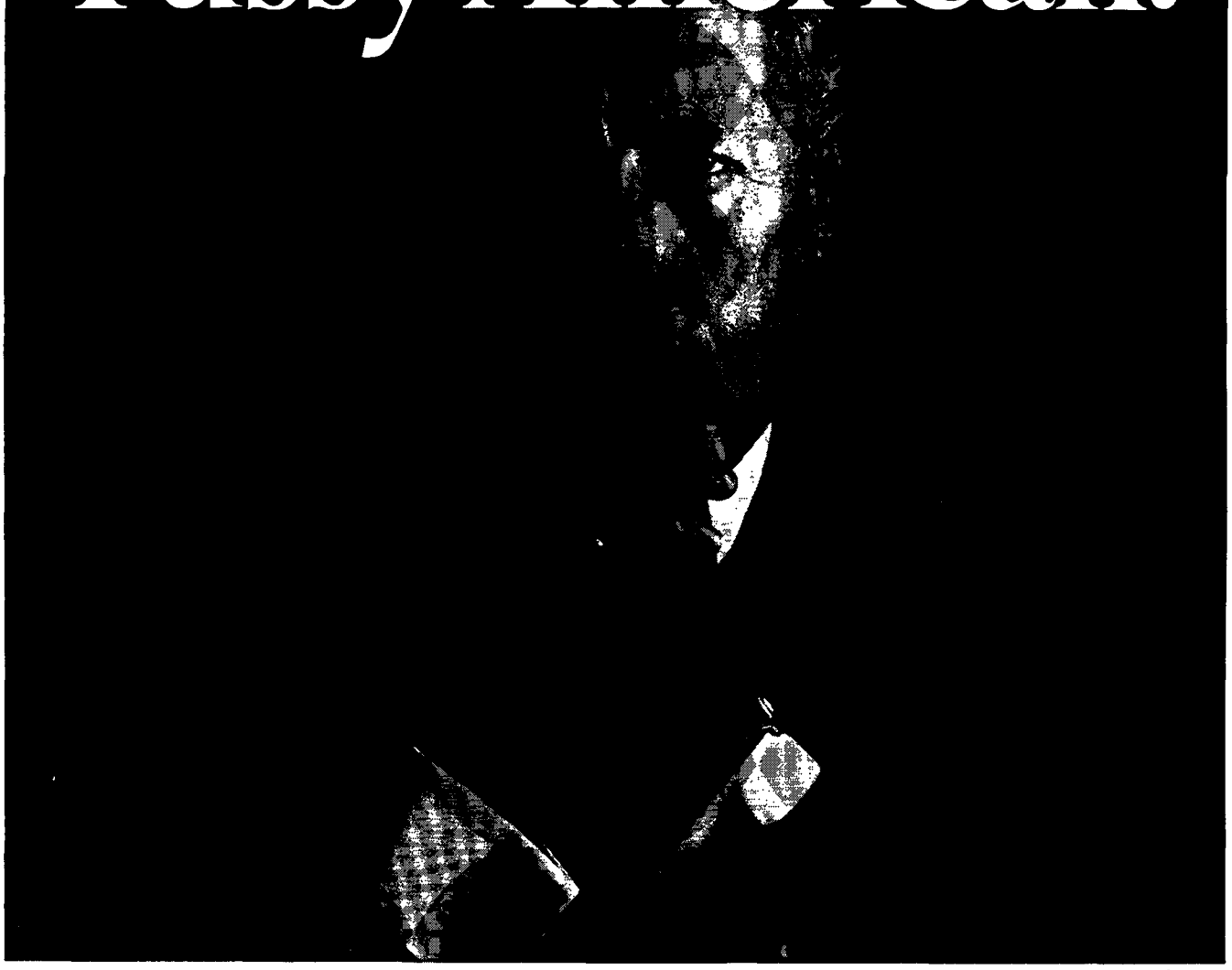

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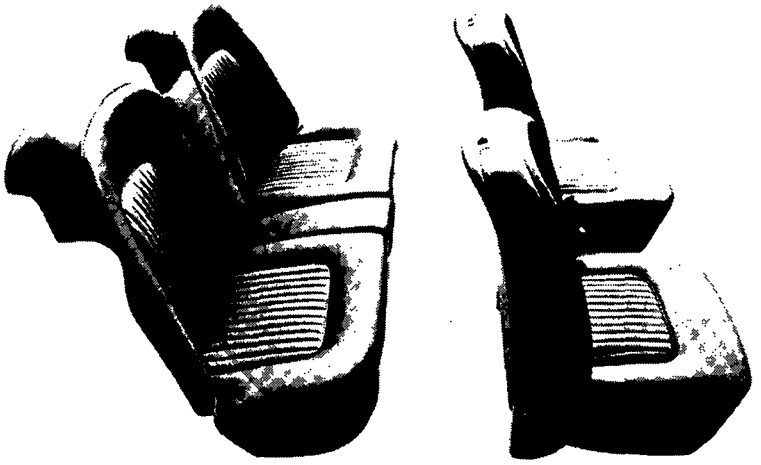

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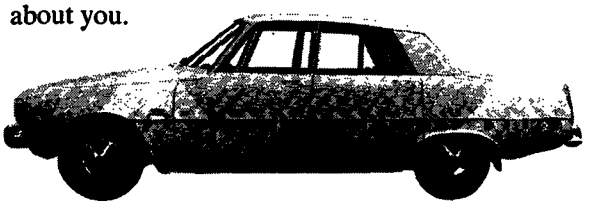

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right and no wrong; there is only force to determine whether Israel is going to live or to die. The relationship of Israel to the Arab world can be discussed more or less rationally; whether or not there should be an Israel cannot.

One can substitute "South Vietnam" for "Israel" in the above statement, and "Communist" for "Arab," and the statement remains true, or untrue, as before. I don't agree that one cannot discuss rationally whether or not there should be an Israel, or whether or not there should be a South Vietnam. I think that there are overwhelming arguments for the affirmative in both cases. Professor Draper may disagree. But he cannot place the existence of Israel above discussion, and at the same time question the existence of South Vietnam.

JOHN KISSIN
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

MR. DRAPER writes:

Rabbi Rabinowitz undoubtedly has a point. But it is entirely based on Mr. Dulles's self-justification. Even at that, Mr. Dulles somewhat qualified his disavowal of the abruptness of the U.S. action. The second sentence in the letter of September 15, 1956, quoted by Rabbi Rabinowitz, reads: "I think not, at least so far as Egypt was concerned." Even Mr. Dulles may have thought that it appeared abrupt to everyone else.

The time factor should be kept in mind. The United States committed itself financially to the Aswan High Dam in December 1955. U.S. support in principle was reiterated by Eugene Black, President of the World Bank, as late as June 20, 1956. The Egyptians do not seem to have been told anything definite about the withdrawal until July 13 or thereabouts, only about three weeks later. The blow fell officially on July 19.

Nasser may have deliberately provoked the U.S. withdrawal, as Dulles believed. Evidently Dulles thought he knew what was in Nasser's mind from tapped Egyptian telephone conversations! But Mr. Dulles's explanation to his Chief does not give the evidence, and we must take much on faith. As I said, Rabbi Rabinowitz may have a valid point. But I am not satisfied that we have enough information about Nasser's dealings with the Russians in this period, and of Nasser's state of mind, to be sure that at

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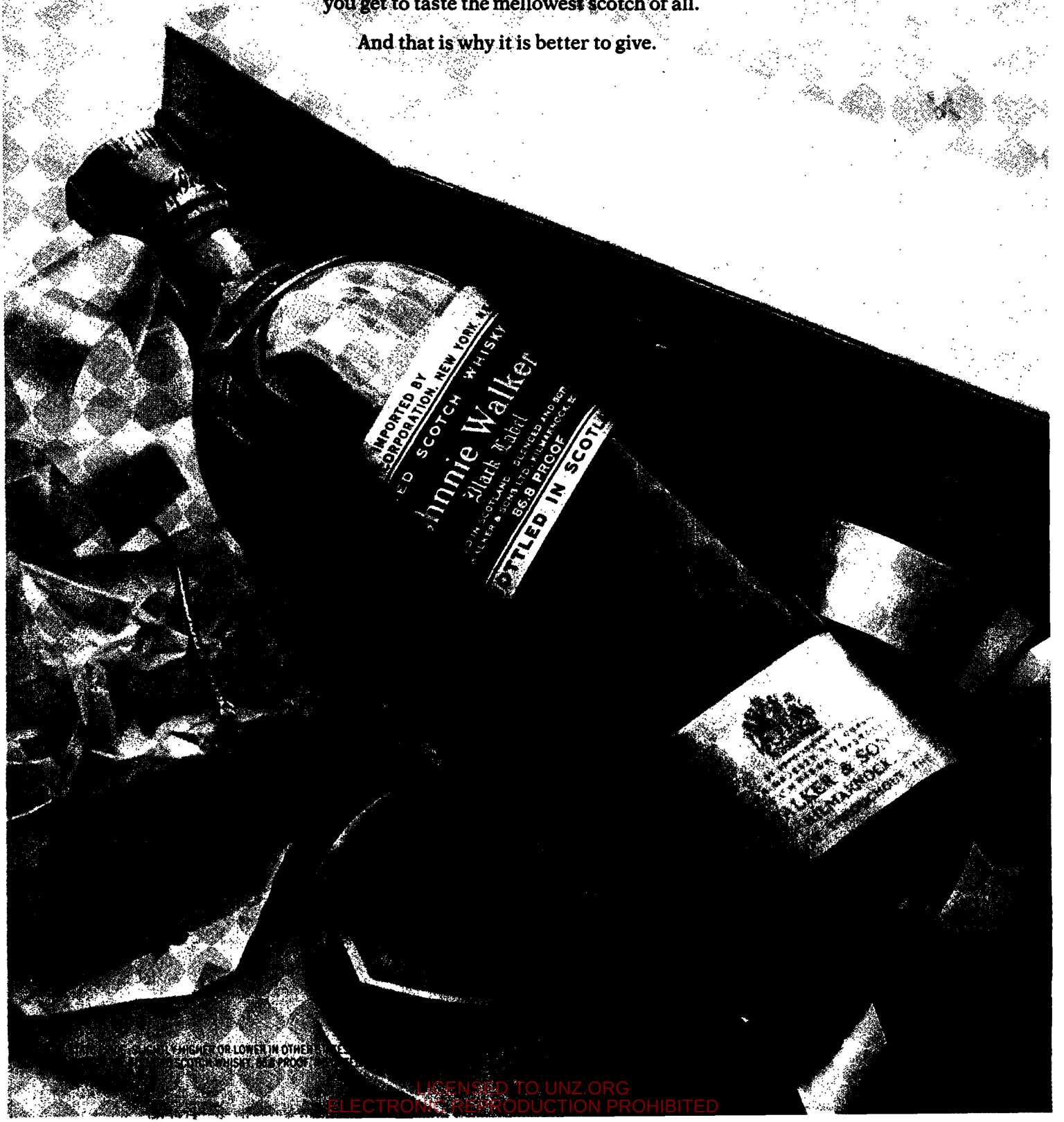

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2. ק
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3. ש
SHIN stands for
Shfoch **POURING**

4. א
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Adamdam **BROWN**

5. ם
SAMEK stands for
Sukar **SUGAR**

6. JF
JF stands for
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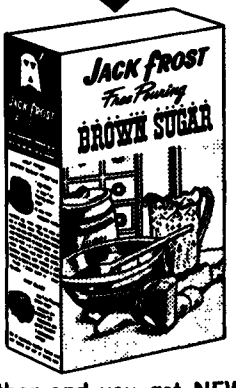
CERTIFIED 

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JACK FROST SUGAR

least the timing did not catch him by surprise.

As for John Kissin, his three points are not as airtight as he seems to think. (1) Mr. Kissin himself admits that some of the specific arguments used by Vietnam doves are "applicable only to Vietnam, others are not." Then he proceeds to list what he considers to be the latter. Without entering into the merits of the specific arguments, some of which seem to me to be farfetched, the fact that there are arguments that cannot be fitted into a Vietnam straitjacket already cuts the ground under his main point—the equation of Vietnam and Israel.

(2) Mr. Kissin blames the "Vietnam doves" for the "new isolationism." I am afraid that this is a new scarecrow with which we are going to have to live for some time. The trouble with it is that it offers us two extreme abstractions—"interventionism" and "isolationism." The chronic interventionists would like nothing better than to be opposed by chronic isolationists. This dichotomy is exactly what I tried to warn against. Those who seek "consistency" at all costs merely wish to make our policy in all situations consistent with our Vietnam policy and, therefore, biased toward armed intervention. Whose fault is the public's growing distrust of this kind of "consistency"? If our Vietnam policy were more successful, its critics would be derided or ignored. If there is a "new isolationism," it is feeding on the failure of the new interventionism. It is always a good idea to be more concerned with the cause than with the effect.

(3) This one baffles me. It has nothing to do with anything I wrote. It is based on an "if" which I find hard to take seriously. In general, a coup by General Dayan would change some things and not other things. It would certainly have been a factor which we could not have ignored; it would certainly not have affected Israel's right to exist. But life is too short to go into all the ramifications of this "iffy" proposition.

Finally, I cannot accept the notion that the existence of Israel is the same thing as the existence of South Vietnam. The partition of Vietnam into North and South by the Geneva Agreements of 1954 was supposed to be temporary. The United States has reiterated its continued support of these Agreements and, as late as 1966,

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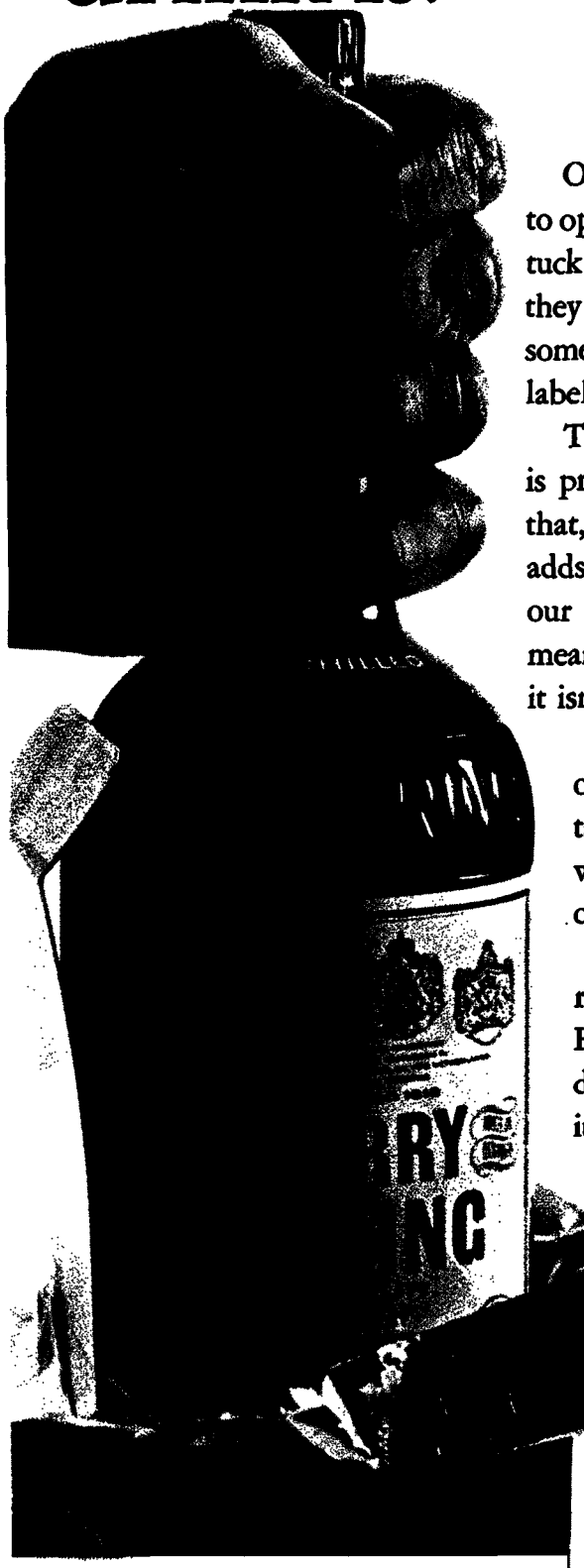

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Secretary of State Dean Rusk looked forward to "a restoration of the conditions contemplated by the Accords of 1954." One of those conditions would have done away with the existence of South Vietnam in favor of a reunified Vietnam. This alone shows that the "existence" of South Vietnam cannot be made the same thing as the existence of the state of Israel.

There is, however, more. If the Arab armies had ever broken through and reached Tel Aviv, as they boasted they were going to do, more than the existence of the State of Israel would have been at stake. One hates to contemplate how large a percentage of the Israeli *people* would have been wiped out. The outcome might well have been another frightful case of genocide. As much as the Vietnam war is causing casualties on both sides, this specter is not one that need haunt us.

American Jewry

To the Editor of Commentary:

Arthur Hertzberg's article in your August issue ["Israel and American Jewry"] suggests dismaying assumptions about secular Jews, the position today of Israel, and the same disturbing euphoria that has seized so many American Jews since the June victory.

Do we really hope to become Old Testament warriors in the post-chivalric age? Do we, in fact, repudiate Hitler's victims or glibly compare their situation to that of Israel today? (If it were the same, there would be no need for Israel.)

If we have not lost our brains, and if we have not lost our moral sense (surely family feeling, while natural in a crisis, is not the highest morality), we must face the fact that a military victory has not solved the problem of peace for Israel.

Unless there is some objective facing of facts about Arab land and Arab refugees, Israel will find herself in the long run confronting the combined hostility not only of the Arabs, but also of Russia and probably China as well. Military prowess will not save the day against that.

Israel exists because of Hitler, and because of the Russian and American backing the Nazi crimes procured for a Jewish state. The notion that pre-Hitlerian Zionism or the Balfour Declaration would have brought Israel into being is fatuous. Nor would Israel have the friends she has if it were not for the European victims.

The Arabs are quite right when they say that it is not they who were responsible for the victims. Germany, first of all, is responsible, and the future of Israel would be far more secure were Germany, and other nations involved in the creation of Israel, to make plain that an injustice has in fact been done to the Arabs; as so often, in fact, one great injustice has provoked another. Germany should be ready to take specific steps to ameliorate the situation. This would give some sort of satisfaction to the Arabs, as well as to the Russians, the English, and others.

It is very shortsighted to be afraid that anything given to the Arabs will be taken away from the Jews. If the Arabs have no satisfaction, they will never recognize Israel and she will be in ever-increasing danger.

Elaine Spina

New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

In his most stimulating article on Israel and American Jewry during the June crisis, Rabbi Hertzberg expresses regret that none of the research agencies in the social sciences intiated "a disciplined study of the American Jewish response as the events were unfolded."

It may interest your readers to learn that such a study was conducted by social scientists here in Melbourne during that period. By chance, it happened that a carefully planned social survey of the Melbourne Jewish community, . . . was completed in the last week in May. Three weeks after the war was over, a sample of the persons interviewed originally were approached again for retrospective material on their reaction to the crisis and on the effect it may have had on their attitudes to Judaism and to Israel.

The material is now being analyzed and results are not yet available, but early indications are that there was an even greater degree of involvement than that reported by Hertzberg for American Jewry. Ratings were made of the respondents' overall degree of ego involvement in the crisis, based on all of the material that was obtained in the interview. On the basis of these impressions it seems that more than one third of the subjects were "highly involved" in the crisis, to the extent that it disrupted their

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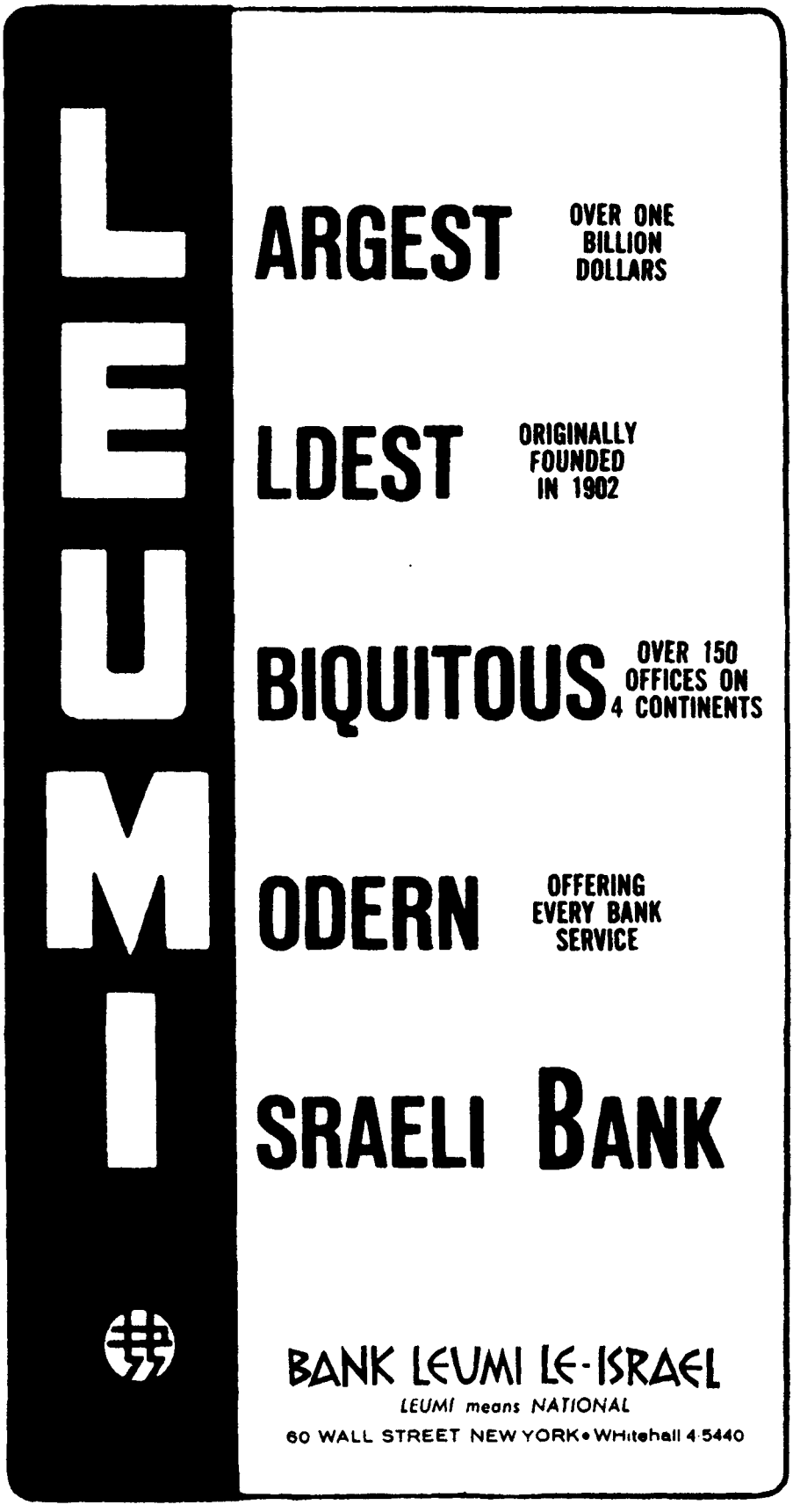

normal life and caused considerable emotional distress (crying, sleeplessness, depression, inability to work). Slightly less than two thirds had a "fair amount of personal involvement" which caused at least some changes in their normal routine, and other signs of concern, such as obsessive news gathering and thoughts of volunteering their services. It might be added that there is good reason to believe that the community lists from which the respondents were drawn comprises virtually all the householders in Melbourne who call themselves Jewish.

Before the war actually broke out, a rally was held in Melbourne which was attended by seven thousand people, representing more than a quarter of the community over the age of thirteen. The experience with volunteers was very similar to that described by Hertzberg, in that there were a thousand volunteers from a community numbering only thirty-five thousand. A youth rally, also before the war, was attended by twenty-five hundred young Jews, of whom four hundred volunteered on the spot. These volunteers were interviewed by trained personnel and a record was made of their background and motives. It was noted that especially in the early stages, the volunteers were persons connected with Israel or younger people who had been active in Zionist youth movements. This would correspond with the early volunteers in New York, but in Melbourne there were also many young people who claimed that they had had no connections with Judaism during the past few years but who found that volunteering for Israel offered an opportunity to add meaning to their lives.

Hertzberg tries to explain the surprising phenomenon of peripheral Jews rallying to the cause of Israel and he offers several possible explanations. Since more than half of the Jewish families in Melbourne are postwar immigrants, many of them former concentration-camp inmates, it seems unlikely that the second-generation explanation would hold. Much more likely is the fact that for Australian Jews, as for most Jews in the Western world, there was no conflict between their loyalties as Jews and the majority feeling of the community in which they live, nor was there any conflict concerning the rights and wrongs of

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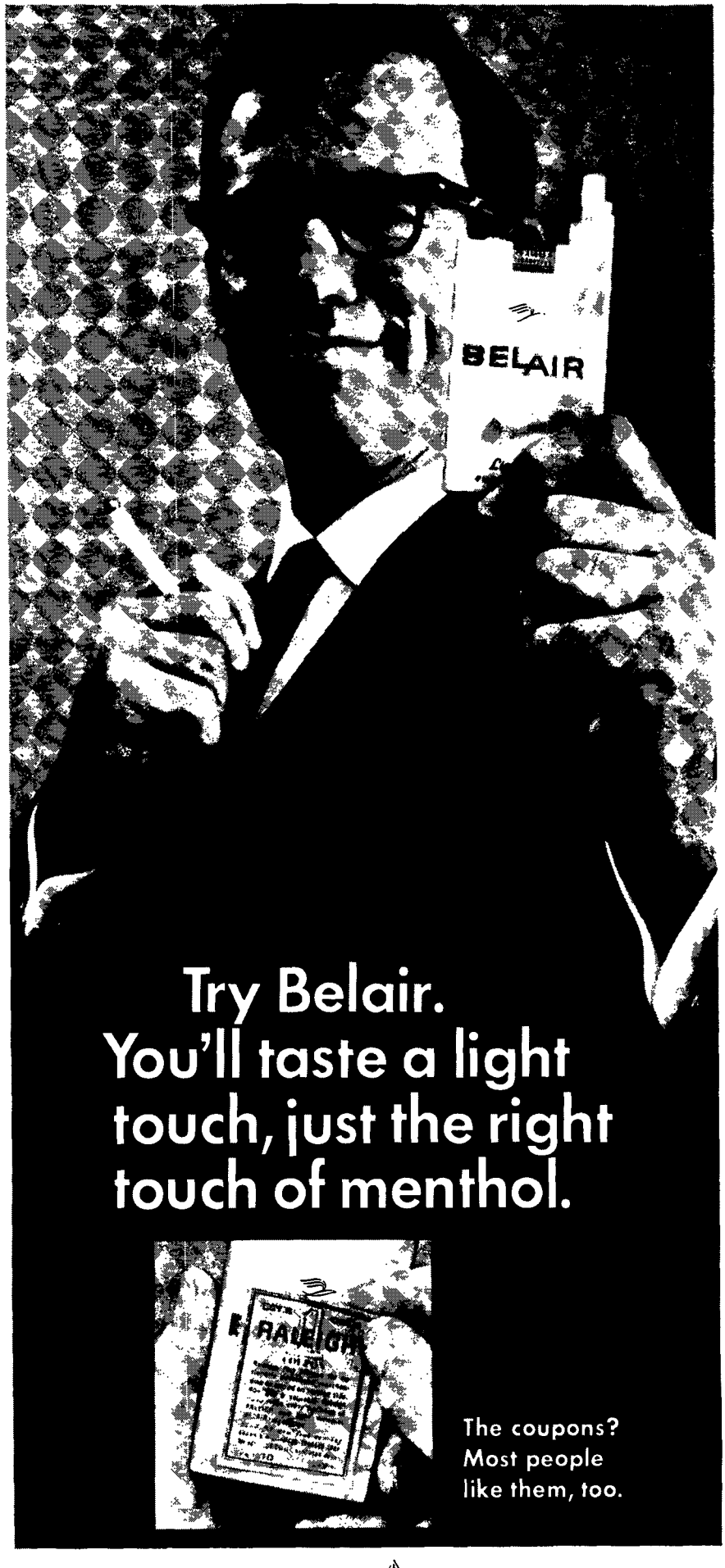
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Israel's specific case. This made it easier for them to express themselves through their identification with Israel. On the other hand, this explanation is not enough; the material that came out of the interviews would suggest that the position of Israel as a new rallying symbol for the Jewish people has gradually seeped through to Jews who are in a somewhat marginal position so far as the community is concerned. The "revulsion against the passivity of the Jewish victims of the Nazis" mentioned by Hertzberg also appeared in the comments: several of the respondents expressed the view that now Jews must stand up and fight. . . .

When the material which we have collected is further analyzed, it may yield further information concerning what happened to Jews during those weeks. It does seem clear, however, that the reactions should be looked on as characteristic of all Jews living in Western countries, and not just of American Jewry.

RONALD TAFT
Department of Psychology
University of Melbourne
Melbourne, Australia

Gamesmanship

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I was so fascinated by Brian Glanville's review of *Paper Lion* [October] that I turned back to the cover of your magazine to verify it as COMMENTARY. . . . After reading, "Half the excitement of his [Plimpton's] Mitty-like participation in practice matches and the public 'scrimmage' [*sic!* the quotation marks, that is] lies in the *frisson* [*sic!* the word! that is] of physical risk," I was absolutely certain it was the *Times Literary Supplement* I was reading. . . .

Now, having become an *appassionato* of this review, I learned who "the greatest footballer in the world" was, how "Tommy Lawton's arrival at Everton" took place, and about "Dixie Dean, the Babe Ruth of his era, a prolific goal scorer." Lawton? Everton? DIXIE Dean? Babe Ruth and *goals?!* As passionate an *appassionato* as is passably permissible by now, I went on to learn that "American football seems, like so many American folk-phenomena [wow!], hung-up . . . on violence and a doubtful concept of masculinity." With that, I was completely hung-up. Then I learned that Plimpton's writing is "inevitably

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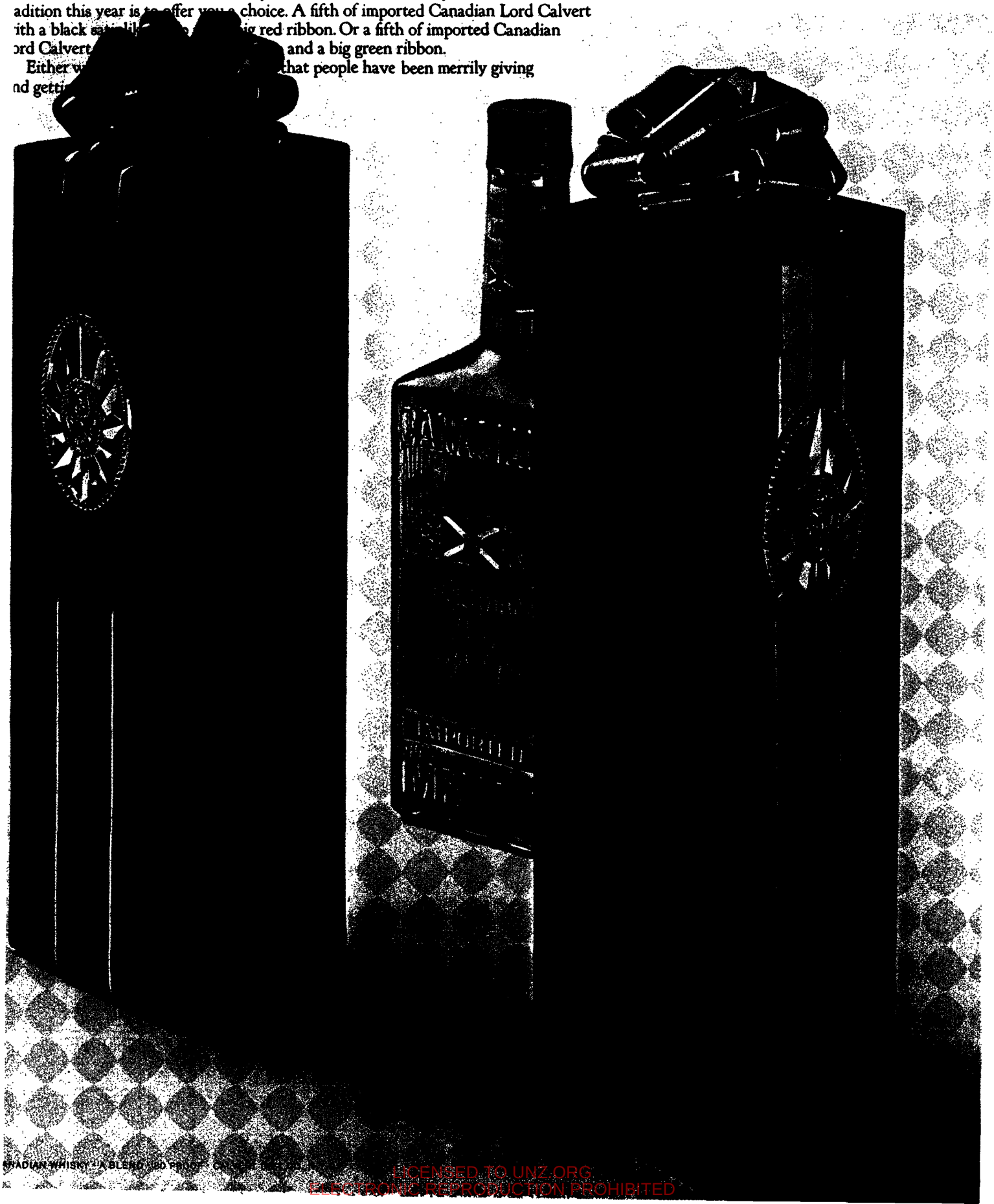

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diminished" by his "wisecracks with the players" at the "jockstrap level." Thinking that over, I went and burned my athletic supporter.

I believe Brian Glanville to be about "five feet eight inches, and 150 pounds" (or 172.72 centimetres, and 10 stone 17/100 (pebbles?)). I also believe Glanville is a jolly good fellow. He has to be. Only a jolly good fellow would quote DIXIE Dean's words to Tommy Lawton, that one fateful day at Everton, wherein the latter was being transferred, not *en masse,* to the "ground staff" of a club as an apprentice professional because he was gifted, "You've come to take my place, son. Good luck." ANY "infant prodigy of a center-forward" would recognize that!

May I expect, in the next issue of COMMENTARY, a review of Norman O. Brown's writings by Zsa Zsa Gabor?

MITCHELL WOJTYCKI
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I am puzzled as to why an ununinformed Britisher should be allowed to comment critically on our games. From beginning to end, he reflected basic prejudices and abysmal ignorance of both football and baseball. When he condemns football as a game as a result of reading George Plimpton's tongue-in-cheek account of a one-game experience with the Detroit Lions, he ignores entirely the sport as played in our schools and colleges. Professional football is not the same game, and generalizations would not be drawn by anyone who understood what goes on.

In confessing that he is "an *appassionato* of soccer," he reveals why he cannot fathom our enthusiasm for football. Comparing the two is as futile as saying that one prefers pinochle to chess. Glanville is insufferably condescending. . . .

PHILIP MARSON
Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

MR. GLANVILLE writes:

Would that I were as uninformed about football in the schools and colleges of America as Mr. Marson supposes. Alas, I am all too well aware of the corrupt anomaly of the athletic scholarship, the sham-amateurism of the college footballer, paid out of the college "slush fund," the morbid insistence, among alumni, of success on the gridiron. I am aware of such incidents as the "gang bang," perpetrated on a girl student by the members of a famous Midwest college football team some years ago, whose sequel was the expulsion from the university of . . . the girl. I am aware of the quasi-religious hysteria prevailing in high school football in such cities as Miami. Professional football may not be "the same game," but it is a manifest extension of it. Where but at the college does it recruit its players? I agree that the direct comparison between soccer and American football is futile, but an examination of their respective mores and attitudes is pertinent and suggestive.

I am sorry that Mr. Wojtycki—a Notre Dame footballer himself?—burned his athletic supporter; one has visions of the *auto da fé* of a drum majorette. He is mistaken, however, when he guesses my height and weight. True, I still regularly play soccer myself, but I stand five feet, eleven and a half inches, and I weigh 184 pounds (not dollars).

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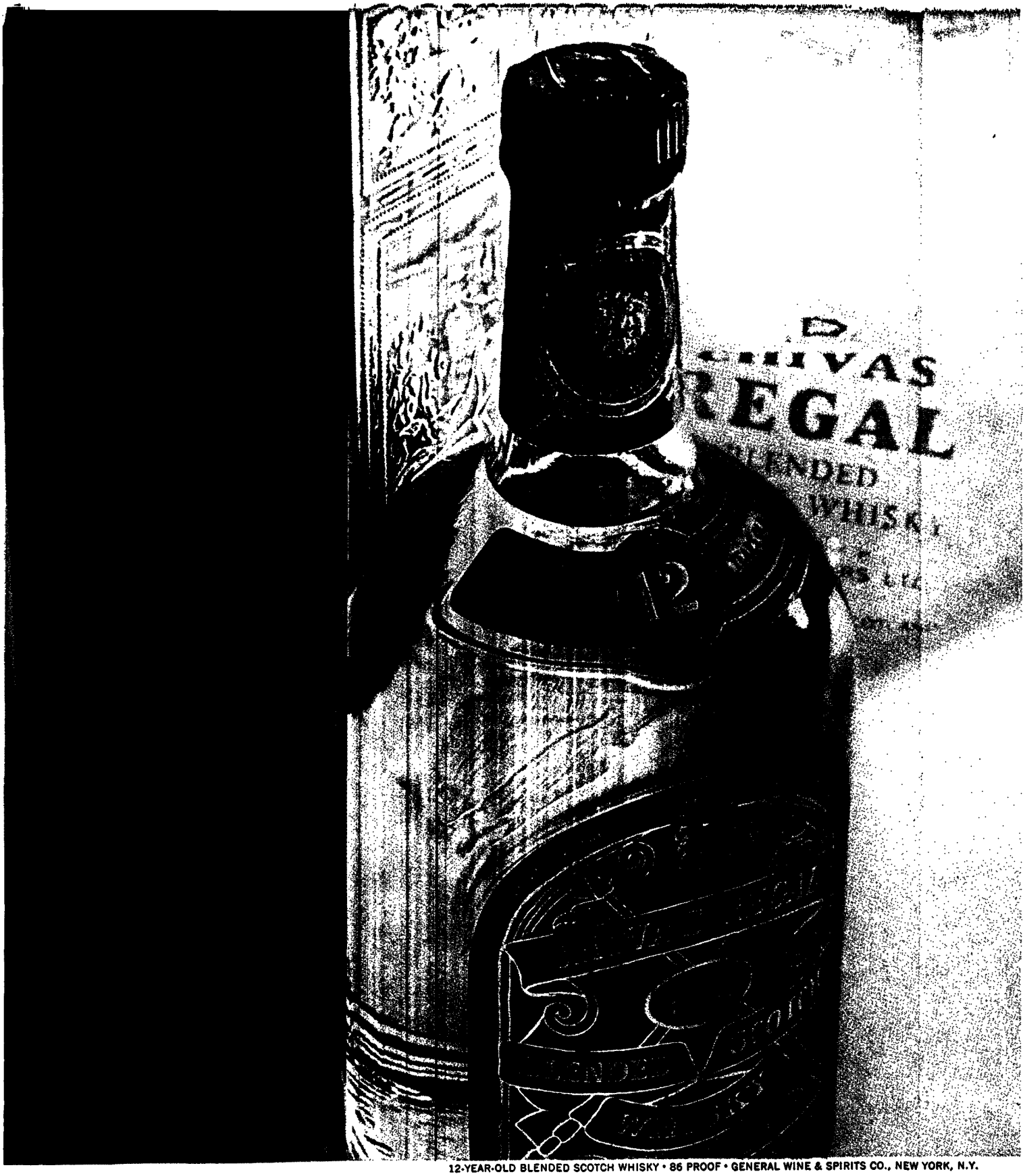

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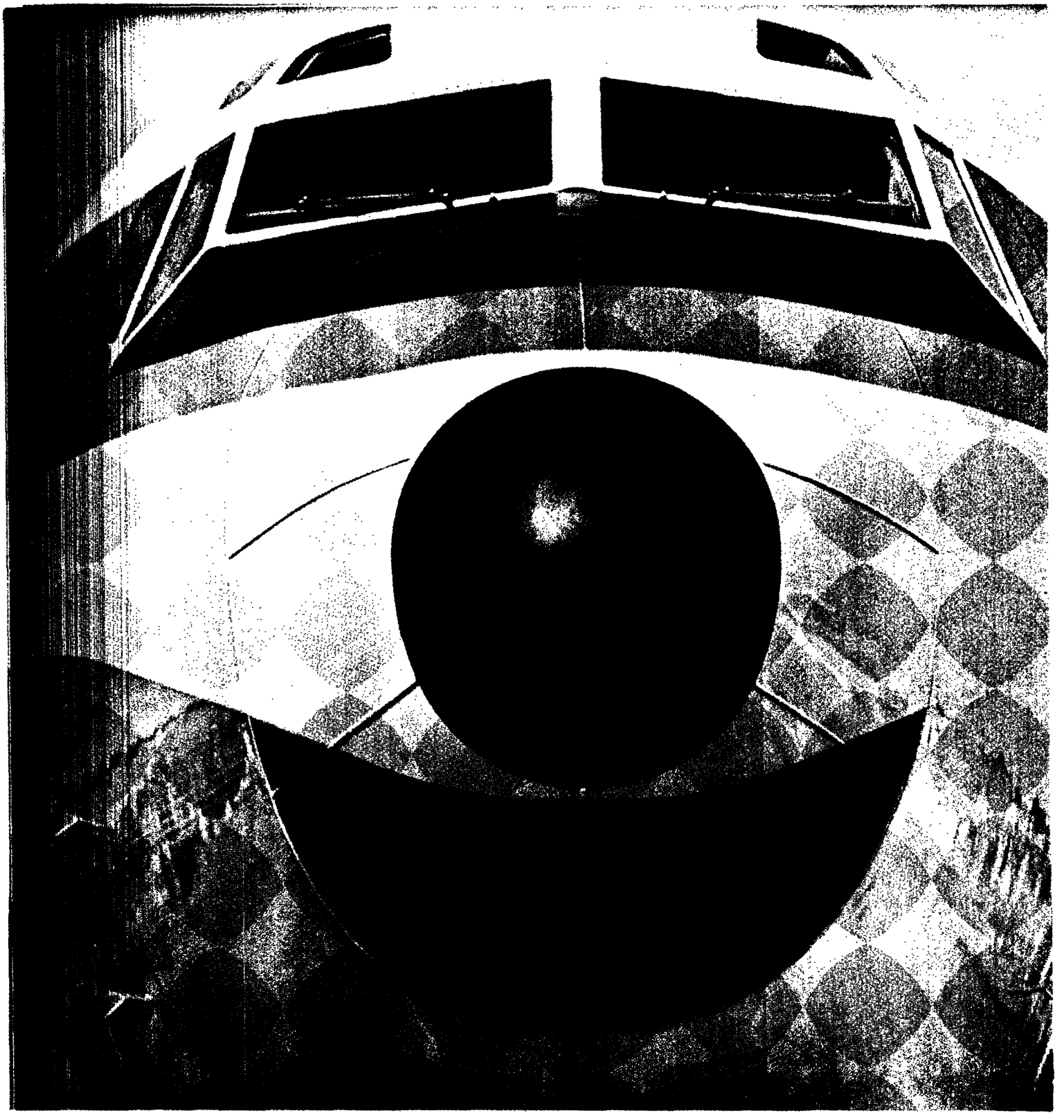

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NORMAN GALL

To the memory of Father John Higgins (1925-1967) of Nashville and La Paz, a servant of the Bolivian people who understood their revolution.

ERNESTO "CHE" GUEVARA, who had come to be Latin America's most feared and famous professional revolutionary, died this October on the southern fringe of the Amazon basin, in a jungle area of tortured ravines where a thousand streams make their way from the Andean highlands into the wild continental heartland below. The circumstances of his death are still unclear. There is some reason to suspect that considerable time elapsed between his capture by the Bolivian army and the day he "died of his wounds." It may also be that the guerrillas he led had been infiltrated by agents since the beginning of their Bolivian operations a year ago. This possibility is supported by the unusually high quality of documentary evidence, intended to prove Cuban "foreign intervention" in Bolivia, that was presented by Bolivian Foreign Minister Walter Guevara Arce (no relation) before a meeting of the Organization of American States in Washington last September 22—evidence which included a false Uruguayan passport, comparative fingerprints, a guerrilla diary, and excellent photos of "Che" in the guerrilla camp.

These suspicions may never be resolved. One thing, however, *is* clear: Che's death at age thirty-nine at the hands of the ragged Bolivian army, after less than six months of guerrilla combat, testifies less to one man's failure than to the profound weakness and incompetence of the current wave of "Marxist" revolutionary struggle in Latin America. In his last manifesto, published in April 1967 as an article in the Cuban magazine *Tricontinental*, Guevara declared: "Fresh outbursts of warfare will arise in the American countries, as has already occurred in Bolivia. They will continue to grow with all the vicissitudes involved in this dangerous business of a modern revolutionary. Many will die, the victims of their errors. [But] new fighters and new leaders will emerge in the heat of the revolutionary struggle. . . . We must wage a general-type action with the tactical goal of drawing the [U.S.] enemy out of his surroundings, forcing him to fight in places where his living habits clash with the actual situation." But Che's guerrilla diary, captured by the Bolivian army, contrasts strongly with this prophecy; it contains bitter complaints in his own handwriting about the indifference of the local peasants to revolution: "The inhabitants of this region are as impenetrable as rocks. You speak to them, but in the deepness of their eyes you note they do not believe you." Indeed, in the seven years since Che wrote *Guerrilla Warfare*, there has been no proof of the "three fundamental lessons that the Cuban Revolution contributed to the conduct of revolutionary movements in America: (1) Popular forces can win a war against an army; (2) It is not necessary to wait until all conditions for making a revolution exist, [since] the insurrection can create them; (3) In underdeveloped America the countryside is the basic area for armed fighting." Instead, the chronicle of guerrilla disasters so far is a tale of hardship, failure, and wasted idealism.

Just a few examples will illustrate this point. In Ecuador, some forty students of the Revolutionary Union of Ecuadorean Youth were captured in 1962 by army paratroopers near Santo Domingo de los Colorados, just two days after the youths arrived to set up a guerrilla camp. In Paraguay, since 1959, at least three guerrilla movements have been dismantled by the authorities before they carried out a single action. In the Dominican Republic in 1963, members of the Castroite June 14th Movement were supplied with defective arms from a government munitions factory by a German-born CIA collaborator (who fled the country a few days later); seventeen of them were killed in cold blood when they found their weapons useless, and surrendered.* In Argentina, police in December 1964 raided key training

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* These unfortunate youths constituted a sufficient "Communist menace" for the Johnson administration, then barely three weeks in power, to reverse President Kennedy's policy of denying recognition to the provisional regime which, in a September 1963 military coup, had deposed President Juan Bosch, the first freely-elected Dominican ruler in 38 years; however, the puppet head of the new provisional government resigned in protest a few days later when it was learned that his nephew was among the guerrillas slain.

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camps and underground supply depots of the "People's Guerrilla Army" (which police agents had previously infiltrated), killing six guerrillas and capturing twelve others before the "army," after six months of training and preliminary contacts with the rural population, could even begin operations. In Peru, three Castroite guerrilla bands, which in 1965-66 had tried to establish themselves along the eastern slopes of the Andes, were knocked out of action within seven months of their first ambush. In the La Convencion Valley of southern Peru, the guerrilla band of Luis de la Puente Uceda, an old friend of Castro, was literally destroyed by internal quarrels; de la Puente himself was shot by the army a few days after he was captured without resistance.* In Guatemala, two rival insurgency movements that were gaining ground steadily for four years have been inactivated over the past year by an army campaign of rural slaughter in which peasants have been impressed into right-wing vigilante organizations (using weapons supplied in the U.S. military aid program).

THE DEATH OF Ernesto Guevara in Bolivia seems to fall quite naturally into place in this general history of failure and rout. But the Bolivian disaster is also compounded by the fact that that country seemed to be a relatively comfortable theater for guerrilla operations. It is a country with a strong revolutionary tradition; its army has been twice defeated by popular uprisings since World War II; and its sparsely-populated national territory contains vast areas of lowland jungle and savannah—abundant in water and game animals—capable of hiding and supporting a small guerrilla movement for many years. In his 1965 article, "Castroism: The Long March in Latin America,"† Régis Debray, the young French theorist of Castroism, rhapsodized: "Bolivia is the country with the best subjective and objective conditions, the only South American nation where revolution is the order of the day, despite the reconstitution of an army totally destroyed [in battles with the workers and miners] in the 1952 revolution. It is also the only country where the revolution can restore the classic Bolshevik form—the proof is the 1952 proletarian insurrection—on the basis of soviets, that burst the state apparatus with a short and decisive armed struggle." The U.S. Army Area Handbook for Bolivia (1963) noted that in the fifteen-thousand-man Bolivian army "conscripts (mainly Indians speaking little Spanish) receive no regular pay for their services. Instead they are provided with food, clothing, and lodging and, on rare occasions when funds are available, they may be awarded small monetary gratuities or issues of alcohol. The details of the defense budget are not made known publicly, but a probably valid assumption is that rates of pay for officers and noncommissioned officers . . . range from the equivalent of $18 a month for colonel to about $8 for the lowest noncommissioned officer grade. For that reason it is officially approved that service personnel are given sufficient free time to earn a supplementary income." The morale of the Bolivian army is such that officers often earn this "supplementary income" by selling the food raised for army rations on the open market, and by letting recruits go home months before completion of the usual one-year hitch in order to capitalize on their maintenance allotments and to reduce the "political risks" of barracks revolts.

The Bolivian army, it should be noted, has become the nation's leading political party since the November 1964 coup which ousted President Victor Paz Estenssoro and the *Movimiento Nacional Revolucionario* (MNR) and installed René Barrientos, the former Vice President and air force chief of staff and a kind of Latin American Captain Marvel. Between 1964 and 1965 the military budget was doubled, army officers were named to key administrative posts, and General Barrientos's incumbency was formalized in rigged elections twenty months after the coup. An astute and glamorous loudmouth who, a Uruguayan journalist once wrote, "even looks like an American," Barrientos has maintained a popular base by buying off the leaders of the peasant *sindicatos* created by the 1952 revolution, and by being very kind to the faction-ridden officers' corps. He reacted to the outbreak of guerrilla warfare by screaming for $1 million worth of modern U.S. military hardware: mortars, jeeps, jet aircraft, tanks, napalm, helicopters, and automatic weapons. This equipment was meant to replace the old Mauser rifles from the Chaco War with Paraguay (1932-35) with which his army had been combating the guerrillas. In turn, U.S. Ambassador Douglas Henderson initially cabled Washington that Barrientos was exaggerating the guerrilla emergency to exploit it for his own purposes. One U.S. official said: "We are certainly not going to supply the means for Bolivian army hotheads to start bombing and napalming villages or even suspected guerrilla jungle hideaways. Civilians would inevitably be killed and we have a long experience that this inevitably produces a stream of recruits for the guerrillas."** Shortly thereafter, Barrientos complained publicly that Bolivia was fighting "all America's war," in the long-range interests of the United States, without adequate support. (His problems were complicated during the guerrilla insurrection by the sudden need to send troops into the nationalized tin mines to suppress a rebellion by the miners, who had expelled the police from the two biggest mining areas and declared them "free territory.")

* See my "Letter from Peru," in COMMENTARY, June 1964, and "Peru's Misfired Guerrilla Campaign," *The Reporter*, January 26, 1967.

† In *Les Temps Modernes*, January 1965.

** The New York *Times*, April 12, 1967.

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All in all, the Bolivian army was so unprepared for guerrilla warfare, according to one Bolivian colonel, "that our officers dressed differently and wore different arms than the soldiers when out on patrol, so that the guerrillas killed the officers first in the early ambushes. The soldiers, with their old rifles, could not respond to the fire of the guerrillas, who had automatic weapons, so we lost many men at first."* To bolster flagging morale, Barrientos himself went to the guerrilla zone on a few occasions to spend the night with army patrols. At the start of hostilities, a dark comedy of blunders prevailed on both sides. The guerrilla operation was discovered prematurely on March 23 when a guerrilla column—headed, the Bolivian government said, by a Cuban named "Marcos"—disobeyed orders to hold fire and ambushed an army patrol, killing seven, wounding five, and capturing two officers and several more soldiers, who were then stripped of their uniforms and arms and set free forty-eight hours later. Most of the dead were conscripts who had been in the army less than a week. According to the government, guerrilla defectors said that "Marcos" was stripped of his rank as "Comandante" for this act of disobedience. At any rate, the ambush led the army to find the guerrillas' main base, a cattle hacienda called "Casa Calamina." According to the army, Casa Calamina had been bought by Roberto Paredo Leigue – a known member of the Bolivian Communist party and a leader of the guerrilla band – and registered in his own name only a few months before the opening ambush,† about the time Che was said to have entered the country on a false Uruguayan passport. According to Defense Minister Alfredo Ovando, the "defectors" said the guerrillas were not scheduled to begin combat operations until August. However, it is also possible that Casa Calamina was never intended to be more than a relatively permanent training base, like several others the Cubans have been trying to establish along the eastern slopes of the Andes, with the Cuban army officers acting as guerrilla instructors. (This seems to be the explanation for the presence of Cuban guerrilla warfare specialists in Venezuela about the same time, after the Venezuelan Communist party withdrew its trained cadres and switched to electoral tactics.)

THE OFFICIAL VERSION cites the following incidents after the first ambush this year: army patrol waylaid at Iripiti on April 10, eleven soldiers dead, seven wounded, and a Major Sanchez taken prisoner; an ambush (no date given) at El Meson, killing a guide, a policeman, and a police dog; at the end of April, at Taperilla, two soldiers were killed by guerrillas; a few days later, another army patrol was ambushed at Ñancahuazu, with three more dead and three injured. Further clashes are subsequently reported, with three guerrillas dead and "several wounded," after the guerrillas had split into three groups, the principal one—led by Che—heading north for the country's only paved highway, which connects the cities of Cochabamba and Santa Cruz. After a few weeks without fresh battle reports, the guerrillas' apparent ascendancy reached its peak on July 7, with what the army calls an "audacious raid" on the town of Samaipata on the main highway. Before seizing control of the town for an hour, the guerrillas barricaded the highway, cut telephone lines, and halted several vehicles. They also wired beforehand, in military code, to Samaipata's small army garrison, sending the soldiers away in another direction. Around 11:15 P.M. they entered the town, disarmed and undressed the twenty remaining soldiers in the garrison, who offered no resistance. They entered the town's stores to stock up on food, clothing, and antibiotics, paying the merchants two and three times the normal prices. (Most of the town slept through the raid.) The guerrillas then commandeered a Gulf Oil truck (which they later returned) and drove to another town, La Tranca, where they took nearly all the local officials hostage and killed a soldier who resisted their entry. Then they disappeared before dawn, without a single loss.

In late July, the Fourth and Eighth Divisions of the Bolivian army were reinforced with specially-trained anti-guerrilla units brought in from the interior. This signalled the beginning of two counter-insurgency drives, "Operation Cynthia" in the southern part of the guerrilla zone, and "Operation Parabano" in the north. On July 20, four guerrillas were killed when an army patrol surprised the camp of Guevara's column, seizing ten knapsacks, small radios, a short-wave receiver, weapons, and some audiotapes. On August 31, an army patrol ambushed a column of ten guerrillas heading north across the Rio Grande river, which divides the Departments of Chuquisaca

* The following reconstruction of events in Bolivia comes largely from the press and from statements of Bolivian and Cuban leaders. Unfortunately, very few foreign journalists ventured into the guerrilla zone to corroborate official reports of individual raids and ambushes. However, what seems to be an incisive and richly-detailed series of dispatches was filed by Edwin Chacon of the La Paz Catholic-leftist daily, *Presencia*.

† Some aspects of this story are strange, if not totally absurd: for example, the official contention that Paredo openly scouted the villages of the area looking for a suitable farm to buy. Or the claim that the guerrillas left behind, in a cave, clothing with the label *"Casa Albion de Havana."* But one must accept most of this story, though it reflects an almost incredible stupidity on the part of the guerrillas that is bound to be most damaging to Castro in his disagreements with Moscow and the Latin American Communists. For to fabricate such a story out of whole cloth would necessarily involve a conspiracy among Fidel Castro, President Johnson, the Bolivian government, Régis Debray, and from thirty to fifty persons in the guerrilla zone, not to speak of the prisoners, "defectors," and the families of some of the thirty-odd Bolivian soldiers said to have died. As Castro said himself in his October 16 speech confirming Che's death, such a fraud would be very hard to bring off.

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and Santa Cruz. According to the army, the guerrillas had impressed an Indian peasant as a guide, and sent him across the Rio Grande to see if any trouble awaited them on the other side. He was caught by an army patrol, which forced him to betray the guerrillas' intention to cross the river that day. "The guerrillas were frightened because the guide did not return," an army officer said. "The army patrol waited for sixteen hours on the river bank before the guerrillas decided to cross. They held their fire until the whole guerrilla column of nine men and one woman were deep in the water. The army patrol was made up of Indian recruits, and it took a lot of discipline to hold their fire until the guerrillas were helplessly deep in the water. Nine of the guerrillas were killed and the tenth taken prisoner."

On September 2, a further clash occurred in Yajo Pampa; four guerrillas and one soldier died. A few days later, an army patrol stumbled on a larger group of twenty-five guerrillas, who withdrew from the scene leaving behind one dead and deposits of arms and documents. These and other captured documents, together with information gleaned from the interrogation of prisoners, led to a large roundup of political suspects in La Paz, after which the army claimed to have destroyed the guerrillas' logistical "rear-guard" support organization. By September 26, about six hundred Bolivian "Ranger" troops, who had been rushed through an intensive course taught by U.S. Special Forces instructors, had joined the final hunt for the guerrilla columns, which had been reduced from some fifty-four men to between twenty-five and thirty. It is possible that the reason the "Rangers" were sent in so precipitously was a strange event that had occurred a few days earlier, on September 22. At 4 A.M. on the morning of that Friday, a column of about twenty-five guerrillas had marched into the mountain village of Alto Seco while its three hundred inhabitants were still asleep. Alto Seco lies at the edge of a desert mountain area that forms the principal natural barrier to an escape route from the eastern jungle in the direction of the highland city of Cochabamba, the tin mines, and the Pacific coast. At 5 A.M. the villagers began emerging from their houses to find the guerrillas waiting for them. The guerrillas asked the location of the community's only telephone and then cut the line, although the phone had not been working for weeks. Apparently in no great hurry, the guerrillas dug trenches and built barricades near the cemetery which lies on the only trail leading to the village. They then asked for the village headman, whose wife said he had gone away. (He was hiding in a neighbor's house.)

Then "El Che" himself appeared. The peasants subsequently told Edwin Chacon of the La Paz newspaper *Presencia* that "the chief" arrived on a mule. "He was a man of medium height with long chestnut hair. . . . It seems he was sick, because they helped him to dismount." He wore army camouflage pants and red socks and carried an olive-green windbreaker and a worker's leather cap. Some of these clothes were changed when the guerrillas bought new provisions from the villagers and burned their old garments. The guerrillas called a town meeting, attended by only thirty-five peasants, at which a speech was given by the Bolivian leader of the group, Roberto "Coco" Paredo, who was killed in a clash with the army a few days later. Paredo asked for volunteers, saying, "Here you have no drinking water or electricity. You are abandoned, like all Bolivians. This is why we are fighting here." According to the peasants, Che then intervened: "We would like you to come voluntarily, not by force. The army says it killed Joaquin and other comrades, but this is a lie, all army propaganda. The corpses they showed in Vallegrande were taken from a cemetery. They haven't killed any guerrillas, and this I assure you because only two days ago I communicated with Joaquin." The peasants were frightened and did not volunteer. After they had rested and changed clothes, the guerrillas began leaving in three different groups. They had stayed in Alto Seco for three days.

ONE OF THE last pages of Che's handwritten diary, transmitted in facsimile by wirephoto throughout the world, contained this entry: "The eleven-month anniversary of our guerrilla organization has arrived without complications. Early in the day we descended with the mules, past some precipices that caused a spectacular plunge of the *macho*. . . . The trail was longer than we thought, and only at 8:15 we realized that we were near the brook, which Miguel followed at full speed, but could only reach the *camino real* [highway], since it was already completely dark. . . . We advance with precaution, and note nothing abnormal, for we occupied an empty house. The army hadn't come any closer, losing its chance. We find flour, oats, salt, and goats, killing two of them, making for a little feast together with the flour, although . . . we consumed the night expecting something. In the morning. . . ." In his October 16 speech, Castro read the last entry (October 7) of the diary: "At noon, an old lady grazing her goats entered the canyon where we had camped, and we had to hold her. The woman would not give any reliable information about the soldiers. To every question, she replies that she does not know, that she has not been there for some time. She only gave information about the roads. From the report of the old lady, we learn we are roughly one league from Lleras and another from Haguey, and six from Pusara. They give the old woman fifty pesos with orders to say nothing, but with little hope she will keep her word. Seventeen of us went out with a very small moon; the march was very dangerous, leaving many signs along the canyons. There are no houses nearby,

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but only potato plots along the ravine, as we advance between two high ridges without vegetation. The army has a report that there are 250 revolutionaries."

Colonel Joaquin Zenteno Anaya, commander of the Bolivian army's Eighth Division, said at a crowded press conference on October 10 that Ernesto Guevara had been gravely wounded two days before at the junction of two narrow ravines in a battle with an army patrol that lasted at least two hours. Five more guerrillas were killed (a Peruvian, two Cubans, and two Bolivians, Zenteno said), with four soldiers also dead and four wounded. In his speech of October 16, Fidel Castro reconstructed the incident to say that, instead of withdrawing quickly as guerrillas normally do when confronted with superior numbers, the members of the band chose to make a desperate last stand around the body of their wounded leader. The army said Che was taken in a coma to Vallegrande, where his body was exhibited October 10. A Bolivian medical examiner, Dr. José Martinez Cazo, subsequently told reporters that the fatal bullet wound—which pierced the heart and lung—had killed Guevara instantly only five hours before he, Martinez, examined the corpse on Monday afternoon, October 9. Then the Bolivian government suddenly announced that the body had been cremated, with two fingers severed beforehand for purposes of fingerprint identification. And this is all we know.

Are we to believe the official story? It is of course possible that the telltale photos of the guerrillas could have been taken by an infiltrator, or that some U.S. Special Forces troops out of uniform could have played a key role in hunting down Che and his men. (The Americans did assemble most of the impressive montage of evidence presented by Bolivia to the OAS.) But even if these possibilities were proved to be true, they would not change the essential nature of the disaster. Some doubts were relieved by Fidel Castro's October 16 speech to the Cuban people confirming the news of Che's death:

> In other words, the diary [found in Che's knapsack] is authentic in our judgment. The photographs are authentic. It seems to us to be utterly impossible to organize all this on false grounds. Many forgeries can be made but it is impossible to forge the most subtle features of the personality, the bearing, and the facial features of a person. And having analyzed all the data, all the details, all the angles—diary, photographs, news reports, the manner in which the news breaks—in our judgment it was technically impossible to fabricate these facts.
>
> But let us go further afield. In the bosom of the Bolivian regime there are so many rivalries and problems that it becomes absolutely impossible for them to get together and agree even to tell a lie. They could tell some lie or give some news that they killed some guerrillas and their bodies never turned up. But many of these reports are usually given by reactionary governments and they have not the slightest importance. From the technical standpoint, [a fraud] would require a quantity of resources that does not exist there.

II

"EL CHE" WAS the only member of the Cuban Revolution's high command with extensive experience in South America, and the one most concerned—aside from Fidel—with the revolution's world role. The big billboard portraits of Che throughout post-revolution Cuba displayed him in the likeness of a soulful, husky movie star, with dark, distant eyes and a flowing mane, in a black beret and olive green uniform open romantically at the throat to expose his manly chest. (In reality, he was lean and asthmatic, with a catlike irony and quick, impish eyes.) A large portrait of him was also hung over the speaker's rostrum at the Chaplin Theater in Havana last August during sessions of the LASO (Latin American Solidarity Organization) conference, at which a kind of Castroite Comintern for Latin America was formally established. Che was the conference's "honorary president"; he was so much Fidel's other self that his mysterious "disappearance"* enabled Castro figuratively to be at once in Cuba and in many other places throughout Latin America.

The rumors generated by the Che mystery placed him at different times in the Dominican Republic, Brazil, Venezuela, Colombia, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, and Guatemala—as well as in the Congo, China, and Vietnam—always plotting revolution with some menacing and inscrutable bunch of desperadoes. Che's "disappearance" may be seen as a ploy to buy time to resolve a political conflict with the Russians over guerrilla warfare; at the same time, it generated a cheap and flattering windfall of publicity in the speculations over Che's whereabouts; in any case, it provides a telling example of Castro's propaganda genius. John Gerassi, an American writer who often reflects the hopes of the Cuban leaders, reported in an August 22 dispatch from Havana appearing in the October *Ramparts*:

> Like a revolutionary phoenix, Che Guevara is rising from the ashes of his own, self-imposed obscurity. Long thought by the American press to have been killed or betrayed by the very Cuban revolutionary regime he had helped to create, Che has once again assumed a clear role as the world's foremost proponent of a revolutionary internationalism which knows no allegiances to state power or political party. And Che, by his independent vision of revolution,

* The last time he was seen publicly was at Havana's Rancho Boyeros airport on March 15, 1965, when he returned from a three-month journey to Africa and Asia. There he had spoken in a way that foreshadowed a hardening of Castro's foreign-policy line.

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also haunts the Kremlin policy-makers, complicating diplomacy within the Communist world and frustrating Russian hopes for a secure detente with Washington. The revolutionary spirit symbolized by Guevara is everywhere undercutting the influence and the dynamism of old-line Communist parties. . . .

It is always interesting to know how one acquires such revolutionary credentials. Guevara's road to Marxism began when he left his family home in Cordoba, Argentina, in 1952 (at age twenty-four) to cross the Andes on a motorbike to Peru via Chile. By coincidence, this writer happened on his path two years ago while covering a Castroite guerrilla insurrection based on the Hacienda Chapi in the mountains of central Peru—a wild and vast cattle estate at the approaches to the Amazon basin, requiring a week to cross on foot and situated at two days' walk from the nearest road. Neighbors in the area recalled that Che had worked on the hacienda in an anti-leprosy campaign headed by a Peruvian Communist physician, Dr. Hugo Pesce. (Childhood friends of his from Cordoba recently told me that, as an adolescent, Ernesto used to ride fifty miles by bike during his summer vacation to spend a few days at a leper hospital in the town of San Francisco, where he read Goethe's *Faust* aloud to the patients. As a guerrilla leader in the Sierra Maestra, he gave literacy classes to his peasant recruits, reading aloud to them from Cervantes, Robert Louis Stevenson, and the poetry of Pablo Neruda.)

In Peru, Che fell in with the youth of the (then) leftist and outlawed APRA party, some of whom later said they had supported him during hard days in Lima. He went to Bolivia to look for a job—he didn't find one—in the government created by the convulsive revolution of 1952, a revolution which destroyed the Bolivian army, abolished serfdom, and nationalized the tin mines. Then he went to Guatemala and got a minor post in the land-reform agency a few months before the overthrow of the Communist-dominated regime of Col. Jacobo Arbenz—by a CIA-backed invasion from Honduras which the Guatemalan army refused to oppose. After two months of asylum in the Argentine embassy in Guatemala City, he went to Mexico City where he soon became a friend of Fidel and Raul Castro, who had just been released from jail for staging the abortive and suicidal attack on the Moncada army barracks at Santiago de Cuba on July 26, 1953. Guevara joined the group of young Cubans being trained in guerrilla warfare by General Alberto Bayo, an elderly Republican émigré from the Spanish Civil War, who had been born in Cuba; along with eighty-one of these youths, he took part in the "invasion" of Cuba in December 1956 under the command of Fidel Castro.

A Cuban exile who worked with Che for a year after he became President of the Cuban National Bank in October 1959, recalled recently how Che would enter the bank daily at 1 P.M.—in his olive drab uniform and paratroop boots—to begin office hours that would last until 6 A.M. the next day. (Three nights a week, between 2 A.M. and 4 A.M., he would take tutorial classes in economics and mathematics as a self-imposed measure to compensate for his lack of training in these subjects. At the same time he required his bodyguards, peasant boys from his guerrilla column in the Sierra Maestra, to take literacy instruction; when they slacked off, he sent them to jail.) As Minister of Industries (1961-65), he involved himself in a long and acrimonious ideological debate with Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, an old-line Cuban Communist who had once served in the cabinet of Batista, Che arguing for "moral incentives" as against "material incentives" to increase production and efficiency in the Cuban economy. (Ultimately, in typical fashion, Fidel relieved Che of his ministerial post and Rodriguez of his job as director of INRA [*Instituto Nacional de la Reforma Agraria*] while temporarily deciding to use both pay incentives and psychological rewards to stimulate better work performance.)

Che's reading in Marxism was so meager at the time the rebel army of the July 26th Movement descended victoriously on Havana in 1959, that he, like Fidel, had to start becoming a Communist virtually from scratch. In both of these young men, the common denominator was anti-Yankeeism, an emotion of which Communism seemed to be the most extreme and dramatic form. This anti-Yankeeism has also been the *logos* of Cuban ambitions for Latin America, which is why Fidel's kind of "Marxism" has had so little positive ideological thrust, and has been so far confined—with a few exceptions—to the student circles that have adopted Castroism as a cult of adolescence.

CHE EMERGED again this year as the ideal example—second only to Fidel himself—of a new revolutionary personality defined by Castro in his acrid debate with the Venezuelan Communist party (VCP) over the VCP's "cowardice and repugnant opportunism" in abandoning the "armed struggle" (*lucha armada*) in the face of crushing military and police repression, as well as the growing viability of the Venezuelan democratic system. On March 13, the anniversary of the suicidal 1957 attack on the National Palace led by Havana University students in an effort to kill Batista, an anniversary used repeatedly by Castro to attack "orthodox" Communists in Cuba and elsewhere, Castro made what is perhaps the most daring theoretical statement of his career:

> Our position toward Communist parties will be based on strictly revolutionary principles. To the parties without vacillation or contradiction in their line and that, in our judgment, take a consistently revolutionary position, we will give total support. But in any country where those who call themselves Communists do not know

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how to fulfill their [revolutionary] duties, we will support those who, though not labeled Communists, behave like true Communists in action and struggle. Because all true revolutionaries, who carry within themselves revolutionary vocation and spirit, will always terminate in Marxism!

This could provoke a parting of the ways between insurrectional "Castroism" and official "Socialism" as molded by Lenin, Stalin, and Khrushchev, with the future role of Communist parties everywhere in dispute. The role of Che Guevara as a new kind of revolutionary—and the manner of his death—may help to shape this struggle.*

III

CHE GUEVARA was an inspiration to insurgents all over Latin America. His romantic portrait of the guerrilla fighter as social reformer, written in terse and graceful prose in his 1960 manual, *Guerrilla Warfare,* represented an attempt to elaborate upon Lenin's concept of the professional revolutionary. It was aimed at the idealism of Latin America's alienated population of students, ex-students, and non-students as truly as had been Lenin's appeal to the same class in Russia:

> The guerrilla fighter . . . must have a moral conduct that shows him to be a true priest of the reform to which he aspires. To the stoicism imposed by the difficult conditions of warfare should be added an austerity born of rigid self-control that will prevent a single excess, a single slip, whatever the circumstances. The guerrilla soldier should be an ascetic. . . . The peasant must always be helped technically, economically, morally, and culturally. The guerrilla fighter will be a sort of guiding angel who has fallen into the zone, helping the poor always and bothering the rich as little as possible in the first phases of the war. But this war will continue on its course; contradictions will continuously become sharper; the moment will arrive when many of those who regarded the revolution with a certain sympathy at the outset will place themselves in a position diametrically opposed; and they will take the first step into battle against the popular forces. At that moment the guerrilla fighter should act to make himself the standard-bearer of the people's cause, punishing every betrayal with justice. Private property should acquire in the war zones its social function. For example, excess land and livestock not essential for the maintenance of a wealthy family should pass into the hands of the people and be distributed equitably and justly.

One of the cardinal tenets of what may be called the Castroite theory of guerrilla warfare, insisted upon by Castro and Guevara alike, is the impossibility of "exporting revolution." This point was brought home by Castro in a talk he had on June 13, 1964 with a small group of foreign reporters (myself included): "You cannot export revolution," he remarked, "just as you cannot export counterrevolution." The same idea was expressed privately by Guevara to Marcos Antonio Yon Sosa, a young guerrilla leader whom I interviewed two years later in the dry, hungry, hillbilly country of the Guatemalan Oriente:

> Before we really organized our movement, five of us went to Havana in September 1962, and stayed through the October missile crisis. It was arranged after a lawyer in Guatemala City called us and said Che Guevara wanted to see us. We met with Che four or five times and talked with Fidel once from 3 P.M. until 2 A.M. the next morning. The first time we met Che was when he walked into our house unannounced. We didn't know who he was until one of his aides finally told us. He had just come in without any fanfare or pretensions and just started chatting. We asked him later about how to organize our guerrilla movement and what would be the best part of Guatemala to start guerrilla operations in. Che told us very modestly that he couldn't answer these questions, that the Guatemalans have to make their own revolution and decide these things for themselves.

All guerrilla strategy in Latin America over the past nine years has been founded on Guevara's contention that "a nucleus of thirty to fifty men . . . is sufficient to initiate an armed struggle in any country of the Americas with their conditions of favorable territory for operations, [peasant] land hunger, repeated injustices, etc." This assumption has been further developed, by Régis Debray and others, into a full-fledged "Leninist" theory of the insurrectional *foco* (a Spanish word used to describe the unitary focus or base of guerrilla operations). The *foco* theory was formulated by Debray in his 1965 article, "Castroism: The Long March in Latin America":

> Although at the start it is a tiny group (ten to thirty persons, professional revolutionaries entirely dedicated to the cause and seeking the conquest of power), the *foco* does not intend to conquer power by itself, through an audacious strike. Nor would it seek power through war or a military defeat of the enemy. It seeks only to prepare the masses to overthrow established

* The recriminations have already begun. In an October 25 *Pravda* article, Rudolfo Ghioldi, a Politburo member of the Argentine Communist party wrote: "Along with rejection of the international importance of Marxism-Leninism, petty bourgeois nationalists are creating the concept of local or continental exception in order to justify deviations from Marxist-Leninist teaching. . . . Maoism and related currents advertise extreme adventurism, adapting offensive theory to any situation regardless of the presence of objective conditions. They propose that a revolution can be initiated from the outside and artificially stimulated across the borders, considering the nature of revolution isolated from the process of class struggle in the countries involved." A few days later, a relatively unimportant Cuban functionary, Minister of Health José Ramon Machado Ventura, replaced President Osvaldo Dorticos as head of the Cuban delegation to the 50th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution.

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power by themselves. [It is] a minority which, embedded in the most vulnerable part of the national territory, will extend slowly, like an oil stain, propagating concentric waves in the peasant masses, then in the cities, and finally over the capital. . . . The first contact with the peasants that inhabit the wilderness where the guerrillas install themselves for reasons of security and natural protection is the hardest to establish and consolidate. These isolated peasants, small owners of dry parcels . . . are also the most closed to political consciousness, the most difficult to guide and organize, because of their dispersion, illiteracy, and initial suspicion toward these strangers whom they believe will bring bombardment, looting, and blind repression. But later, when this sector is conquered, the guerrilla *foco*—already consolidated in provisions, intelligence, and recruits—will enter into contact with agricultural workers in the lowlands (sugar cane cutters, etc.), a social level much more receptive and prepared because of its concentration, chronic unemployment, vulnerability to market fluctuation, etc. And in neighboring cities, contact will finally be made with small concentrations of industrial workers who are already interested in politics, without the need of the slow work of approach so indispensable in the wilderness. . . . The *foco* installs itself as a detonator in the least-watched point of the explosive charge and in the most favorable moment for the explosion. By itself, the *foco* will not change a given social situation, nor even—in a single action—a political situation. It cannot have an active part if it does not find a point of insertion within the contradictions in development. In space: where class contradictions are the most violent and less evident politically, in the core area of agrarian feudalism, far from the repressive apparatus of the cities. In time: there is the *quid*. It is sure that a guerrilla *foco* cannot be born in tranquil times, but should be instead the culmination of a political crisis.

The long-term cost and political implications for a Latin American government in combating a guerrilla insurrection is an integral part of this strategy. A 1964 clandestine guerrilla handbook of the Venezuelan FALN (*Fuerzas Armadas de Liberacion Nacional*) put it this way: "The uncontrolled increase in the armed forces would break the equilibrium of forces guaranteeing the stability of the government. In other words, a civil government cannot sustain itself in a Spartan Venezuela. When revolutionary operations constantly strike the reactionary military vanguard, it is probable that the military will insist on certain political controls for 'pacification' and finally will decide on a coup d'état."*

AND YET, despite the tactical validity of such analyses, the Castroite insurgencies in Latin America are not succeeding. Quite apart from the stiffer and more intelligent resistance which they have been encountering from the U.S. and from Latin American military establishments, they have also violated some of the fundamental strategic precepts of their own revolutionary theory. Che himself wrote that guerrilla insurgencies cannot be successful against governments able to make a pretense of democratic legitimacy, but the Cubans have in fact spurred Castroite "National Liberation" movements against governments of precisely this kind in Peru, Venezuela, and Colombia. Castro himself voiced the fear privately to foreigners this summer that when the United States frees itself from its Vietnam commitment, it will turn full-force on Cuba, and that Cuba's only defense in that case will be to foment as many new "Vietnams" as possible, to commit American power elsewhere as well as to recoup the faltering prestige of her strategy of revolutionary "armed struggle" in the hemisphere.

Earlier this year, a few American officials privately expressed the belief that Cuba was making an all-out effort, after many defeats, to prove the efficacy of its guerrilla warfare theory by sending its own men to join insurgents in South America. This view was supported by the Cubans themselves; both Castro and the Cuban Vice Minister of Defense, Juan Almeida (who substituted for Castro as speaker at Havana's May Day parade), hinted broadly at Cuban participation in the Bolivian and Venezuelan guerrilla movements. (On May 8, Venezuelan authorities captured two Cuban military men in a guerrilla landing operation; a third was caught in a Caracas penthouse on August 24, after having participated in a terrorist bank robbery.) When Régis Debray was arrested with two other foreigners after leaving Che's guerrilla camp, he claimed that he had entered Bolivia on his own French passport and had obtained press accreditation from the Bolivian Foreign Ministry as a correspondent for the Mexican magazine *Sucesos*, a pictorial bi-weekly which is widely believed to enjoy a Castro subsidy and which has won special fame in Latin American journalism for its glamorous photo-interviews with Castroite guerrilla leaders.† The photos showing Che and the Cubans in the guerrilla camp—exhibited by the Bolivians at the OAS ministerial conference on September 22—are very much in the style of these pictorial reports.

It appears, then, that a desperate hunger for publicity severely prejudiced the security of the guerrilla operation while it still should have been in the secret stages of gestation. It seems too

* Yoboso, *"Las FALN Venceran: Notas Para una Tactica Militar Revolucionaria,"* 1964

† These *Sucesos* specials usually appear in series with color photos and a text that gives a very flattering estimate of the guerrillas' political and military strength. Just before Debray's arrest, the editor of *Sucesos*, Mario Menendez Rodriguez, was jailed for several days in Bogota after a guerrilla band staged a train robbery and a raid on a police post (leaving thirteen dead) for him to photograph and describe. By tracing Menendez's travels, police were able to dismantle the guerrillas' urban support organization. Menendez gave police additional details after his arrest.

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that a deficient recruitment procedure led to several early defections, which gave the Bolivian army enough information to seek out the guerrillas when they were not yet prepared for action. Most important, the presence of a large proportion of foreigners (including former Cuban sub-cabinet officers and at least three former members of the Central Committee of the Cuban Communist party, according to photographic identification offered by the Bolivians) severely burdened the political thrust of Bolivia's "War of National Liberation." What is worse, this foreign presence flew in the face of Che's advice to younger guerrilla leaders that such wars must be fought by indigenous patriots and, preferably, by peasants from the guerrilla zone itself.

But in assessing the full significance of the failure of the Bolivian guerrilla insurrection, one is lured beyond the errors of the guerrillas themselves to view the spectacular ecological changes that have been occurring recently at the fringes of the Amazon basin. Many of the basic conditions of life have been changed by the introduction into the area of new roads, cheap airplane travel, small electric generators, outboard motors, canned food, radio transmitters, and—most important—malaria control. The impact of these innovations has been felt most strongly over the past decade. Along the eastern Andean slopes of Bolivia and Peru, many thousands of Quechua-speaking Indian families from the highlands are descending to build "spontaneous settlements" alongside the new but still primitive dirt roads which penetrate trackless and unsurveyed areas. These Indians will go wherever there is a road; their tenacity is making a mockery of the small and shoddy government colonization schemes that have so far been tried.

Perhaps the most significant factor of all, however, in the recent history of the jungle frontier, has been the pervasive American presence in some of those areas where the national governments are unable to finance and execute development programs. This American presence is articulated in many ways. Since the closing of China in 1949, Latin America has become the main field of American missionary work. There are now relatively few aboriginal peoples that have not been reached by missionaries, many of whom have specialized in building schools and recording primitive languages. In jungle towns nowadays it is not unusual to see an American missionary fly in alone in a single-engine plane (with perhaps three or four aborigines in need of medical treatment) to buy supplies and then fly back into the jungle an hour or two later.*

In some areas the new tropical economies have been growing so fast that they have literally leapt out of their isolation. For example, the tiny jungle airstrip serving the Peruvian town of Tarapoto is the country's busiest air terminal outside of Lima, shipping out the foodstuffs produced in the nearby tropical valleys that are heavily settled by highland peasant migrants. To reach Tarapoto with a road (a project fitting into President Fernando Belaunde's grandiose scheme for a $300 million Marginal Jungle Highway running north-south along the eastern slopes of the Andes through four nations), Peruvian army engineers in 1965 had to appeal to the U.S. air force to airlift in five hundred tons of heavy construction equipment, too heavy for Peruvian military planes to carry. An American engineering firm solved the same problem by bringing its equipment into Peru on barges over more than two thousand miles from the Atlantic Coast of Brazil along the Amazon River and its minor tributaries. (In recent years the Brazilian air force has been dropping paratroops into Amazon jungle clearings to build small airstrips, which can later be expanded to accommodate C-47's for scheduled airline service.)

The revolutionary thrust of the United States in creating new conditions of life has been most apparent in the Santa Cruz area of Bolivia—less than one hundred miles from where Che was killed. Here the U.S. government has invested close to $100 million since 1956, in what is now one of the few notable successes of the Alliance for Progress in regional development. This investment has financed the construction of all-weather roads, three sugar mills, and numerous schools; the clearing of twenty-five thousand acres of virgin land between 1955 and 1959 alone; and the providing of cattle, poultry, and supervised farm credit and loans for purchase of industrial and farm machinery—all this as part of the $400 million in U.S. aid to Bolivia since the 1952 revolution. The investment was sufficient to consolidate the currency (at a time of wild inflation) to the point where the country's Indian peasants were able to retain enough purchasing power to acquire, over the past fifteen years, a wide range of imported goods: shoes, bicycles, trucks, transistor radios, etc. In the Bolivian Oriente, the invest-

* Two years ago, a Castroite guerrilla insurrection occurred in the Peruvian jungle area of the semi-aboriginal Campa Indians, who had wiped out several Franciscan missions in the 17th and 18th centuries. The leader of the insurrection was Guillermo Lobaton, who reportedly had been to China and Vietnam before returning to Peru and was apparently attempting to work with the warlike Campas the way General Vo Nguyen Giap worked with the mountain tribes of northeastern Vietnam during World War II. The difference, however, is that Giap worked *politically* with his tribesmen for two years before entering into combat; the Peruvian guerrillas worked with the Campas for less than six months in a very desultory fashion before ambushing a rural police patrol (killing seven), and provoking a repression by the Peruvian army that wiped out the guerrillas in six months and led to the death of hundreds of Campas. American missionaries working in the zone reported that the Peruvian air force had bombed a number of Campa villages. While the guerrilla insurgency was still alive, however, a special school was set up under AID auspices in the area to train the Peruvian rural police in counter-insurgency operations.

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ment has laid important economic foundations, reinforced by the discovery of oil and natural gas in the area after Gulf Oil obtained an export concession in 1956. Both rice and sugar production have doubled between 1960 and 1964, converting Bolivia from an importer of these tropical products to a hard-pressed searcher for export markets. At the time Che's guerrilla operation was discovered last March, there were Peace Corps volunteers working in the guerrilla zone itself. Debray paid this American presence a rather stirring tribute earlier this year:*

> The armed guerrilla unit and the people's vanguard are not dealing with a foreign expeditionary force, with limited manpower, but with a well-established system of local domination. They [the guerrillas] themselves are the foreigners, lacking status, who at the beginning can offer the populace nothing but bloodshed and pain. Furthermore, channels of communication are increasing; airports and landing fields are being built in the most remote areas, heretofore inaccessible by land routes. On the other side of the Andes, for example, between the mountains and the Amazon basin, there is a famous highway that is meant to skirt the jungle and link up the tropical zones of Venezuela, Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia, as well as join each with its respective capital. As for North American imperialism, it has increased its forces in the field and is making every effort to present itself, not in repressive guise but in the shape of social and technical assistance: we are familiar with all the sociological projects now under way, staffed with international personnel. . . . Thousands of Peace Corpsmen have succeeded in integrating themselves in rural areas—some of them by dint of hard work, patience, and at times real sacrifices *—where they profit by the lack of political work by left-wing organizations* (my italics—N.G.). Even the most remote regions are today teeming with Catholic, Evangelical, Methodist, and Seventh Day Adventist missionaries. In a word, all of these close-knit networks of control strengthen the national machinery of domination. Without exaggerating the depth or scope of their penetration, we can say that they have indeed changed the scene.

IV

THE LAST YEARS of Ernesto Guevara's life were identified with two bitter causes: the creation of "two, three, many Vietnams" to pin down North American imperialism in long and debilitating struggles in as many places as possible in Latin America and elsewhere, and the parallel economic struggle between the rich nations and poor nations. In his last public speech, at an Afro-Asian economic conference in Algiers just before he returned to Cuba and dropped out of sight, he made a modest proposal concerning the burdens of progress within the socialist camp:†

> The development of the countries that now begin the road of liberation should cost the socialist countries. We say it thus, without the least spirit of blackmail or theatricality, nor for a facile appeal for greater closeness to the grouping of Afro-Asiatic countries; it is a profound conviction. Socialism cannot exist if a new collective and individual attitude is not provoked by a change in conscience of a worldwide character toward the peoples that suffer imperialist oppression. . . . How can "mutual benefit" mean selling at world market prices the primary materials that cost limitless sweat and suffering for the backward countries, and buying at world market prices the machines produced in modern automated factories? If we establish this type of relationship between the two groups of nations, we should agree that the socialist countries are, in a certain way, accomplices of imperial exploitation. . . . The truths of socialism, and more so the crude truth of imperialism, have shaped the Cuban people and showed them the road toward Communism that later was taken voluntarily. The peoples of Asia and Africa proceeding toward their final liberation should begin the same route; they will take this road sooner or later. Although their socialism today takes one or another descriptive adjective, there is no other valid definition of socialism for us than the abolition of exploitation of man by man. . . . Our reasoning is that investments of socialist states in their own territories weigh directly on the state budget and are not recovered save through use at the end of the long manufacturing process. Our proposition is that investments of this type should be made in the underdeveloped countries. An immense force should be put in motion in our miserably exploited continents . . . to begin a new stage of the authentic international division of labor, based not in the history of what has been done until now, but in the future history of what can be done. The states in whose territories the new investments will be placed would have all the inherent rights of sovereign property over them (without any payment or credit attached), remaining obligated as possessors to supply [goods for] a determined number of years at determined prices.

The Russians must have been delighted with this proposal, having spent $1 million daily over the past six years just to keep the Cuban economy afloat, and having learned many lessons from the Cubans just by watching the marvels of their manufacturing processes! The East European People's Republics have largely begged off from diverting significant amounts of their resources to the goal of Cuba's survival, save for straight cash and barter deals and for Czech and Bulgarian technical aid programs. And the shrinking foreign aid budgets of Western governments also reflect an increasing disbelief in the revolutionary rhetoric of the "Third World"; "Westerners" are becoming

* Régis Debray, "Revolution in the Revolution?" *Monthly Review*, July-August 1967, pp. 52-53.

† *Politica* (Mexico) March 1, 1965.

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peeved and bored at the incapacity of aid recipients to improvise for their own survival, and at the extraordinary variety of bastard socialisms that always seem to be stuck in the mud. The failure up to now of planned (as opposed to spontaneous) guerrilla insurrections in Latin America can only reenforce the impression left by the Chinese fiasco in Indonesia and the disarray created by the "Cultural Revolution" inside China itself. On the latter event, the *Economist* editorialized:*

> What has been happening in China since the summer is the end of the road that started in Paris in 1789. We are seeing the last stages of the revolutionary cycle that began in France, was checked in central Europe in 1848, and picked up impetus again in Russia in 1917. It continued its eastward march in 1949, when it reached China, and it is in China that it finally seems to be working itself out. The ideas behind the social revolutions of the past two hundred years have changed their shape as the center of the storm has moved steadily eastward. The revolutionary doctrine first picked up Marxism, and now Mao Tse-tung's reinterpretation of Marxism. But the assumption shared by all revolutionaries throughout the whole period has been their belief that a radical act of violence will burst open the door to a better society: that the way to a juster form of government necessarily lies over the exploded ruins of the old order. It is this belief that Chairman Mao has now finally and perhaps decisively put in doubt.

If this editorial is any sort of guide to emergent "Western" attitudes, what we seem to be heading toward in the very near future is an exchange of the social evangelism of the first half of this century for a perversion of the old Calvinist doctrine of the Elect. This "social Calvinism" represents the belief that a large portion of humanity—a clear majority—is naturally and irremediably condemned to the lower depths of poverty and misery, and that the more powerful elect of mankind can and must keep the condemned in place by force of arms. In the elect societies there is a high coincidence between social justice and individual "human rights," which are anchored in private property. The poorer societies are struggling with the seemingly intractable problems of a scarcity of capital and natural resources and of cultural poverty; these problems have impeded the development of better economic organization to deal with the pressures of proliferating marginal populations. Under these conditions, individual liberties are less prized, private property is coveted by the disenfranchised, and "Western" traditions of liberty and property tend to conflict with collective pressures for social justice. The "Western" response, understandably, is that what we have must be preserved in good condition and, for the rest, there just isn't enough to go around.

Recent developments in Latin America, indeed, have led many to believe that "revolutionary" pressures of the type generated in poor societies can be easily contained. It is probable, for instance, that the guerrilla forces in several countries, despite their own weaknesses, would have scored a much wider success if the Latin American regular armies opposing them had not been backstopped by large amounts of U.S. military aid and advice. Since 1950, the U.S. has provided roughly $1.5 billion in military aid to Latin American armies, mostly in arms donations; in one place alone—Fort Gulick, Panama—the U.S. has trained more than eighteen thousand Latin American military men in counter-insurgency techniques. On April 6, 1966, General Robert W. Porter, chief of the U.S. Army Southern Command in Panama, explained the value of the military aid program before the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives. He said the program was "austere in the light of U.S. objectives, Latin American military needs, and the total U.S. effort in Latin America. The cost is only 3.9 per cent of the total U.S. effort, and I believe that 3.9 per cent is a low premium rate for the insurance received."

In Guatemala, to take but one example, the presence of U.S. military advisers in the guerrilla zone has been reported by foreign missionary priests and by guerrillas themselves. U.S. officers, some of Cuban and Puerto Rican descent, were reported accompanying Guatemalan army patrols. General Porter revealed in his testimony that U.S. army engineers were engaged in the guerrilla zone in a "civic-action" program of public works, and were being helped in their work by U.S. army Special Forces officers with Vietnam experience. "In [neighboring] Honduras the [U.S.] engineer battalion is also working up in the high country along the Guatemalan border," Porter said. "This is a part where you don't know where the border is." Earlier this year, a correspondent for the *Economist* described how the Guatemalan counter-insurgency drive subsequently developed:†

> The clean-up of the guerrilla zone has been carried out in military style by a proliferating number of right-wing terrorist groups. Some of these are phantom organizations under whose name soldiers in civilian dress carry out their more grisly operations. The principal terrorist organization, the "White Hand," is a creature of the *Movimiento de Liberacion Nacional*. In 1954, the MLN spearheaded the CIA-organized invasion from Honduras which, with the connivance of the Guatemalan military high command, overthrew the pro-Communist regime of Col. Jacobo Arbenz. Since last July the MLN leaders in the Oriente and many of their followers have been disappearing into Honduras. A new low-range radio station, Radio America, based in Honduras, has been warning peasants of a new invasion with massive American support. The Americans have made no visible move, but the White

* "The Last Revolution," January 14, 1967.
† "Guatemala: Death in the Hills," June 10, 1967.

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Hand's anti-Communist vigilantes in the Oriente have received roughly two-thousand rifles and machine guns which were given to the Guatemalan army under the American military aid program. These weapons have been used in the slaughter of guerrilla collaborators and sympathizers in the towns and villages along the Atlantic Highway, where guerrillas used to harass trucking and troop movements with near impunity. Since the army began its offensive, between forty and fifty of the estimated two hundred to three hundred hard-core guerrilla fighters have been killed. Army sources have put the death toll at roughly two thousand in the eastern departments of Zacapa and Izabal, the central area of rebel activity. The surviving rebels have withdrawn into a deeper portion of the thicket, or into Guatemala City. Captured guerrillas in black hoods are now accompanying army patrols in order to point out those who have collaborated with the insurgents, as well as guerrilla campsites and buried arms deposits. As a result, rebel activity has dropped to almost nothing in recent weeks, and the leaders of the MLN have begun to talk of a "definitive solution." . . . The violence of recent months is believed to have claimed more lives than all the insurgent activity of the past five years.*

V

MOST REVOLUTIONS are born of war, and others of foreign intervention. "When the enemy comes we fight, when he goes we plough," wrote the great North Vietnamese strategist Truong Chinh in 1947 at the beginning of the Vietminh war with the French.† The fusion of nationalism and social vindication in the scramble of global war produced the wave of revolutions issuing from World War II (China, Vietnam, Egypt, India, Burma, Indonesia, Malaya, the Philippines, Algeria, Greece, Yugoslavia, and Kenya), nearly all in countries that were hosts to the greater conflict, with foreign troops fighting on their soil and the "democratic" propaganda of the Allies vying for the support of colonial and semicolonial populations. The Bolshevik revolution in Russia and the Nazi revolution in Germany issued from national defeats in World War I, with Lenin and Hitler both using returning war veterans and "treason" propaganda in what have become classic techniques of agitation. Similarly in Bolivia, it was returning veterans from the disastrous Chaco War (1932-35) with Paraguay who started the major events in motion. Like the Russians at the front in World War I, the Bolivian veterans included intellectuals as well as illiterate peasants (mostly Indians who had left Andean villages and haciendas for the first time to fight a dimly understood war, in an inhospitable lowland desert, under a military leadership whose corruption and incompetence dissipated the Bolivian advantage in numbers). The mobilization of 250,000 Bolivians for war (56,000 died, 10,000 deserted, and 17,000 were taken prisoner) gave many their first sense of nationhood; Bolivia's humiliating territorial loss to Paraguay provoked widespread reflections on national destiny and sent thousands of veterans home to organize peasant and miners' *sindicatos* as well as radical political movements that were the engines of the social revolutions of 1946 and 1952.

The rural slaughter this year in Guatemala is somewhat reminiscent of the World War II anti-Communist "extermination" campaigns carried out in China and Yugoslavia by the Japanese and Nazi armies, which drove thousands of peasants to seek refuge in the ranks of Mao's and Tito's partisans.** It also recalls the incredible campaign in Colombia—led by Conservative President Laureano Gomez, a starchy oligarch impressed by the Fascist success in Spain—to eliminate the Liberal party by sending the police to kill, burn, and destroy crops (especially coffee trees) in rural Liberal areas. This in turn led to what has become known as the *violencia,* the savage tribal warfare between Liberals and Conservatives which in ten years (1948-58) cost some two hundred thousand lives and sent many more peasants for refuge in the proliferating slums of Colombia's cities, the five largest of which doubled in population between 1950 and 1965.

Not long ago, in a wildly-vegetated ravine of the Cordillera de los Cobardes in the mountains of eastern Colombia, I met a peasant named Juan Prada, a lean man in his late fifties with narrow, ironic eyes, taut lips, and a hairless face. Prada had been a Liberal "soldier" in the *violencia,* and had followed a former Liberal police chief named Rafael Rangel Gomez who was subsequently elected to Congress. Since 1958, he had been organizing peasant "self-defense committees" in collaboration with some Communist labor leaders from nearby oilfields. He still walked with the exaggerated swagger common in those mountains. Above a boxwood table in his unfinished straw hut was an old photo of a group of armed men, including himself, in khaki peasant clothes and cheap Panama hats, with ammunition belts and blankets draped over one shoulder and old rifles of many kinds posed in their hands for the photographer. "I saw the police carry their dead in burlap bags down from the hills to the town of

* On May 9, Guatemala's Catholic Bishops' Council issued a statement which said: "We cannot remain indifferent, while entire populations are decimated, while each day leaves new widows and orphans who are victims of mysterious struggles and vendettas, while men are seized in their houses by unknown kidnappers and are detained in unknown places or are vilely assassinated, their bodies appearing later horribly mutilated." *Grafica* (Guatemala) May 10, 1967.

† "The Resistance Will Win," in Truong Chinh, *Primer for Revolt,* Praeger, 1963.

** An excellent comparative account of these wartime movements is given in Chalmers A. Johnson, *Peasant Nationalism and Communist Power,* Stanford, 1962.

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San Vicente de Chucuri," Juan Prada told me. "They came into the hills—uniformed policemen, detectives, revenue agents, and peasant bands from Conservative villages—to take Liberal peasants from their houses in the middle of the night. They were marched to the edge of a ravine and either beheaded or shot. On many farms the cattle were led away by these bands. Entire harvests were stolen and entire plots of coffee trees, which take so many years to bring into cultivation, were burned. Many peasants were frightened of such a death. They had no way to live but to go to the hills. I had a small piece of land in Rio Sucio when the *violencia* began in Santander. My woman had gone away and my two little boys had died before, but I took my little girl called Yolanda—who was seven years old—into the mountains with me when the *violencia* began. I carried my little girl with me through the forests with the Liberal guerrillas for two years. All that we took with us was rifles and cartridges, and we slept on the ground. Very little food was grown in the country."

IT IS HARD under these circumstances to talk of a "definitive solution." But we should, for a start, consider the spontaneous character of most revolutionary developments in Latin America, where "Marxism" evidently has come with too little, too late, and has extended itself far beyond its bases of intellectual and material supply. Throughout the world, these major social conflicts are activated, if not by war itself, then by some other jolt. In this connection it might also be opportune to cite Lin Piao's prophecy* that "U.S. imperialism, like a mad bull dashing from place to place, will finally be burned to ashes in the blazing fires of the people's wars it has provoked by its own actions."

If we were to take this remark seriously, and adjust our sights accordingly to the "spontaneous" rather than to the "ideological" aspects of social revolution, we would, I believe, be in a better position to reap the advantages of revolutionary aspirations in underdeveloped societies. Let me offer but one example. All Castroite guerrilla insurgencies in Latin America, including Castro's own rising in Cuba's Sierra Maestra, have occurred in or very near coffee-growing areas† with dispersed hillbilly populations living on *minifundia* (tiny subsistence plots) where endemic conflicts between landlord and peasant have been aggravated by declining world coffee prices. Colombia President Carlos Lleras Restrepo said last year in an intervew: "I believe *minifundia* are far more dangerous politically than *latifundia* [great estates]. These increasingly smaller properties cannot maintain a family, and the *minifundia* problem is constantly aggravated by the divisions imposed by inheritance laws and by the powerful demographic explosion [doubling Colombia's population every twenty-five years], creating a class of 'proletarian proprietors' with even lower incomes than the miserable sugar cane cutters." Lleras claimed that the fall in world coffee prices has cut Colombia's per capita export income from $53 in 1964 to $32 in 1966. A 1965 survey of Latin America by the *Economist* said the region has never recovered from the world depression of the late 1920's: between 1928 and 1932, Latin America's exports dropped by nearly 60 per cent, and the real per capita value of its exports (excluding those of oil-rich Venezuela) are now only 32 per cent of what they were in 1928. Food production, moreover, has been declining in relation to population growth. Under these circumstances, it may be wiser to devote more energy toward developing a substitute for this moribund coffee economy than to try to convert "counter-insurgency" into a viable political doctrine.

In the meantime, while guerrilla movements in Latin America so far have failed to demonstrate, in Lin Piao's words, that "the countryside, and the countryside alone, can provide the revolutionary bases from which the revolutionaries can go forward to final victory," the region's cities are developing a revolutionary profile strikingly similar to that of the European urban concentrations at the time of the popular revolts of 1848 and 1871. Professor William L. Langer has written on the subject:**

> In the years from 1800 to 1850 the growth of the European capitals was stupendous, with the result that at the end of the period a large proportion of the population was not native-born. It consisted largely of immigrants, permanent or temporary, coming either from nearby areas or abroad. In the 1840's alone about 250,000 persons came into London, 46,000 of whom were Irishmen, who were particularly disliked and feared by the English workers because of their incredibly low standard of living. As for Paris, the number of inhabitants just about doubled between 1800 and 1850, due very largely to immigration. . . . Most of the newcomers were from the neighboring departments, but there were many foreigners as well. . . . The situation in Vienna and Berlin was much the same. Overall conditions in the crowded cities of the early or mid-19th century were such as to create chronic social tension. . . .

Following the 1848 revolutions, Marx wrote that "Europe has taken on a form that makes every fresh proletarian upheaval in France directly coincide with a world war."†† In Latin America, the two world wars have generated or coincided with major upheavals in Mexico, Guatemala, Venezuela, Colombia, Peru, Bolivia, and Argentina. The effect of the great agrarian revolutions

* "Long Live the Victory of the People's War!" *Peking Review*, September 3, 1965.

† The only exception was Che's Bolivia experiment.

** William L. Langer, "The Pattern of Urban Revolution in 1848," in *French Society and Culture Since the Old Regime*, Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1966.

†† Marx, "The Class Struggles in France," 1850.

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(and land reform programs) has been a proliferation of tiny and (eventually) dessicated peasant subsistence plots which, even in their uneconomic form, have failed to keep pace with the growth of the rural population. Studies by Mexicans predict a rural population including five million landless peasants in the not-too-distant future;* 27 million Mexicans of a total population of 45 million have a monthly family income of less than $10—this at a time of spectacular economic growth with per capita income having doubled since 1940 (despite a doubling of the population during the same period). The great Mexican land reform of the 1930's and 1940's drew the peasant back into primeval village life (the basic unit of land distribution was the communal *ejido*) while industrialization with depressed wages permitted large capital accumulations in the postwar years, after Mexico had served as an international money haven in World War II. Yet Mexico seems to be approaching a Malthusian bottleneck, not so much because of population growth as because of a lack of sufficient land and water to keep the proliferating peasant population in agriculture. Thus the complex and expensive land reclamation projects in Mexico's northwest desert-states of Sonora and Sinaloa have been imperiled in recent years by a decline in the underground water table as a consequence of the use of deep-draft mechanical pumps for agriculture. The scarcity of arable land, and the rising urban living standards, have sent the peasants scurrying for the cities—which now double in population roughly every seventeen years—and for the border towns along the U.S. frontier, which have increased fivefold in population over the past generation. If Mexico is an indicator, within a relatively few years Latin America will have developed such heavy urban slum concentrations, and disposable land for agrarian reform will have become so scarce, that for the first time in our century land reform will cease to be a meaningful revolutionary banner.

THE LONG MARCH of Latin America's rural population is one of the great social epics of the postwar years, and one to which both "Marxist" and "Western" political thought have given very scant attention. According to the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, 37 per cent of the region's urban population (130 million) live in squatter slums, and this figure will rise to 43 per cent (216 million) by 1980. The population of Santo Domingo doubled during the 1950's alone, and is expected to have doubled again by 1968; a full-scale inundation has occurred since the 1961 assassination of Rafael Trujillo. In the crowded warrens of wood-and-cardboard shacks beneath the Duarte Bridge, where the slumdwellers of Santo Domingo defeated crack tank and infantry units of the Dominican armed forces in the April 1965 revolution, unemployment has reached 90 per cent among adult males in some *barrios,* and the people talk constantly of resuming their revolution as if the fight against the Americans had been their finest hour. The American "anti-Communist" intervention in 1965 to save the Dominican army attempted to stop the revolutionary effervescence uncorked when the CIA supplied the arms for the Trujillo assassination four years before.† The whole episode recalled the words of Ho Chi Minh when he was an obscure Indochinese exile in Moscow in 1923: "They began hunting down Communists among the Annamese peasantry at a time when there wasn't a trace of a Communist. And that way they spread the propaganda."**

Other capitals in the hemisphere offer the same perspective. Lima has tripled in population since 1940, with hordes of *cholos* (Indians converting to Hispanic culture) subverting the old Viceregal social structure which had stayed intact for four centuries. Since 1936, Venezuela's demographic pattern has shifted from 70 per cent rural to more than 70 per cent urban (Caracas having doubled in population since 1950), and virtually every major city in the region is growing by at least 5 per cent yearly. In rural areas, feudalism has been abolished and for the first time peasants are acquiring radios,†† schools, roads, store-bought clothes, bicycles, shoes, trucks, and buses; after acquiring these things they move even faster into the cities. In Latin America one must distinguish between informal and formal revolution; that is, between spectacular social change and the seizure of political power by a "Marxist" revolutionary organization. In view of this distinction, the legacy of Ernesto Guevara may turn out to be other than it at first appears. While the guerrillas have so far failed, the revolution is in full career; what is lacking today is the leadership of a revolutionary party.

* "Mexico: South of the Border," by Mary Goldring. The *Economist,* May 13, 1967.

† See my "How Trujillo Died," the *New Republic,* April 13, 1961.

** "An Interview with Ho Chi Minh—1923," by Osip Mandelstam. COMMENTARY, August 1967.

†† The USIA has estimated that there are 38.6 million radio sets in Latin America—a ratio of almost one to a family.

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SELMA FRAIBERG

THE ORIGINS OF HUMAN BONDS

KONRAD LORENZ has called it "the bond"*—the enduring ties that unite members of a species in couples, in groups, and in complex social organizations. This personal bond is not the exclusive prerogative of man or of mammals. Stable and permanent partnerships for the propagation of young can also be found among some species of fish—and these partnerships endure beyond the period of spawning and the raising of young. Among greylag geese there are elderly couples which have raised their broods and remain demonstrative to each other and solicitous of each other's welfare in an exclusive and cozy domesticity that has outlived the biological purpose of union. Lorenz has described genuine grief reactions among widowed geese. Similar accounts exist of the fidelity of jackdaw couples, even after prolonged separation.

Yet, within the same species that produce permanent bonds among members, *fighting* among members is a common occurrence, regulated by formal rules of conduct and ritual forms of triumph and appeasement. It seems that the "problem" of aggression, which we like to believe was invented by the moral intelligence of man, is no less a "problem" to every species that possesses the bond. Conflicts between the claims of love and the claims of aggression did not originate with our own intelligent species. The devotion and fidelity of the greylag goose, for instance, is maintained through elaborate rituals designed to divert aggression from the partner. Even the device of the scapegoat appears in a simplified form among some species of fish and is ubiquitous among all species that exhibit bond behavior. To put it simply, aggression in these species is channeled away from the partner in order to preserve the bond.

The parallels between these phenomena and the data of human development and human behavior are striking. In the course of development, the child modifies his aggressive urges through love of his human partners. If a child, for one or another reason, becomes deprived of human partners or of the conditions for attachment, the result may be a lack of inhibitions of aggressive impulses or of the capacity to regulate aggression. In the psychoanalytic view, conflicts between love and hate are central in the human personality. The need to preserve love from the destructive forces of aggression has produced in man great love, great works, and the highest moral attainments. The modification of aggression in the service of love has produced an infinite variety of redirected actions and mental mechanisms which serve to discharge the drive tendencies through substitute goals. And while the same conflicts between love and hate can also produce neurotic symptoms in the human personality, it is well to remember that there is a vast range in which man can find successful solutions to these conflicts without resorting to disease.

This essay is not intended as a review of Lorenz's book. Rather, I shall attempt to take up some problems in human psychology that Lorenz has illuminated from the biological side. Naturally, at a time when the most intelligent of animals seems bent on the extermination of his own species, a study of the natural history of aggression and its relationship to the love bonds should prove instructive. This is not to say that the solutions that have evolved among sea animals and birds or even the higher mammals are applicable to human society. When Lorenz urges us to regard the lessons from biology with modesty, he is not suggesting, of course, that we employ the rituals of waterfowl to regulate our daily aggressions or our foreign policy. He is telling us that there is an evolutionary tendency at work which has produced increasingly complex and effective means of regulating aggression, that the tendency is at work within human society in ways that we cannot easily recognize without following the biological narrative, and that there are as many portents for human solutions to the ancient problems of aggression as there are, at this point in our history, portents of disaster.

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* In *On Aggression*, Harcourt, Brace & World, 1967. See Werner J. Dannhauser's review in COMMENTARY, February 1967.

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II

AT THE CENTER of Lorenz's book is a paradox. (1) Intraspecific aggression —*fighting between members of the same species*— is a characteristic of some species, but not of others. (2) The bond appears *only* in those species which also manifest intraspecific aggression. (3) There are species that have intraspecific aggression and no bond, but conversely there are no species that have the bond and do not also have intraspecific aggression. (4) Within those species which have evolved enduring attachments among members, there are biological mechanisms for inhibiting aggression under certain conditions and there are ritual forms of courtship and greeting ceremonials among members in which the characteristic motor patterns of aggression have undergone a transformation in the service of love.

It appears, then, that there are phylogenetic links between aggression and love. The coexistence of intraspecific aggression and the bond in certain species should inform us of the biological purpose and earliest interdependence of two instinctual drives which have evolved as polar and antagonistic. This is the territory that Lorenz explores.

Among the human psychologies, psychoanalysis maintains its original position with regard to the instinctual drives. In 1920, when the earlier libido theory was modified by Freud, aggression was given full status as an instinctual drive; a two-drive theory (sexual and aggressive) has remained central to psychoanalytic theory since that time. While recent advances in psychoanalytic theory have been in the area of ego psychology, psychoanalytic ego psychology has, on the whole, remained firmly rooted in biological foundations. Thus, it is the ego's role as a regulator of drives, the ego as the agency of adaptation, the ego as the mediator between drives and the demands of conscience, that define ego for psychoanalysis.

Now, it matters a great deal whether we include drives in our theory or not. If we believe that an aggressive drive is part of the biological inheritance of man, we add another dimension of meaning to conflict. It means that we grant motivational force to aggression as an instinctual drive that can, at times, be independent of objective circumstances. We thus have the means to explain what the behaviorists cannot well explain, the ubiquitous conflicts of love and hate, the admixture of aggression in the most sublime love, the "store" of aggression in human personality which can be triggered by a militant slogan or a boxing match or the buzzing of a mosquito. In this view the instinctual drive is given; it cannot be abolished—although it *can* be brought into the service of human aspirations by inhibiting those tendencies of the drive that can lead to destructive purpose.

We can learn, then, from the study of biology that the biological "purpose" of aggression is not murder. The killing of a member of one's own species is rarely encountered outside of human society. When it occurs among animals in the wild state, it is accidental. When it occurs in a zoo or an animal laboratory it can be demonstrated that some component in the instinctual organization was deprived of a vital nutriment for functioning or of the stimulus for release, and that the intricate network which transmits signals within the instinct groups broke down. In one example given by Lorenz, hens that were surgically deafened for experimental purposes killed their newly hatched chicks by furious pecking. The hen, who does not "know" her young, normally responds to the call notes of the newly hatched chicks, which elicit appropriate maternal behavior. The deafened hens, unable to receive the signals of their young, reacted to the stimulus of the "strange object" and unleashed the aggression—heightened in this period by the necessities of brood defense—against the brood itself.

LORENZ DEFINES aggression as "the fighting instinct in beast and man which is directed *against* members of the same species." Intraspecific aggression usually occurs in the service of survival. By warding off competitors within the species, aggression maintains living space and an equitable access to the food supply. Aggression is essential for defense of the brood; in any given species the primary tender of the brood, whether male or female, is endowed with the highest amount of aggressivity. With some rare exceptions, intraspecific fighting is limited to subduing the opponent or causing him to take flight. Lorenz describes ritual expressions of appeasement and submission in the loser of the fight as well as ritual forms of triumph (the "triumph ceremony") in the winner. Lorenz and other ethologists have collected thousands of examples from various species and have analyzed the components of each action in order to determine the specific patterns and variations. Each species, it appears, has its own forms of appeasement and triumph, and the ritual performance becomes a common language in which each gesture, each subtle nuance, has a sign function that is "understood" by every other member of the species. Among wolves and dogs, for example, the submissive gesture is the offering of the vulnerable, arched side of the neck to the aggressor. This is by no means an analogue to a "death wish" in the animal; it is the signal, "I give up," and it derives its function as a signal from the opposite behavior in fighting in which the animal protects the vulnerable region by averting his head. The triumph ritual among dogs is the lateral shaking of the head, the "shaking-to-death" gesture with mouth closed. At the end of this ceremony, the loser retreats and the victor marches off.

This ritualization of innate aggressive patterns

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is one of the most important links between instinct and the social forms that derive from instinct. The motor patterns for aggression are innate; when another instinctual need is manifested simultaneously, or external circumstances alter the aim of the drive, the innate motor pattern is still produced, but with some slight variation that endows it with another function and another meaning that is "understood" in the common language of the species.

What prevents a fight to the death within a given species? By what means can an animal check the intensity of his aggression before it destroys a member of his own species? There are inhibitions in animals, Lorenz tells us, that are themselves instinctual in their nature. There are inhibitions against killing an animal of one's own species or eating the flesh of a dead animal of the species. Nearly all species have inhibitions against attacking females or the young of the species. These inhibitions are so reliable that Lorenz regards a dog who attacks a female as aberrant and warns the reader against trusting such an animal with children. As we follow Lorenz we see that certain values which for humans are "moral imperatives" have antecedents in the instinctual inhibitions of animals.

Now if we grant that a certain quantity of energy is expended in an aggressive act, an inhibition of aggressive action can leave a quantity of undischarged energy in an animal that does not have a repertoire of behaviors or mental mechanisms for blocking discharge. In this dilemma the most common solution among animals is "redirection," to use the ethological term. That is, the animal switches his goal and discharges aggression on a substitute object. In one of many examples given by Lorenz, a female fish wearing the glorious colors of her "nuptial dress" entices a male. In the cichlid, the colors worn by the female are also the very colors that elicit aggression in the species. The excited male plows toward the female, clearly intent on ramming her. Within a few inches of the female he brakes, swerves, and directs his attack to a hapless bystander, a male member of the species. The foe vanquished, the victorious fish presents himself to his bride in a triumph ceremony, which serves as a prologue to the sexual act.

In this example, the inhibition is provided by the claims of another instinct, the sexual drive, and discharge of aggression is redirected toward another member of the species—an "indifferent object," as we would see it. This is a very simple example of conflict between two drives in a species less complex than our own. The claims of each drive must be satisfied, but the aggressive drive cannot satisfy itself upon the sexual object without obstructing the aim of the sexual drive. Redirection of the aggressive drive toward substitute goals provides the solution.

We can of course immediately recognize the behavior of "redirection" as a component of human behavior: in its simplest form it is analogous to "taking it out on" another person or an indifferent object, "displacing" the anger. Among humans the behavior of "redirection" has evolved into complex mental mechanisms in which drives are directed to substitute aims, as in sublimation, in defense mechanisms, and also at times in symptoms. In striking analogy with the drive conflicts of the unintelligent animals, it is the necessity among humans to divert aggression away from the object of love that creates one of the strong motives for the displacement, inhibition, and even repression of aggressive impulses. This means, of course, that the mental mechanisms available to humans not only permit redirection of the drives toward objectives that are far removed from "motor discharge of aggression," but that the drive energy is available in part for investing the substitute act with meaning far removed from "the fighting instinct." Where aggressive and sexual impulses enter into a work of art, for example, the original impulses undergo a qualitative change and the product in the work itself becomes a metaphor, a symbolic representation of the biological aims.

I do not wish to strain the analogies between "redirection" in animals and in humans. When complex mental acts intervene between a drive and its expression, as in human behavior, we are clearly dealing with another order of phenomenon. It is, for example, the human capacity for symbolic thought that makes it possible for the ego to block discharge of a drive or, more marvelous still, to exclude from consciousness (as in repression) the idea associated with the impulse. In non-human species, where there are no ideas and, properly speaking, no state that corresponds to "consciousness" in humans, there are no equivalents for repression.

Yet, we will find it arresting to see, in Lorenz's animal data, simple forms of symbolic action, a preliminary sketch for a design that becomes marvelously extended and elaborated in human thought. This is the process called "ritualization" in animals which we have already touched on in connection with the ceremonies of appeasement and triumph in animals. Lorenz presents us with an impressive body of data to show how courtship ceremonies among many species have evolved through the ritualization of aggression.

Any one of the processes that lead to redirection may become ritualized in the course of evolution. In the cichlid we saw earlier how aggression against the female is diverted and discharged against another member of the species in the courtship pattern. Among cranes there is a kind of tribal greeting and appeasement ceremony in which "redirected aggression" is simply pantomimed. The bird performs a *fake* attack on any substitute object, preferably a nearby crane who is

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not a friend, or even on a harmless goose, or on a piece of wood or stone which he seizes with his beak and throws three or four times into the air. In other words, the ritual redirection of aggression has evolved into a symbolic action.

Among greylag geese and other species, the redirected fighting and its climax are ritually observed in courtship, but they have also been generalized into a greeting ceremonial within the species as a whole. Greylag geese, male or female, greet each other ritually by performing the triumph ceremony. It is the binding ceremony of the group, and the performance of this rite with another member of the group renews and cements the bond, like the handshake or password of a secret society or a tribal ceremonial.

AND HERE we reach the central part of Lorenz's thesis, the evolution of the personal bond. We recall that Lorenz and other ethologists have demonstrated that personal ties among members of a species—"the bond"—appear only among species in which aggression against members of the same species also occurs. Using the greylag goose as model, Lorenz shows how redirected forms of aggression become ritualized, then follow an evolutionary course to become the binding force among members of the group. Thus, among the greylag goose, a species with strong intraspecific aggression, stable and enduring friendships and lifelong fidelity exist between mates. These are bonds which are relatively independent of survival needs or procreation. Unlike partnerships found in some other species, these bonds are not seasonal or circumstantially determined. The mate, the friend, among greylags is individually recognized, and valued; he cannot be exchanged with any other partner. Loss of the friend or mate produces genuine mourning in the bereaved partner. And the ceremonial that binds these birds in pairs and in groups, the ritual greeting, the ritual wooing, the bond of love, is the triumph ceremony which originated in fighting and through redirection and ritualization evolved into a love ceremonial which has the effect of binding partners and groups. Aggression is made over in the service of love.

In the model of the greylag goose, Lorenz traces the pattern of the triumph ceremony in fine detail. The phylogenetic origins of the pattern are probably similar to those described in the cichlid: that is, a conflict between the subject's sexual aims and aggressive aims toward the same object finds a solution in the redirection of aggression toward another, "indifferent" object. The pattern evolved as a condition for mating and, through ritualization, became part of the courtship ceremonial. In the further evolution of the ritual fight, the triumph ceremony acquired a sign function for the affirmation of love; within the species it became a binding ritual. The ceremony, as Lorenz points out, has become independent of sexual drives and has become a bond which embraces the whole family and whole groups of individuals, in any season.

Lorenz adduces a large number of examples to show the evolution of greeting rituals from the motor patterns of aggression. Among certain birds, the "friendly" confrontation and exchange of signals is barely distinguishable from the threatening stance and gestures of the same species (thus, for example, the expressive movement which accompanies cackling among geese). But close observation and motivational analysis show a detail, such as a half-turn of the head or body, which alters the "meaning" of the motor pattern so that the sign value of the pattern is taken as friendly. The human smile, Lorenz suggests, probably originated in the same way: the baring of the teeth in the primal threatening gesture has been made over into the friendly smile, the uniquely human tribal greeting. No other animal has evolved the act of smiling from the threatening gesture of tooth baring.

Moreover, these greeting patterns, which are found among all species which have personal bonds, are not dependent upon learning. Given certain eliciting stimuli the baby animal produces the greeting sign as part of his innate inventory of behaviors. If one bends over a newly hatched gosling, says Lorenz, and speaks to it "in an approximate goosy voice," the new-born baby goose utters the greeting sound of its species! Similarly, given certain "eliciting stimuli," the human baby in the first weeks of life produces our tribal greeting sign, the smile.

All of this means that in the process of redirection and the ritualization of aggression in the service of love, a new pattern emerges which acquires full status as an instinct and a high degree of autonomy from the aggressive and sexual instincts from which it derived. Not only are the patterns of love part of an autonomous instinct group, but they have a motive force equal to or greater than that of aggression under a wide range of conditions, and are capable of opposing and checking and redirecting aggression when the aims of aggression conflict with those of love.

While we can speak, then, of innate tendencies that produce characteristic forms of attachment in a particular species, it is very important to stress that these patterns of attachment will not emerge if certain eliciting stimuli are not provided by the environment. In the case of the newborn gosling, the cry of greeting is elicited by the call notes of the species, usually provided by the mother. Lorenz, by producing these sounds experimentally, elicited the greeting sounds from the newborn gosling and actually produced in hand-reared geese a permanent attachment to himself; he became the "mother." In experiments which Lorenz describes in *On Aggression* and elsewhere he was able to produce nearly all of the characteristics of early attachment behavior in

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young geese by providing the necessary signals during the critical phase of attachment.

In other experiments in which baby geese were reared in isolation from their species and otherwise deprived of the conditions for attachment, an aberrant bird was produced, a solitary creature that seemed unaware of its surroundings, unresponsive to stimuli—a creature, in fact, which avoided stimuli as if they were painful. It is worth mentioning in this context that Harry Harlow in certain experiments with monkeys accidentally produced an aberrant group of animals with some of the same characteristics of stimulus avoidance. In his now famous experiments in which baby monkeys were reared with dummy mothers (a cloth "mother," a wire "mother") the animals became attached to the dummy mothers in a striking parody of the species' attachment behavior, but the animals also produced a group of pathological symptoms that were never seen among mother-reared monkeys. They were strangely self-absorbed, made no social contact with other members of the species, would sit in their cages and stare fixedly into space, circle their cages in a repetitive, stereotyped manner, and clasp their heads in their hands or arms and rock for long periods. Some of them chewed and tore at their own flesh until it bled. When these animals reached sexual maturity they were unable to copulate. In the rare circumstance under which a female could be impregnated by a normal male from another colony, the female ignored her young after birth or tried to kill them.

To those of us who are working in the area of human infancy and early development, these studies of attachment behavior in animals and the correlate studies of animals deprived of attachment have had a sobering effect. For there are some striking parallels between them and our own studies of normal development and of certain aberrant patterns in early childhood which I will describe later as "the diseases of non-attachment." In all these studies of animal behavior and human infancy, we feel as if we are about to solve an ancient riddle posed by the polar drives of love and aggression.

III

In the earliest years of psychoanalysis, Freud discovered that conflicts between the claims of love and the claims of aggression were central to all personality development. As early as 1905 he demonstrated through the study of a five-year-old boy, "Little Hans," how the animal phobias of early childhood represent a displacement of aggressive and libidinous impulses from the love objects, the parents, to a symbol of dangerous impulses, the animal. The phobia served the function of keeping the dangerous impulses in a state of repression and of preserving the tender feelings toward the parents in a state of relative harmony. This is not to say, of course, that conflicts between drives must lead to neurotic solutions. There are other solutions available in childhood, among them the redirection of hostile impulses in play and in the imagination. But in all these instances of normal development and even in the case of childhood neuroses, the motive for redirection of hostile impulses is love. *It is because the loved person is valued above all other things that the child gradually modifies his aggressive impulses and finds alternative modes of expression that are sanctioned by love.*

In all this we can see an extraordinary correspondence between the regulation of human drives and the phylogenetic origins of the love bond as constructed from the data of comparative ethology. Perhaps it might even strike us as a banal statement that human aggression should be modified by love. We are accustomed to take human bonds as a biological datum in human infancy. There would be no point in writing this essay if it were not for another story that is emerging from the study of a large body of data in psychoanalysis, psychiatry, and psychology on the diseases of non-attachment.

The group of disorders that I am here calling "the diseases of non-attachment" are, strictly speaking, diseases of the ego, structural weaknesses or malformations which occur during the formative period of ego development, the first eighteen months of life. These disorders are not classified as neuroses. A neurosis, properly speaking, can only exist where there is ego organization, where there is an agency that is capable of self-observation, self-criticism, and the regulation of internal needs and of the conditions for their expression. In a neurosis there may be disorders in love relationships, but there is no primary incapacity for human attachments. Similarly, we need to discriminate between the diseases of non-attachment and psychoses. In a psychosis there may be a breakdown or rupture of human bonds and disorders of thinking which are related to the loss of boundaries between "self" and "not self"—all of which may testify to structural weakness in ego organization—but this breakdown does not imply a primary incapacity for human attachments.

The distinguishing characteristic of the diseases of non-attachment is the incapacity of the person to form human bonds. In personal encounter with such an individual there is an almost perceptible feeling of intervening space, of remoteness, of "no connection." The life histories of people with such a disease reveal no single significant human relationship. The narrative of their lives reads like a vagrant journey with chance encounters and transient partnerships. Since no partner is valued, any one partner can be exchanged for any other; in the absence of love, there is no pain in loss. Indeed, the other striking characteristic of such people is their impoverished emotional

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range. There is no joy, no grief, no guilt, and no remorse. In the absence of human ties, a conscience cannot be formed; even the qualities of self-observation and self-criticism fail to develop. Many of these people strike us as singularly humorless, which may appear to be a trifling addition to this long catalogue of human deficits, but I think it is significant. For smiling and laughter, as Lorenz tells us, are among the tribal signs that unite the members of the human fraternity, and somewhere in the lonely past of these hollow men and women, the sign was not passed on.

Some of these men and women are to be found in institutions for the mentally ill, a good many of them are part of the floating populations of prisons. A very large number of them have settled inconspicuously in the disordered landscape of a slum, or a carnie show, or underworld enterprises where the absence of human connections can afford vocation and specialization. For the women among them, prostitution affords professional scope for the condition of emotional deadness. Many of them marry and produce children, or produce children and do not marry. And because tenderness or even obligatory parental postures were never a part of their experience, they are indifferent to their young, or sometimes "inhumanly cruel," as we say, except that cruelty to the young appears to be a rare occurrence outside of the human race.

A good many of these hollow men remain anonymous in our society. But there are are conditions under which they rise from anonymity and confront us with dead, unsmiling faces. The disease of emotional poverty creates its own appetite for powerful sensation. The deadness within becomes the source of an intolerable tension—quite simply, I think, the ultimate terror of not-being, the dissolution of self. The deadness within demands at times powerful psychic jolts in order to affirm existence. Some get their jolts from drugs. Others are driven to perform brutal acts. We can learn from Jean Genet of the sense of exalted existential awareness that climaxes such acts. Victims of such acts of brutality are chosen indiscriminately and anonymously. There is no motive, as such, because the man who has no human connections does not have specific objects for his hatred. When caught for his crimes, he often brings new horror to the case in his confession. There is no remorse, often no self-defense. The dead voice recounts the crime in precise detail. There was no grievance against the victim: ". . . he was a very nice gentleman. . . . I thought so right up to the minute I slit his throat," said one of the killers in Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood.*

Among those who are driven to brutal acts we can sometimes see how aggression and sexuality are fused in a terrible consummatory experience. It is as if the drives themselves are all that can be summoned from the void, and the violent discharge of these drives becomes an affirmation of being, like a scream from the tomb. Yet it would be a mistake to think that such criminals are endowed with stronger sexual urges than others. For the sober clinical truth is that these are men without potency and women without sexual desire, under any of the conditions that normally favor sexual response. These men and women who have never experienced human bonds have a diffuse and impoverished sexuality. When it takes the form of a violent sexual act it is not the sexual component that gives terrible urgency to the act, but the force of aggression; the two drives are fused in the act. When we consider the ways in which, in early childhood, the love bond normally serves the redirection of aggression from the love object, we obtain a clue: the absence of human bonds can promote a morbid alliance between sexual and aggressive drives and a mode of discharge in which a destructive form of aggression becomes the condition under which the sexual drive becomes manifest.

FROM THESE descriptions we can see that the diseases of non-attachment give rise to a broad range of disordered personalities. But if I have emphasized the potential for crime and violence in this group, I do not wish to distort the picture. A large number of these men and women distinguish themselves in no other way than in that they exhibit an attitude of indifference to life and an absence of human connections.

The hollow man can inform us considerably about the problem we are pursuing, the relations between the formation of human love bonds and the regulation of the aggressive drive. In those instances where we have been able to obtain histories of such patients, it appears that there were never any significant human ties, as far back as memory or earlier records could inform us. Often the early childhood histories told a dreary story of lost and broken connections. A child would be farmed out to relatives, or foster parents, or institutions: the blurred outlines of one family faded into those of another, as the child, already anonymous, shifted beds and families in monotonous succession. The change of address would be factually noted in an agency record. Or it might be a child who had been reared in his own family, a family of "no connections," unwanted, neglected, and sometimes brutally treated. In either case, by the time these children entered school, the teachers, attendance officers, or school social workers would be reporting for the record such problems as "impulsive, uncontrolled behavior," "easily frustrated," "can't get close to him," "doesn't seem to care about anything." Today we see many of these children in Head Start programs. These are the three- and four-year olds who seem unaware of other people or things, silent, unsmiling, poor ghosts of children who wander through a brightly painted nursery as if it were a cemetery. Count it

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a victory if, after six months of work with such a child, you can get him to smile in greeting or learn your name.

Once extensive study was begun on the problems of unattached children, some of the missing links in etiology appeared. We now know that if we fail in our work with these children, if we cannot bring them into a human relationship, their future is predictable. They become, of course, the permanently unattached men and women of the next generation. But beyond this we have made an extraordinary and sobering discovery. An unattached child, even at the age of three or four, cannot easily attach himself even when he is provided with the most favorable conditions for the formation of a human bond. The most expert clinical workers and foster parents can testify that to win such a child, to make him care, to become important to him, to be needed by him, and finally to be loved by him, is the work of months and years. Yet all of this, including the achievement of a binding love for a partner, normally takes place, without psychiatric consultation, in ordinary homes and with ordinary babies, during the first year of life.

This brings us to another part of the story, and to further links with the biological studies of Lorenz. Research into the problems of attachment and non-attachment has begun to move further and further back into early childhood, and finally to the period of infancy. Here too it is pathology that has led the way and informed us more fully of the normal course of attachment behavior in children.

IV

Since World War II, a very large number of studies have appeared which deal with the absence or rupture of human ties in infancy. There is strong evidence to indicate that either of these two conditions can produce certain disturbances in the later functioning of the child and can impair to varying degrees the capacity of the child to bind himself to human partners later in childhood. A number of these studies were carried out in infant institutions. Others followed children who had spent their infancy and early years in a succession of foster homes. In each of the studies that I shall refer to here, the constitutional adequacy of the baby at birth was established by objective tests. When control groups were employed, as they were in some of the studies, there was careful matching of the original family background. These investigations have been conducted by some of the most distinguished men and women working in child psychoanalysis, child psychiatry, and pediatrics—among them Anna Freud, Dorothy Burlingham, René Spitz, John Bowlby, William Goldfarb, Sally Provence, and Rose Lipton.

The institutional studies have enabled us to follow the development of babies who were reared without any possibility of establishing a human partnership. Typically, even in the best institutions, a baby is cared for by a corps of nurses and aides, and three such corps, working in shifts, have responsibility for large groups of babies in a ward.* The foster-home studies, on the other hand, together with studies of "separation effects," have enabled us to investigate a group of babies and young children who had known mothering and human partnerships at one or another period of early development and who suffered loss of the mother and often repeated separations from a succession of substitute mothers. In one set of studies, then, the groups of babies had in common the experience of no human partnerships; in the other, the babies had suffered ruptures of human ties in early development.

Within these two large groups the data from all studies confirm each other in these essential facts: children who have been deprived of mothering, and who have formed no personal human bonds during the first two years of life, show permanent impairment of the capacity to make human attachments in later childhood, even when substitute families are provided for them. The degree of impairment is roughly equivalent to the degree of deprivation. Thus, if one constructs a rating scale, with the institution studied by Spitz at the lowest end of the scale and the institution studied by Provence and Lipton at the other end of the scale, measurable differences may be discerned between the two groups of babies in their respective capacity to respond to human stimulation. But even in the "better" institution of the Provence and Lipton study, there is gross retardation in all areas of development when compared with a control group, and permanent effects in the kind and quality of human attachments demonstrated by these children in foster homes in later childhood. In the Spitz studies, the degree of deprivation in a hygienic and totally impersonal environment was so extreme that the babies deteriorated to the mental level of imbeciles at the end of the second year and showed no response to the appearance of a human figure. The motion picture made of these mute, solemn children, lying stuperous in their cribs, is one of the little-known horror films of our time.

As the number of studies has increased in recent years and come to encompass more diverse populations and age groups, we have become able to see the "variables" at work here. (A "variable"—a

* We should carefully distinguish this kind of group care from that provided babies and young children in a *kibbutz*. The *kibbutz* baby has a mother and is usually breast-fed by her. Studies show that the *kibbutz* baby is attached to his mother and that the mother remains central in his early development. The group care of the *kibbutz* does not deprive the baby of mothering, whereas such deprivation is the crucial point of the studies I cite in this essay.

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monstrous term to use when one is speaking of human babies—signifies in this case the degree and kind of deprivation.) They can be tested in the following way. As we group the findings on all the follow-up studies it becomes clear that the *age* at which the child suffered deprivation of human ties is closely correlated to certain effects in later personality and the capacity to sustain human ties. For example, in some of the studies, children had suffered maternal deprivation or rupture of human connections at various stages in early childhood. As we sort out the data we see a convergence of signs showing that the period of greatest vulnerability with respect to later development is in the period under two years of life. When, for any reason, a child has spent the whole or a large part of his infancy in an environment that could not provide him with human partners or the conditions for sustained human attachments, the later development of this child demonstrates measurable effects in three areas: (1) Children thus deprived show varying degrees of impairment in the capacity to attach themselves to substitute parents or, in fact, to any persons. They seem to form their relationships on the basis of need and satisfaction of need (a characteristic of the infant's earliest relationship to the nurturing person). One "need-satisfying person" can substitute for another, quite independently of his personal qualities. (2) There is impairment of intellectual function during the first eighteen months of life which remains consistent in follow-up testing of these children. Specifically, it is conceptual thinking that remains depressed even when favorable environments are provided for such children in the second and third years of life. Language itself, which was grossly retarded in all the infant studies of these children, improves to some extent under more favorable environmental conditions but remains nevertheless an area of retardation. (3) Disorders of impulse control, particularly in the area of aggression, are reported in all follow-up studies of these children.

The significance of these findings goes far beyond the special case of infants reared in institutions or in a succession of foster homes. The institutional studies tell us how a baby develops in an environment that cannot provide a mother, or, in fact, any human partners. But there are many thousands of babies reared in pathological homes, who have, in effect, no mother and no significant human attachments during the first two years of life. A mother who is severely depressed, or a psychotic, or an addict, is also, for all practical purposes, a mother who is absent from her baby. A baby who is stored like a package with neighbors and relatives while his mother works may come to know as many indifferent caretakers as a baby in the lowest grade of institution and, at the age of one or two years, can resemble in all significant ways the emotionally deprived babies of such an institution.

V

THE INFORMATION available to us from all of these studies indicates that the period of human infancy is the critical period for the establishment of human bonds. From the evidence, it appears that a child who fails to make the vital human connections in infancy will have varying degrees of difficulty in making them in later childhood. In all of this there is an extraordinary correspondence with the findings of ethologists regarding the critical period for attachment in animals.

If I now proceed to construct some parallels, I should also make some cautious discriminations between attachment behavior in human infancy and that in animals. The phenomenon of "imprinting," for example, which Lorenz describes, has no true equivalent in human infancy. When Lorenz hand-rears a gosling he elicits an attachment from the baby goose by producing the call notes of the mother goose. In effect he produces the code signal that releases an instinctual response. The unlocking of the instinctual code guarantees that the instinct will attach itself to *this* object, the producer of the signal. The registration of certain key characteristics of the object gives its own guarantees that this object and no other can elicit the specific instinctual response. From this point on, the baby gosling accepts Dr. Lorenz as its "mother"; the attachment of the baby animal to Lorenz is selective and permanent. The conditions favoring release of instinctual behavior are governed by a kind of biological timetable. In the case of attachment behavior, there is a critical period in the infancy of the animal that favors imprinting. Following this period the instinct wanes and the possibility of forming a new and permanent attachment ends.

It is not difficult to find analogies to this process in the attachment behavior of the human infant, but the process of forming human bonds is infinitely more complex. The development of attachment behavior in human infancy follows a biological pattern, but we have no true equivalents for "imprinting" because the function of memory in the first eighteen months of a human baby's life is far removed from the simple registrations of stimuli that take place in the baby animal. Yet even the marvelous and uniquely human achievements of cognitive development are dependent upon adequacy in instinctual gratification, for we can demonstrate through a large body of research that where need satisfaction is not adequate there will be impairment in memory and consequently in all the complex functions of human intelligence.

Similarly, there is no single moment in time in which the human infant—unlike the lower animals—makes his attachment to his mother. There is no single act or signal which elicits the permanent bond between infant and mother. Instead, we have an extended period in infancy for the de-

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velopment of attachment behavior and a sequential development that leads to the establishment of human bonds. By the time a baby is eight or nine months old he demonstrates his attachment by producing all of the characteristics that we identify as human love. He shows preference for his mother and wants repeated demonstrations of her love; he can only be comforted by his mother, he initiates games of affection with her, and he shows anxiety, distress, and even grief if a prolonged separation from her takes place.

I do not wish to give the impression that this process is so complex or hazardous that only extraordinary parents can produce a baby with strong human bonds. It is achieved regularly by ordinary parents with ordinary babies without benefit of psychiatric consultation. It requires no outstanding measures beyond satisfaction of a baby's biological needs in the early period of infancy through feeding, comfort in distress, and the provision of nutriments for sensory and motor experience—all of which are simply "givens" in a normal home. But above all it requires that there be human partners who become for the baby the embodiment of need satisfaction, comfort, and well-being. All of this, too, is normally given in ordinary families, without any reflection on the part of the parents that they are engaged in initiating a baby into the human fraternity.

Finally, where the attachment of a baby animal to its mother is guaranteed by interlocking messages and responses on an instinctual basis, we have no such instinctual code to guarantee the attachment of a human infant to his mother. This means, of course, that there are an infinite number of normal variations in patterns of mothering and great diversity in the mode of communication between baby and mother. Any of a vast number of variations in the pattern can be accommodated in the human baby's development and still ensure that a human bond will be achieved. The minimum guarantee for the evolution of the human bond is prolonged intimacy with a nurturing person, a condition that was once biologically insured through breast feeding. In the case of the bottle-fed baby, the insurance must be provided by the mother herself, who "builds in" the conditions for intimacy and continuity of the mothering experience. As bottle feeding has become common among all social groups in our society, continuity of the nurturing experience becomes more and more dependent upon the personality of the mother and environmental conditions that favor, or fail to favor, intimacy between the baby and his mother.

The bond which is ensured in a moment of time between a baby animal and its mother is, in the case of the human baby, the product of a complex sequential development, a process that evolves during the first eighteen months of life. The instinctual patterns are elicited through the human environment, but they do not take the form of instinctual release phenomena in terms of a code and its unlocking. What we see in the evolution of the human bond is a *language* between partners, a "dialogue," as Spitz puts it, in which messages from the infant are interpreted by his mother and messages from the mother are taken as signals by the baby. This early dialogue of "need" and "an answer to need," becomes a highly differentiated signal system in the early months of life; it is, properly speaking, the matrix of human language and of the human bond itself.

THE DIALOGUE BEGINS with the cry that brings a human partner. Long before the human baby experiences the connection between his cry and the appearance of a human face, and long before he can use the cry as a signal, he must have had the experience in which the cry is "answered." Need and the expressive vocalization of need set up the dialogue between the baby and his human partners. Normally, too, there is a range of expressive signs in a baby's behavior which his mother interprets through her intimacy with him —the empty mouthing: "He's hungry"; fretful sounds: "He's cranky, he's ready for his nap"; a complaining sound: "He wants company"; arms extended: "He wants to be picked up." Sometimes the mother's interpretation may not be the correct one, but she has acted upon the baby's signal in some way, and this is the crucial point. The baby learns that his signals bring mother and bring need satisfaction in a specific or general way.

The institutional baby has no partner who is tuned in to his signals. As Provence and Lipton demonstrate in their institutional study, since there is no one to read the baby's signs there is finally no motive for producing signals. The expressive vocalizations drop out or appear undifferentiated in these babies. And long after they have been moved to homes with foster families, speech development remains impoverished.

The animal baby makes a selective response to his mother in the early hours of life, and distinguishes his mother from other members of the species. The human baby discovers the uniqueness of his mother in a succession of stages throughout the first year. How do we know this? Among other ways, through the study of the smiling response of the human infant. Our tribal greeting sign, the smile, undergoes a marvelous course of differentiation in the first year. Since the smile connotes "recognition," among other things, we may study differential smiling as one of the signs in the evolution of attachment behavior. In this way Peter Wolff of Harvard has found that the human baby in the third and fourth weeks of life will smile selectively in response to his mother's voice. Wolff can demonstrate experimentally that no other voice and no other sounds in the same frequency range will elicit the baby's smile. Wolff's finding should end the controversy over the "gas smile," and mothers who always dis-

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agreed with pediatricians on this score are thus vindicated in their wisdom.

At about eight weeks of age, the baby smiles in response to the human face. As René Spitz has demonstrated, the smile is elicited by the configuration of the upper half of the human face. A mask, representing eyes and forehead, will also elicit the baby's smile at this age. The baby of this age does not yet make a *visual* discrimination among his mother's face, other familiar faces, and strange faces. But between the age of six weeks and eight months the smile of the baby grows more and more selective, and at about eight months of age the baby demonstrates through his smile a clear discrimination of the mother's face from the faces of other familiar persons or the face of a stranger. Presented with a strange face at eight months, the baby will typically become solemn, quizzical, or unfriendly, and may even set up a howl. This means that a form of recognition memory for familiar faces has emerged in the infant. But in order that recognition memory appear, there must be thousands of repetitions in the presentation of certain faces, to produce the indelible tracing of *this* face with *these* characteristics, which can be later discriminated from all other faces with the general characteristic of the human face. This does not mean that a mother or other family members need to be constantly in the baby's perceptual field; it does not mean that, if someone else occasionally takes over the care of the baby, his memory capacity will be impaired. But it does mean that there must be one or more persons who remain central and stable in the early experience of the baby so that the conditions for early memory function be present. And it means, too, that such a central person must be associated with pleasure and need gratification because memory itself must be energized through the emotional import of experience. By the time a baby is eight months old, the mother is discriminated from all other persons, and the baby shows his need for her and his attachment to her by distress when she leaves him and by grief reactions when absence is prolonged beyond his tolerance. At this stage, when the mother has become the indispensable human partner, we can speak of love, and under all normal circumstances this love becomes a permanent bond, one that will embrace not only the mother but other human partners and, in a certain sense, the whole human fraternity.

The baby who is deprived of human partners can also be measured by his smile, or by the absence of a smile. If the human deprivation is extreme, no smile appears at any stage of infancy. In the institution studied by Provence and Lipton the babies smiled at the appearance of a human face, and while the smile was rarely joyful or rapturous, it was a smile. But whereas at a certain age babies normally discriminate among human faces by producing a *selective* smile, the institutional babies smiled indifferently at all comers. There was nothing in the last months of the first year or even in the second year to indicate that these babies discriminated among the various faces that presented themselves, nothing to indicate that one person was valued above other persons. There was no reaction to the disappearance or loss of any one person in this environment. In short, there was no attachment to any one person. And in this study, as in others, it was seen that even when families were found for these children in the second or third year of life there was a marked incapacity to bind themselves to any one person.

These were the same babies who showed a consistent type of mental retardation in follow-up studies. In the areas of abstract thinking and generalization these children and, in fact, institutional babies in all studies, demonstrated marked impairment in later childhood. In ways that we still do not entirely understand, this disability in thinking is related to impoverishment in the structures that underlie memory in the first year of life. The diffusion and lack of focus in the early sense-experience of these infants, and the absence of significant human figures which normally register as the first mental traces, produce an unstable substratum for later and more complex mental acts.

The third generalization to be drawn from all these studies has to do with "impulse control," and specifically the control of aggression. From all reports, including those on the model institution directed and studied by Anna Freud and Dorothy Burlingham and the "good" institution investigated by Provence and Lipton, it emerges that such children show marked impulsivity, intolerance of frustration, and rages and tantrums far beyond the age in childhood where one would normally expect such behavior. Over twenty years ago Anna Freud drew the lesson from her institutional study that the problems of aggression in these children were due to the absence of intimate and stable love ties. Under the most favorable circumstances, the group care provided by the institution usually cannot produce durable love bonds in an infant. Everything we have learned since this sobering study by Anna Freud has confirmed her findings twice over.

And this brings us back full circle to Lorenz's study of aggression and the bond. The progressive modification of the aggressive drive takes place under the aegis of the love drives. Where there are no human bonds there is no motive for redirection, for the regulation and control of aggressive urges. The parallel with animal studies is exact.

VI

If we read our evidence correctly, the formation of the love bond takes place during human infancy. The later capacity of the ego to regulate the aggressive drive is very largely

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dependent upon the quality and the durability of these bonds. The absence of human bonds in infancy or the rupture of human bonds in early life can have permanent effects upon the later capacity for human attachments and for the regulation of aggression.

It would be a mistake, of course, to blame all human ills on failure in early nurture. There are other conditions in the course of human development which can affect the capacity to love and the regulation of drives. Yet, the implications of maternal deprivation studies are far-reaching and, if properly interpreted, carry their own prescription for the prevention of the diseases of non-attachment. As I see it, the full significance of the research on the diseases of non-attachment may be *this: We have isolated a territory in which the* diseases of non-attachment originate. These bondless men, women, and children constitute one of the largest aberrant populations in the world today, contributing far beyond their numbers to social disease and disorder. These are the people who are unable to fulfill the most ordinary human obligations in work, in friendship, in marriage, and in child-rearing. The condition of non-attachment leaves a void in the personality where conscience should be. Where there are no human attachments there can be no conscience. As a consequence, the hollow men and women contribute very largely to the criminal population. It is this group, too, that produces a particular kind of criminal, whose crimes, whether they be petty or atrocious, are always characterized by indifference. The potential for violence and destructive acts is far greater among these bondless men and women; the absence of human bonds leaves a free "unbound" aggression to pursue its erratic course.

The cure for such diseases is not simple. All of us in clinical work can testify to that. But, to a *very large extent, the diseases of non-attachment* can be eradicated at the source, by ensuring stable human partnerships for every baby. If we take the evidence seriously we must look upon a baby deprived of human partners as a baby in deadly peril. This is a baby who is being robbed of his humanity.

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National Bank of North America

Mr. Sidney Friedman, Chairman of the Board National Bank of North America

Mr. Jacob Leichtman, Vice Chairman of the Board National Bank of North America

NATIONAL BANK OF NORTH AMERICA REPORTS INCREASED EARNINGS

National Bank of North America reports net operating earnings of $6,825,000 for the first nine months of 1967 compared with $5,194,000 for the same period last year. Earnings of the Bank of North America, prior to May 8th, the date on which it was merged into Meadow Brook National Bank to form National Bank of North America, are not included.

Earnings per share amounted to $1.52 compared with $1.34 last year, an increase of 13.6%. Per share earnings are based on the average number of shares then outstanding in each such period.

Total resources on September 30th were $1,499,596,000 compared with $963,153,000 a year ago. Loans totaled $928,708,000 compared with $595,432,000. Deposits amounted to $1,289,413,000 compared with $818,250,000. The 1966 figures do not include those of Bank of North America.

Principal Balance Sheet Items

	Sept. 30, 1967	Sept. 30, 1966
Assets	$1,499,596,000	$963,153,000
Deposits	1,289,413,000	818,250,000
Loans	928,708,000	595,432,000
Capital Funds & Reserves	126,040,000	86,434,000

Administrative Officers

Sidney Friedman, *Chairman of the Board*
Jacob Leichtman, *Vice Chairman*
Walter E. Van der Waag, *Vice Chairman*
G. Russell Clark, *Chairman. Executive Committee*

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GERSHOM SCHOLEM

REFLECTIONS ON S. Y. AGNON

In order to understand the genius of a contemporary Hebrew writer such as S. Y. Agnon it is necessary first to consider the nature of the Hebrew language before it became, once again, a normal means of communication, a language of children playing in the street. Before the present generation, Hebrew was nourished from a different source entirely; it was the language of a great religious tradition, and almost everything written in it made sense in the context of that tradition. This is not to say that the language was peripheral to the Jewish community as a whole. Even after Hebrew (or for that matter Aramaic, which was so closely related to Hebrew that in the Jewish mind it became almost a kind of younger sibling) was no longer in use as a spoken language, it continued to hold its own as a written language, occupying over the centuries a central place in education and in the study of the Bible, the Talmud, and all writings connected with them. Nor did Hebrew remain the province of a numerically small elite, as was the case with Latin. Everyone was expected to have a working knowledge of Hebrew; the study of the Bible and the Talmud was by no means limited to those who intended to become rabbis or judges. In countries where Jewish intellectual and religious life was particularly vigorous—such as Poland, Italy, and Turkey—Hebrew represented the principal means for expressing the spiritual life of an important segment of the male community. It is true that the spark of vitality, which comes to language when it is used and spoken by women, was lacking, and this lack is indeed significant. What remained, however, was of overwhelming richness. Aside from those books intended for womenfolk that were composed in the vernacular, almost all literary works—chronicles, poetry, and even parody—were written in Hebrew. In these works, biblical and talmudic associations were employed to the hilt; the works abounded in witty and surprising uses of old phrases or in playful variations upon them. Quite often the measure of a Jew's education was not only his command of Bible and Talmud, but his ingenious ability to use the language of these source materials for secular purposes as well.

Modern Hebrew literature, especially in the 19th and in the early part of the 20th centuries, was from the start built on a paradox: it fed on a language of predominantly religious tradition but strove for avowedly secular goals. Writers of considerable talent and some, indeed, of genius, worked mightily to achieve the metamorphosis of Hebrew into a language of secular literature. In its earlier stages this new literature was directed mainly toward criticizing the petrified state of Jewish tradition and the many shortcomings and basic faults of East European Jewish society. Later, however, with the emergence of the Zionist movement, the renascence of Hebrew gravitated toward a more positive goal. A new life was springing up in the old land of Israel and Hebrew literature was to serve as the connecting link between this new society and the disintegrating communities of the Diaspora. Still, even such outstanding representatives of this literary renascence as Bialik, Tchernichowsky, and Shneur, were limited in the means of expression at their disposal. Hebrew had remained a language of literary tradition; despite the fact that these three writers spent their later years in Israel, the spoken Hebrew of the new generation had no formative influence on their work.

Agnon stands at a crossroads in the development of modern Hebrew. Heir to the totality of Jewish tradition, he has given the highest artistic expression to the life of the Jewish people both in the setting of tradition and under the impact of the historic forces which led to the disintegration of that setting. As an artist, Agnon is unequaled, a classical master; but, because of the circumstances of his time and his position, he is also the last of his line. Having spent most of his creative years in the land of Israel, Agnon has witnessed the development of Hebrew as a "natural" language, spoken at first in consequence of a moral decision made by a small number of utopians, and later by youngsters who grew up in Israel and knew no other language. He has been fully conscious of this process, and he knows that the metamorphosis which Hebrew has undergone has involved a decisive loss of form. When language is no longer forged, first and foremost, by the study of texts and through conscious reflection, but rather by unconscious processes in which the power of tradition is a minor factor at best, that language becomes by nature chaotic. Indeed, the chaotic quality of present-day Hebrew was already apparent forty years ago, when Agnon returned from Europe to settle permanently in Israel; one day it may become the vehicle of expression of a new literary genius, but by then it will be essentially different, in its means and potentialities, from the

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Hebrew language whose forms and cadences are immortalized in the prose of Agnon.

For the most obvious result of the regeneration of Hebrew as a natural language has been the sloughing off of its heavy load of historical overtones, accumulated through three thousand years of sacred literature. Hebrew words have acquired a new virginity; they are ready now to be molded into new contexts, from which the old and sometimes oppressive odor of sanctity has evaporated. This is precisely what Hebrew writers of the last two generations have tried to do. Yet the burdens of history, which these writers feel in their bones, have asserted themselves even in revolt. In this respect today's writers, for whom the Bible is no longer a holy book but a national saga, and to whom rabbinical and medieval literature is virtually unknown, are in a happier situation than Agnon and his contemporaries. They are free to wrestle with the words in a completely new emotional setting and on a level of freedom previously unattainable. They are, it is true, confronted with dangers of rebirth that are no less awesome than those of birth. Nobody can foretell what will come of this sweep and whirl in terms of literature. For the time being, at least, nothing is audible but stammering. Much of Agnon's work is contemporary with these first stammerings, and there is even a secret mutuality between the two camps, the one of a writer who defends the most advanced outpost of the Hebrew language in its old forms, and the other manned by pioneers of the unbroken land that stretches beyond. The anarchic vitality, the lawlessness and roughness of the new language, has alarmed and frightened Agnon and appears as an object of scorn and irony in quite a few of his stories. But the reader of Agnon cannot help feeling that a good deal of the master's work was produced as a kind of desperate incantation, an appeal to those who would come after him. It is as though he were saying: "Since you do not accept the continuity of tradition and its language in their true context, take them in the transformation which they have undergone in my work, take them from someone who stands at the crossroads and can see in both directions."

II

I HAVE TRIED to examine the condition of Hebrew and Hebrew literature so far as it is germane to the task of placing Agnon's work in our time. But to understand the work we must also take a look at its author. For both, to say the least, are enigmatic. It is small wonder that over the last forty years a considerable literature of interpretation on the meaning of Agnon's writings has sprung up in which widely differing and even contradictory points of view have been argued. The commentators have indulged in much overinterpretation, some of it invited by the seeming contradictions in Agnon's writings. These commentators concentrate upon one point: Agnon's attitude toward the historical, or better, religious, tradition of Judaism. Is he to be considered a spokesman for this tradition, a herald delivering its message in highly articulate form, or should we regard him rather as an accomplished artist who uses tradition to express all the intricacies of the life of a Jew in our time, proffering no easy answer to the old question: where are we going? Is he a great defender of the faith, as the Orthodox have acclaimed him? Is he some kind of existentialist genius, showing the emptiness of all fullness and the fullness of emptiness? Is he like the king of the Moors who filled his palace with portraits of white men, setting up an ideal which he is fully conscious can never be attained in our times? Agnon himself, for all his great conversational gifts, has been very reticent when it comes to these questions. He is not a man to commit himself. He has delivered his work and left his readers the task of coming to terms with it, his commentators the task of fighting it out among themselves; and, I should say, he rather enjoys the spectacle. As a matter of fact, having known Agnon for fifty years, I can testify that his own outlook has undergone great changes over the years, and I doubt whether any single harmonizing view would do him justice. He was not what could be called an observant Jew when I knew him first, but even then he gave the impression of being a bearer of spiritual tradition. Now, in his later years, when he has become an observant Jew, he still gives the impression of being a man of complete intellectual freedom and of utterly unorthodox mind.

This is confirmed by the story of his life. He began writing as a youth, more than sixty years ago. He grew up in Buczacz in Eastern Galicia (now Western Ukraine), an old and settled community of no more than eight thousand Jews and a center of rabbinic scholarship. He came from a family of scholars some of whom strictly opposed Hasidism and all it represented, but some of whom embraced it. His childhood reflected both these worlds, which made up the combined physiognomy of Jewish piety in 19th-century Galicia. He had hardly any schooling outside traditional talmudic education; his father was his main teacher in the study of the Talmud. He spent the years of adolescence in the local study house, which boasted a tremendous Hebrew library. He became an ardent and omnivorous reader of old talmudic tomes, to which he began writing notes and glosses. But at the same time he started producing stories and poems in the style of the writers of the *Haskala*, the rationalist movement which was attempting to introduce enlightenment and European culture into Hebrew. Galicia was then one of the centers of neo-Hebrew literature, and its writers enjoyed a great reputation as masters of Hebrew style. Still a lad, Agnon joined the ranks of the Zionists, beginning his literary career in

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local Hebrew and Yiddish journals which have long since disappeared. An older friend, Eliezer Meir Lipschuetz, to whom he remained attached to the end, used to say to him: "Make up your mind what you propose to be, a writer of talmudic notes, *hiddushim* and *pilpulim*, or a writer of stories and a poet." Agnon made his choice early. But Yiddish soon lost its hold on him, and after going to Palestine in 1907 (not in 1909, as is often erroneously stated), he never again resorted to it as a vehicle of literary expression.

His lifelong struggle with Hebrew as both the matter and the form of his inspiration took shape in those first supreme efforts of his literary genius which were published in Palestine in the years preceding World War I. Their impact was instantaneous. The first story by him to be printed in Palestine, a lyrical and melancholy tale called *Agunot* ("Deserted Souls"), remains a classical piece of imaginative Hebrew writing to this day. Those with an ear for Hebrew prose—and there were quite a few of them in Palestine in those days—realized immediately the unique brilliance of the young writer. Shalom Streit, in 1913, said of *Agunot*: "An electric current ran through our community at its reading." No Hebrew writer before had dared begin a short story with a lengthy quotation from what purported to be one of the old forgotten books, or to use that citation as a leitmotif running through the entire story. Even more paradoxical was Agnon's publishing history in those years. The weekly newspaper of the socialist *Hapo'el Hatza'ir*, a group strongly influenced by Tolstoyan and *narodniki* ideas, published Agnon's first book, *Vehaya he'akov lemishor* ("And the Crooked shall be made Straight") in a series of installments. The story develops an Enoch Arden theme in a strictly traditional hasidic framework; it is written not so much in the actual style of the old devotional literature as in the style its authors would have used had they been great artists. Joseph Haim Brenner, a convinced atheist who was the first to recognize Agnon's literary genius, scraped together his last shillings to publish the story in book form (1912); the man who set it in type was an ardent follower of Rabbi Nahman of Bratzlav, one of the great saints of Hasidism. It is on record that both these men took the greatest delight in the work, thereby anticipating, so to speak, the contradictory attitudes taken by Agnon's admirers in later years. For Brenner, "And the Crooked shall be made Straight" was the first work of secular Hebrew literature in which tradition had become the medium of pure art, untouched by extraneous factors such as criticism of, or apologetics for, Jewish society. For the typesetter, whom I have known for many years, it was a true embodiment of hasidic lore and spirit.

In the formative years of his first stay in Palestine, Agnon indeed felt at home in both these camps. He lived with ease among the pioneers of the Second *aliya* who wished to revitalize the Jewish people through the Tolstoyan religion of work and humanistic renewal, rather than through social revolution. He accepted their vision of Zionism as the only hope for a Jewish future. But at the same time he could establish close relations with the representatives of traditional piety. There was, no doubt, a difference of nuance in his attitude toward the two camps. He had consciously left the world of tradition as he had known it in his youth, but he was saturated with the spirit of this world. From the vantage-point of Zionism, a movement which endeavored to transform its essential ethos, this life, and the men and women who represented it, seemed to clamor for someone to give it shape. The charmed world of the old *yishuv*, the pre-Zionist settlers, in those years certainly held no message for the young Agnon so far as his own vision of the renascence of the Jewish people was concerned, but it provided him with a great store of characters and with an atmosphere of strange excitement. The life of centuries seemed to have been arrested here in a curious mixture of immortality and decay. And the encounter challenged the young artist, who recognized a submerged part of himself in this world.

HAVING ABSORBED what Jewish Palestine could offer him at that stage of his development, and longing to dissociate himself as well from the other center of his experience, Galicia, Agnon in 1913 went to Germany. He had meant to stay for a few years at most, but the war overtook him and it was not until 1924 that he returned to settle in Jerusalem. Agnon's years in Germany were of the greatest importance to his work. German Jews left him baffled. Curious as he was about them, he could not become involved with them in any deep sense, as he had been involved, say, with Galicia. He was an exile who at the same time felt the exhilaration of a man who knows where he belongs. He was still an inveterate reader, and when I first saw him, it was in the excellent library of the Jewish Community in Berlin where, as he told me, he was looking for books he had not yet read. At this time, too, he made his principal contact with European literature. His natural inclination to perfectionism became quite pronounced in this period; he wrote and rewrote his stories six or seven times, a trait which was to become the bane of his publisher. He published very little during those years, but he worked indefatigably both at revising his older stories and at writing new ones. He also wrote a great amount of poetry and a long autobiographical novel in which he took critical stock of his earlier years and the ideas and movements which had shaped them. The only chapter of this work which has been preserved and published contains one of the most bitter and devastating pictures we have of Galician Zionism in the period of Agnon's youth.

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In June 1924, all of Agnon's manuscripts and papers, together with his wonderful Hebrew library, were completely destroyed by a fire which broke out in his house in Homburg (near Frankfurt). Agnon was never the same after this cataclysmic event; indeed, who can fathom the impact of such a blow on the personality of a great artist? Starting from scratch again, he gave up writing poetry and never tried to reconstruct his lost novel. He simply surrendered what was lost, prepared a semi-final version of his published writings, and turned to new beginnings out of the depths of his creative imagination.

Upon his return to Palestine, Agnon developed a deep allegiance to Jerusalem and an appropriately conservative way of life. In the ensuing quarter-century he returned to the Diaspora only once, after his house in a suburb of Jerusalem had been pillaged by Arabs during the riots of 1929. This time, he went for a short visit to his home town in Galicia, and for a longer stay of nearly a year in Germany to see through the press the first four volumes of his collected works, which had taken five years to prepare. This was his last encounter with Europe and European Jews, and it left a sharp imprint on his mind. In fact, there was no further need for him to travel to the Diaspora—the Diaspora was coming to Palestine, in ever larger waves of *aliya*. His work now took on wider dimensions.

It is relevant in this connection to mention Agnon's peculiar gifts as an anthologist. This activity has been much more than a mere sideline in his creative work as a writer. Agnon was never a scholar in the sense of a person dedicated to historical and critical analysis and to the study of phenomena within a conceptual framework. Nevertheless, he has always had a penchant for scholarship, enamored as he is of the study of primary sources. He has a wonderful feel for the significant and the curious in the vast realm of Hebrew literature, and a talent for synthesis. During his years in Germany he edited, in German, two anthologies, *The Book of the Polish Jew* and *The Book of Hanukkah*. In Jerusalem, he devoted a considerable amount of work and time to three anthologies which represent a perfect intermingling of his propensities for scholarship and connoisseurship with his ambitions as a writer and a master of form. In their way, these anthologies are also outstanding examples of creative work. The first of them is *Days of Awe*, "Being a treasury of traditions, legends, and learned commentaries concerning Rosh Ha-shanah, Yom Kippur, and the days between, culled from three hundred volumes ancient and new"; an abridged edition of this work exists in English. With his caustic sense of humor Agnon included in *Days of Awe* a number of highly imaginative (and imaginary) passages culled from his own vineyard, a non-existent book, *Kol Dodi* ("The Voice of my Beloved"), innocently mentioned in the bibliography as a "Manuscript, in possession of the author." The second anthology is comprised of stories and anecdotes about books and their authors—a compendium that reflects Agnon's unquenchable thirst for the anecdotal side of Jewish bibliography. For some unfathomable reason, the book has never been published except in a private edition. The last of these anthologies is a collection of sayings about the Ten Commandments. Agnon has given years of his life to the preparation of these works; in them, the pure voice of tradition speaks in tones of laconic refinement.

Many years ago Agnon also planned a thesaurus of hasidic stories on which he had agreed to cooperate with Martin Buber. He commenced the work in Homburg, but the first batches of the manuscript fell victim to the flames, and he never returned to it. Yet his forays into scholarship continued unabated. It is noteworthy that the only great Hebrew writer with whom Agnon felt perfectly at ease was the poet, Haim Nahman Bialik, who shared with Agnon a propensity for creative anthologizing. As a matter of fact, Agnon never felt as comfortable in the company of writers as he did in that of scholars who, surprisingly enough, appear as central figures in some of his strangest stories. The calling of the writer seems to have held no mysteries, whereas the utter and largely hopeless devotion of the scholar obviously filled him with sinister fascination.

III

MANY CRITICS have rightly observed the obvious tension between the artist and the traditionalist in Agnon. It is of his essence. When he began writing he himself was far from a traditional Jew, but he deliberately set out to use Jewish tradition as the material of his fiction. This he did in two ways: on the one hand he penetrated ever deeper into the intricacies of this tradition, its grandeur and its ambivalences; and on the other hand he sought to begin, as it were, from the insecurity, the *Verlorenheit* and alienation of the modern Jew who attempts to come to terms with himself without the guidance of a tradition that has anyway ceased to be meaningful. The ellipse of Agnon's work moves between two poles, the world of Buczacz and Polish Jewry, and the world of the new settlements in the land of Israel. Both of these worlds are portrayed in Agnon's work on the two levels I have mentioned above—a circumstance which has proved rather confusing to many of his readers. The world of established Jewish values and the world of utter confusion, which on occasion seem to be separated by two or three generations, in reality partake of many similar characteristics. For all its apparent simplicity, there are great tensions even within the world of tradition; and although disintegration and confusion seem to be the predominant feature of the writer's own times, here too a delicate equilibrium may be found. A forlorn little town like Buczacz

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could still contain an entire universe of human passion and ambition, of infinite richness and abysmal tragedy, just as the struggle for a new life in the old land could include all the infinite ambiguities of Zionism.

Agnon began by writing short stories, and it is in this mode that he has achieved a perfection which leaves the reader breathless. More than twenty years of intense productivity passed before he published his first long book, a chronicle of Jewish life in hasidic Galicia nearly a hundred and fifty years ago which in many ways stands on the borderline between a story and a novel, being itself comprised of what the author calls "stories within a story." Many of these first stories, which gained Agnon a wide reputation and which must be considered classics of their kind, are legends of the Jewish past. The secret of their perfection lies in Agnon's compression of an infinite wealth of detail into infinitesimal space. Unsurpassed in this respect are his masterpieces of fiction in the third volume of his collected writings; many of these tales are suffused with an atmosphere of immense sadness, while at the same time they hold out a promise of consolation. There is, for example, the story of Azriel Moshe the Porter, an ignoramus who grows enamored of the books in the great library of the Beth Hamidrash and teaches himself the titles of all the books whose contents he will never be able to grasp; this Azriel Moshe becomes the keeper of the library, dying a martyr's death while shielding the books with his body in the hour of persecution. Another story concerns an impoverished vinegar maker, all alone in the world, who saves up diligently in order to make his way to the Holy Land; uncertain as to where he should hide his money for safekeeping, he places it in an almsbox under a crucifix on the road. Upon coming finally to fetch his cache, the vinegar maker is arrested for robbing sacred funds. He is imprisoned and condemned to die, but is visited in his cell by "that man," as Jesus is called in Hebrew, who takes him to Jerusalem, where he is found dead by his compatriots.

Through the years Agnon has produced a great number of these stories of short or medium length. Some focus on a single episode, while in others an entire drama is condensed into a dense narrative. I have mentioned some examples of the former. Among the dramatic kind, it is difficult to say which deserves the greatest praise. In my opinion, three such stories by Agnon are of the highest possible merit. They are "The Legend of the Scribe," "The Doctor's Divorce," and "Two Scholars who Lived in our Town." The first tells of a Torah scribe whose wife yearns for a child and asks her husband to intercede with Heaven in her behalf. But she dies before her hope is granted. The scribe, whose craft is described with much hasidic and kabbalistic detail, writes a Torah scroll in her memory and, having finished it, dies on the night of *Simhat Tora* in an ecstatic-erotic vision of his wife. The story is told without any psychological overtones but with a full account of the dramatic tension in the life of Raphael the Scribe. It is one of Agnon's few stories done in a solemn style—as if it were itself a ceremonial narrative written on a sacred scroll. I vividly recall the evening at the Hebrew Club of Berlin, in the spring of 1917, when Agnon read this story in manuscript. I can still hear the mournful and monotonous intonation of his recitation—a tone of voice reminiscent of that used in the synagogue by the reader who recites the weekly prophetic lesson.

The other two stories are quite different. In the one, a Viennese doctor marries a nurse who has told him that before meeting him she has had an affair with another man. He cannot live with this knowledge, and his deep and genuine love for the woman is gradually eroded from within. "Two Scholars who Lived in our Town" follows the lives of two friends who labor under an ever darkening shadow—caused by a slight, unkind remark made quite inadvertently by one of them in the course of a casual conversation. One of the friends, Rabbi Shlomo, tries in vain to placate the silent but inexorable enmity of his friend Rabbi Moshe Pinhas, whose heart has been hurt beyond repair, and whose bitterness grows with every new step taken by his friend toward reconciliation. Both are first-rank talmudists, but the two of them cannot live together in one place, neither in this world nor in the next. The story is told with uncanny logic and psychological insight. Its message —that the light of the Torah is not enough to warm a frozen heart—is brought home not with the scornful bitterness that any earlier Hebrew writer would have injected into the tale, but with a depth of understanding and objectivity which make it one of the greatest monuments of modern Hebrew literature.

HUMAN PASSIONS are of central importance in Agnon's work. Yet, with some rare and remarkable exceptions, Agnon's writing is distinguished by a singular stillness, by the absence of pathos or exaltation. His narrators hardly ever raise their voice, nor is there the slightest hint in his work of expressionistic hysteria. Not infrequently he describes situations which appear to cry out for such treatment, but he never relinquishes the still, small voice which has become the hallmark of his prose. The overriding sobriety of rabbinic style, as it is evinced in the *midrash* and the *mishna*, has of course had a decisive influence upon Agnon's writing, and the absence of exuberance or emotionalism in his work may in good measure be traced to that influence. This is particularly true of his hasidic stories. The task of describing the impact of mysticism on Jewish life led almost every Hebrew writer before Agnon to indulge in highly charged emotional language; Agnon himself, however, deeply steeped as he is

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in the unemotional prose of kabbalistic literature, has been able to respond to this challenge in a different way. The highstrung sentimentality that characterizes the hasidic tales of I. L. Peretz, for example, is nowhere to be found in Agnon, who treats the world of the hasidim with a kind of perfect bonhomie and urbanity. In his hasidic stories the realm of the miraculous is closely interwoven with stark reality. Moreover, it is not the saints and their ecstatic raptures who are the authentic objects of Agnon's interest, but the little man, the faithful member of the hasidic community for whom all aspects of life are at the same time real and full of mystery.

Withal, the ground on which the pious Jew treads is thin enough. Dark powers lurk everywhere, and the magic of the Law scarcely suffices to keep them at bay. Once the ground of belief cracks, any man, be he within the domain of the Law or outside it, becomes prey to the demons which may or may not be extensions of his own uncertainties and confusions. Agnon, who has given great attention to this side of human experience, takes no stand as to the precise nature of the arena in which these strange happenings occur. His stories about such uncanny experiences, told with utmost lucidity and realistic simplicity, are gathered in his *Book of Deeds* or *Book of Happenings*, a collection which has aroused much controversy because of its obvious affinities to the tales of Kafka.* Some see these stories as a direct opposition to those other works of Agnon in which the world of tradition, even in its most ambiguous form, is depicted in sharp relief. Others maintain that they form a complement to his earlier *oeuvre*, while still others prefer to take no notice at all of this disturbing book. But that it is meant to express something of the greatest relevance to Agnon's purpose is clear. The paradox which inheres in every step that a man tries to take is symbolized in the utter incongruity of the title itself, for what the book stresses is precisely the impossibility of performing even the smallest deed without becoming enmeshed in an inexorable jumble and confusion from which there is no logical escape; only a *deus ex machina*, or the act of waking up as from an oppressive dream, can bring the experience described in this work to some sort of resolution. In fact, some of these stories seem to me to be simply that: descriptions of dreams. But the dreamlike quality which they evoke applies to the most elementary happenings in life. The storyteller wishes to mail a letter, for instance, or goes to meet a friend, but these prove to be hopeless undertakings. What impedes him cannot be defined: it may be the simplest obstructions of everyday life, or it may be a nightmare of surrealistic proportions. We can be sure of nothing, neither in real life nor in the spheres of transcendence. That all this should be said by a writer who is in full command of a heritage whose absence or inaccessibility has frequently been noted as the determining characteristic of Kafka's universe, should certainly set us thinking. But Agnon was not the first to recognize, or to be shocked by, the permeability of tradition. He could, and possibly did, learn much about this notion from the teachings and the famous tales of Rabbi Nahman of Bratzlav. The "Story of the Seven Beggars," one of Rabbi Nahman's greatest tales, could easily have been the work of Agnon; in such a case it would have seemed to the modern eye to exhibit a perfectly Kafkaesque quality.

* There are no doubt certain traits which Kafka and Agnon hold in common. Max Brod has said of Kafka: "It was almost impossible to talk to Kafka about abstractions. He thought in images, and spoke in images. He tried to express what he felt simply and in the most direct manner possible, but nevertheless the result was usually very complicated and led to endless speculation without any real decision." This is precisely true of Agnon, as I have had occasion to note over and over again in our fifty years of acquaintance.

IV

After his return to Jerusalem, Agnon produced a number of full-length novels. The most outstanding of them might perhaps more aptly be described as chronicles of Jewish life in the one hundred years between 1830 and 1930; in a way they form a trilogy which, for all the diversity of its parts, is bound together by the unity of historical dynamics. I refer to his three novels, *The Bridal Canopy* (1931), *Wayfarer Stopped for the Night* (1940), and *Not Long Ago* (1946). It is a pity that as of now only the first is available in English translation.

The Bridal Canopy describes the adventures of Rabbi Judel Hasid, who wanders throughout Eastern Galicia to collect a dowry for his daughters. Rabbi Judel is the perfect embodiment of hasidism in its prime. He is at home in the Holy Books and in the sayings of the great Zaddikim, and these constitute for him the true face of reality; whatever happens to him on his travels serves to confirm his belief in their truth. (Agnon being a craftsman who takes his details seriously, each and every ceremony or superstition recorded in *The Bridal Canopy* is in strict conformity with the literary sources. The rabbis who are quoted by Judel are flesh and blood, and their books exist.) Rabbi Judel's is a serenity of mind which can never be perturbed, despite the most extraordinary events which befall him and his coachman, who plays Sancho Panza to his Don Quixote. The assurances of the holy Rabbi of Apta (who has sent him on his way) mean more to him than all the vicissitudes and adversities of life. I noted before that Agnon's stories, especially those of his early years, are suffused with an atmosphere of great sadness. In *The Bridal Canopy*, Agnon's delicate humor comes to the fore. He never offers the slightest criticism of his hero's conduct, which involves him in an unending chain of absurdities. Dialogue and situation speak for themselves. It is

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significant that the first stories of Agnon's *Book of Deeds* were composed at about the same time as *The Bridal Canopy*. They are, as it were, two sides of the same coin. Much of the naked absurdity of the *Book of Deeds* is already present in *The Bridal Canopy* where, however, the absurdity is redeemed by humor and, finally, by a miracle at which Kafka himself would have been the last to be surprised.

The Bridal Canopy is a rich canvas of Jewish life before the impact of modern times, a canvas painted in precise and colorful detail. But that life was not destined to last. Eighty years later, the scene had changed radically. Yitzhak Kummer, the hero of *Not Long Ago,* is the grandson of Rabbi Judel. Hasidism, and Jewish tradition for that matter, have now broken up. The magnificent impulse has been exhausted and a new ideal, the reconstruction of the Jewish people in its old land, now arouses the enthusiasm of the young. It is a revolutionary beginning, although it purports to be, at the same time, a continuation of the past. No one knows what the place of religious tradition will be in the new order. Religion, too, is manifestly in a state of crisis. Where it still lingers on—and it certainly does in no small measure —it keeps within closed boundaries and has little or no attraction for the outsider. Hasidism was the last great social reality, the last example of a Judaism powered from within by the living force of a great idea. At the beginning of the 20th century, Zionism was to be the new driving ideology, born out of the crisis of Jewish life in the Diaspora. But the birth-pangs of the new Jewish society were to be cruel indeed.

This is the atmosphere which is brought to life in Agnon's masterpiece. Everything is in transition and flux. Yitzhak Kummer, the hero, cannot find his place, even though he is prepared to take upon himself any chore required of him in the life of the new *yishuv* in Palestine. He moves between two societies, the old one in Jerusalem and the new one in Tel Aviv and in the agricultural settlements. The positive aspects of the new society are visible more or less only as background. Agnon in fact planned to make the life of those young pioneers in the new settlements the center of another novel, as promised at the end of *Not Long Ago*. But the work has not yet appeared. Thus we are left only with the tribulations of a lost soul in a new society, described by Agnon with a keen sense of the melancholy emptiness that lurked behind the busy bustle of life in Jewish Palestine. Kummer is forever seeking some fulfillment whose substance he cannot define. He comes to Jerusalem and is strangely attracted by its haunting atmosphere. His adventures there—adventures of a restless seeker after redemption in a stagnant environment—are the core of the book. He strives to reestablish a genuine relation to the world of tradition, which appears to hold out to him some great promise of comfort. But it is all in vain. The effort is plagued from the start, as is made symbolically clear in the surrealistic goings-on between Kummer and a stray dog, in which an incidental joke ends in tragedy. Kummer is utterly unaware of what he has done to the dog on whose back he jokingly wrote, with the remaining paint in his brush, the words "*kelev meshugga*," "mad dog." This inscription, unknown to the dog, becomes the instrument by which the hero's life, as well as that of the dog, is destroyed. Yitzhak Kummer's quest ends in failure and tragedy. A new life had been proclaimed by Zionism, but it would be too much to say that anywhere in Agnon's work has it been seen to be attained. In fact, Zionism in Agnon's writings is basically a noble failure, whereas everything else in Jewish life is a sham. As for the old life, with all its past glory, there is, in our own time, no way back. Agnon's stories and novels move between these two unattainable poles. Nostalgia is no solution. To be conscious of the greatness of our past does not help us unlock our own problems. A key may indeed exist, but the locksmith who could forge it has yet to be found.

NOWHERE IS this tension between past and future depicted with greater precision than in the last volume of Agnon's trilogy, the novel *Wayfarer Stopped for the Night*. Whereas *Not Long Ago* is placed in the years before World War I, this book chronicles a visit which the narrator, after twenty years of absence, pays to his home town ten years after the close of hostilities. It is the most melancholy book in Agnon's *oeuvre*. The Hebrew original appeared in 1939, two years before the community portrayed in the book was physically destroyed by the Germans. But what we see here is the death of a Jewish town before it has drowned in actual blood. The narrator comes for a visit from the land of Israel. That he had once followed the message of Zionism and left his home town was in its time itself a sign of Jewish life in its more positive aspects, for the struggle and polemics of those days had a direction and a meaning. But now, life in Szybuscz—a name which is but a thin disguise for Buczacz—has become empty, idle, and miserable; the town is perishing in resignation and resentment, and even the promises of Zionism have become questionable. It is the year 1930, and the narrator himself has suffered during the Arab riots of 1929 in Jerusalem. There is no ultimate purpose to his visit, and his coming is but that of a wayfarer stopped for the night. Clearly the attraction of his native town, where so much of himself is rooted, has never left him, but he does not find what he has come for. He encounters instead the horror of decline and decay, a horror no less sinister for its ignorance of the murder yet to come.

The narrator arrives full of vivid memories of his town as it was in his youth. It is the utter incongruity of the old and the new which is at the

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center of his narrative. At every step, remembrance of things past intertwines with the present experience of the visitor. Confronted with the sad reality of decline, he tries to establish a continuity with a past that has gone forever. If, as I have said, Kummer's efforts in Jerusalem failed, all the more so are the narrator's attempts in Szybuscz doomed to failure. The illusionary character of his life becomes ironically visible in the course of the narrative. His nostalgia focuses upon the old house of study, whose key is delivered to him with a disdainful shrug by its last keepers just as they set out to emigrate into the wide world. The only people he can attract to fill it again are those who are too poor to heat their own homes during the long winter, and who come to warm themselves in the old place where the heating is paid for by the narrator. Finally, the key will pass from the narrator to a Communist who had gone to Palestine ten years before as an ardent Zionist but after enduring much suffering and disappointment had returned to his old town. The debit side of Zionism—the reign of empty phrases and high-sounding oratory from which no action follows—finds its spokesman in him. The narrator leaves this Zionist-turned-Communist with a new key—the old one having mysteriously disappeared—and sets out on his return trip to Palestine. Upon his arrival in Jersualem the old key turns up rather surprisingly, but perhaps not quite so surprisingly, in the narrator's bag. In contradistinction to *Not Long Ago*, then, this novel suggests that there is indeed a key, even though it fits nowhere in the new country. But there is a secret hint, however slight, of messianic restoration and integration, as is indicated in the old talmudic saying: "Even the houses of study and the synagogues in exile are destined to be transplanted to the land of Israel."

As I have noted, the efforts of the narrator to establish a genuine and living relationship to the people of his town, especially those he has known in his youth or their relatives, are in the main unsuccessful. The reason may be that there is no longer any true reality in Sczybucz and that life there has a somewhat ghostlike quality. But another factor may also be involved: most surprisingly, the narrator's mind is set on the restoration of the past. He comes as a visitor from the new world but he brings with him no message to lend his visit meaning or effect. It is not only the people he encounters who are slow and inflexible; he himself succumbs to this atmosphere and becomes a part of it. Although he befriends a group of *halutzim* who are preparing themselves for their *aliya* to Palestine, his visit to them remains a romantic interlude. The silence and unresponsiveness of most of the other people he meets exercise a much greater attraction for him. His heart goes out to them in love and sincere affection. Somewhere in his tale the narrator says: "When I was young I could see in my mind all I wished to see; nowadays, I do not see either what I wish to see or even what I am shown." What, then, does he see? That is what the book is about.

V

I HAVE DEALT with some highlights of Agnon's work before he fully realized the impact and significance of the destruction of European Jewry. The main body of his later work has not yet been collected, but is scattered through various journals and daily newspapers. Moreover, much of what he has written is apparently still unpublished. I should like to stress two tendencies which stand out in many of these later writings. There is first of all the predominant wish to emphasize the ritualistic aspects of Jewish life. Formerly, Agnon took this largely for granted. Now, however, there is an almost morbid effort on his part to preserve each and every detail of ritual in his narrative, an effort which rarely is germane to the progress of the particular story being told. For all their breathtaking perfection of language, these details seem to be of greater relevance to students of folklore and Hebrew style than to readers of literature. We observe here a frenzied endeavor to save for posterity the forms of a life doomed to extinction. It is a sad spectacle.

The second tendency has to do with a curious widening of Agnon's historical perspective. He no longer is content to tell the story of the last four or five generations, but goes back much further, pretending, for instance, to be editing the family papers of his ancestors and thereby covering important episodes in Jewish history over the last four hundred years; or he may relate, as it were, the autobiography of his own soul through its transmigrations since the days of Creation. He sees himself as being present at all stages of biblical and post-biblical history, and gives us eyewitness accounts of the most arresting events over thousands of years, out of a deep sense of identification with the Jewish people. This meta-historical autobiography is contained in a book, *Hadom ve-kissei* ("Stool and Throne"), of which large fragments have been published during recent years. Whereas it may be said with regard to all his preceding work that there was never a total identification of the author with the narrator, this tension is now gone. Gone too is the novelistic element of his prose; narrative has been transformed into a forthright journal of the author's own self. Rather than an unfolding story, we now see events juxtaposed one after the other in separate paragraphs, each under its own heading. It seems to me a most peculiar work, but I would not venture to judge its literary merits before it is published as a whole. One thing, however, is clear. The author's dialectical attitude to his experience and to his tradition, which was so predominant in his earlier work, has been abandoned, and this is a pity. For, if I were to reduce to one formula what I think is the core of Agnon's genius, I would call it the dialectic of simplicity.

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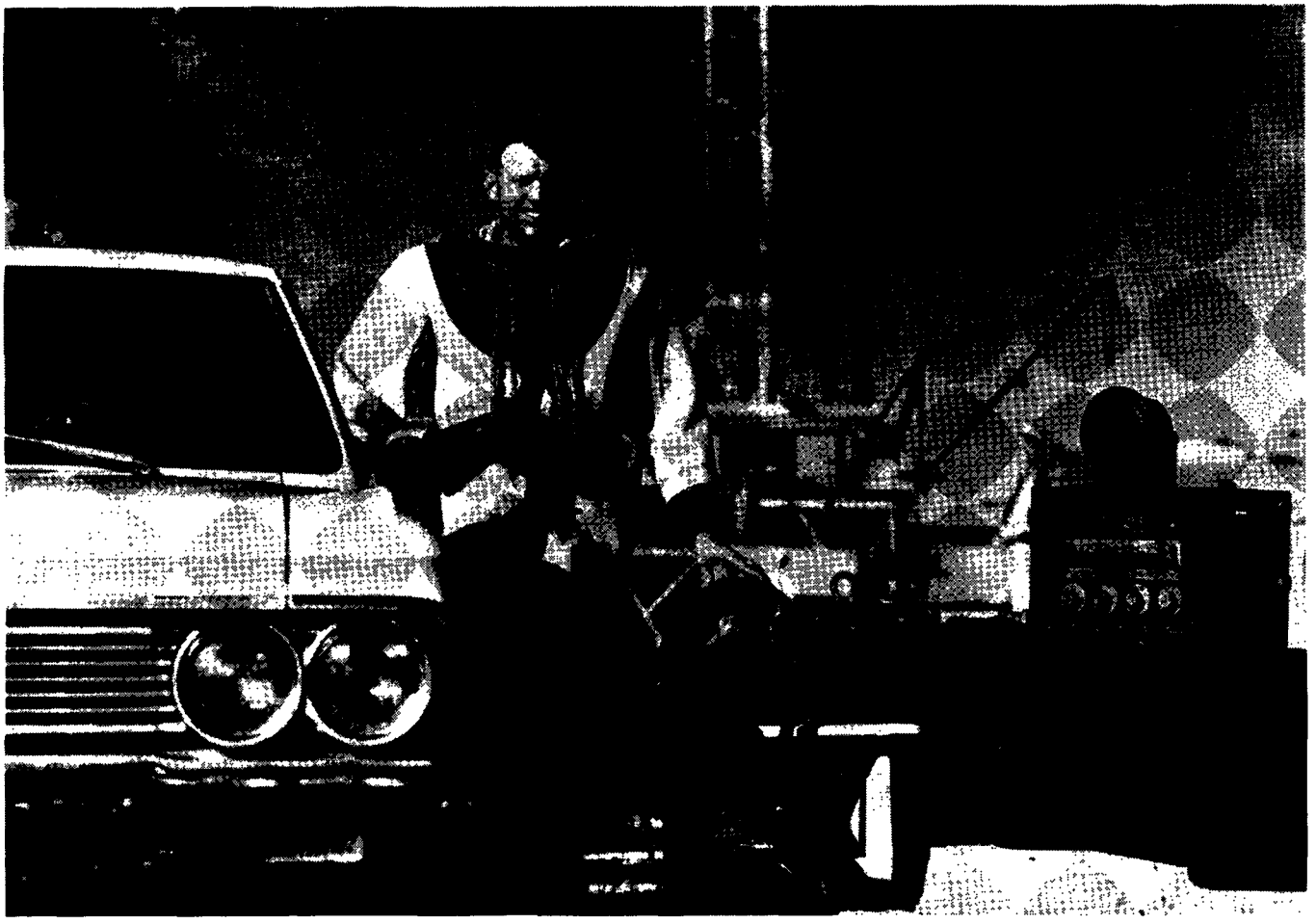

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MAURICE GOLDBLOOM

WHAT HAPPENED IN GREECE

On March 12, 1947, President Harry S. Truman asked Congress to aid Greece to preserve a "way of life . . . based upon the will of the majority and . . . distinguished by free institutions, representative government, free elections, guarantees of individual liberty, freedom of speech and religion, and freedom from political oppression." Twenty years later, on April 21, 1967, a small group of army officers seized power in Greece in order to thwart the will of the majority, destroy free institutions, abolish representative government, and prevent free elections. They put an end to all guarantees of individual liberty, throttled freedom of speech, imposed a handpicked administration on the Greek Orthodox Church, and began a reign of terror against political dissenters. The officers who did this had been trained by American military missions and the weapons they used had been supplied by the United States; indeed, the weapons with which they maintain themselves in power are *still* being supplied by the United States. Given the fact that, from 1947 to 1967, the influence of the United States on Greek affairs has been at all times paramount, it is scarcely surprising that the overwhelming majority of Greeks should regard the United States as primarily responsible for the coup which has destroyed their country's freedom.

It is an indictment which, though erroneous in detail, contains a large element of truth. For the coup, though not organized with the support or even the knowledge of the United States, was in considerable part made possible by the fact that American policy in Greece had long since lost sight of the goals described by President Truman in 1947. The defense of liberty and democracy had been replaced by "anti-Communism" at a time when Communism had ceased to represent a significant threat to Greek freedom. And to defend the "anti-Communist" cause, the United States had relied on the Greek armed forces, the palace, and the political Right.

In its original intervention in Greece, the United States had taken over not merely the role that Britain had hitherto played, but its policy—the policy of the Labour government of Clement Attlee—as well. This consisted of supplying whatever military and economic aid was necessary to prevent a forcible Communist takeover, while at the same time blocking any attempt by the Right to use the civil war as an excuse for establishing its own dictatorship. Neither goal was easy to achieve, but the second was probably the more difficult. For the Left and Center were sharply divided not only between the Communists and their allies on the one side, and the anti-Communists on the other, but also within the latter group. Thus the election of 1946—held under the auspices of a Left-Center Premier, Themistocles Sophoulis—was nevertheless boycotted both by Communists and by important moderate centrists. The result of this boycott, and of the rightist terror in the countryside to which it was a response, was a parliament in which the Center had little more than token representation and the Left had none at all. Only very strong pressure first from the British, then from the Americans prevented the Right from using its parliamentary majority—and its complete control of the military and security forces—to consolidate its power by establishing a dictatorship. At American insistence, a coalition government was formed with Sophoulis as Premier; it held office until his death in June 1949, when it was followed first by another coalition ministry and then by a non-party government to conduct elections. These elections took place after the final collapse of the Communist guerrillas. They resulted in a sweeping victory for the Center and Left; when the King attempted, even so, to arrange a conservative coalition between the defeated Right and the right wing of the Center, U.S. Ambassador Henry Grady wrote a letter stating in effect that the United States felt that its aid could only be used effectively by a government which reflected the will of the people as shown by the elections. In the face of the "Grady letter" the palace yielded and called on a centrist, General Nicholas Plastiras (who had headed the government which suppressed the Communist revolt of 1944-5) to form a government.

The appointment of Plastiras as Premier in 1950 represented a major triumph for American policy. Greece at last had a government capable of

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rebuilding the democracy which had been destroyed by General John Metaxas in 1936, and which had remained in abeyance during the civil war. It was not, to be sure, a government with a stable parliamentary majority, and it actually remained in office for only a few months. But it was succeeded by a series of other Center coalitions, some headed by Plastiras and some by Sophocles Venizelos, over the next two years. Despite changes in personnel, these governments preserved a considerable measure of continuity in policy; they began to release the huge number of political prisoners (over fifty thousand at the beginning of 1950) who had been incarcerated in the course of the civil war, and to institute essential economic reforms.

Unfortunately, however, the year 1950 also represented a turning-point in American policy, not in Greece alone but in most parts of the world. For with the Korean War, anti-Communism changed from a policy to an obsession. In the days of the Marshall Plan, the United States had in general sought to build up healthy and progressive economies as a barrier to Communist political penetration; it had regarded political and economic reforms as a necessity, and the democratic Left as their most likely sponsor. But after the beginning of the Korean war, the struggle against Communism was increasingly regarded as a military and police matter, and the Right became its chosen instrument. In Washington, this attitude was exemplified not only by Senator Joseph McCarthy, but by some of his chosen targets. It bore fruit in large-scale material support for the French colonial war in Indochina, and later—though less directly—in Algeria, as well as in American insistence on German rearmament.

Of course, an element of sympathy for the Right as the most reliable bastion against Communism had always been present in American (and British) policy, if only because such attitudes were ingrained in many of the military and even civilian executors of that policy. In Greece, the British military and police missions, and later their American counterparts, had consistently sought to strengthen right-wing control of the army and security forces, even while the respective embassies were trying to hold the Right in check on the political front. And there were also civilian officials who connived with the Right to frustrate Embassy policy.

While Henry Grady was U.S. Ambassador, however, right-wing members of the American military and civilian bureaucracies in Greece only obstructed U.S. policy; they did not make it. The situation altered completely after John Peurifoy succeeded Grady in 1950. Grady's departure does not appear to have been linked with the change in Washington policy that was taking place at that time, but the choice of Peurifoy as a successor may have reflected a Washington decision to give the Greek Right wholehearted American support. In any case, that policy was adopted under Peurifoy, and was maintained for many years by his successors.

Supporting the Right, as it happens, was not an altogether easy thing to do. For, if not quite as fragmented as its opponents, the Greek Right also included a number of feuding factions. In the armed forces, the British and American missions had backed different groups; after American aid became more important than British, the American-backed faction headed by Field Marshal Alexander Papagos became dominant, but its British-supported rivals still held key posts. In the political field, similarly, there was a sharp split between Papagos and the palace, and there were rightist politicians who supported each.

These divisions were crucial in the failure of an attempted rightist military coup in May 1951. At that time IDEA, an organization of army officers which had received the backing of the U.S. military mission, tried to replace the Center government of Sophocles Venizelos with a dictatorship headed by Papagos. It was widely assumed that IDEA had been encouraged in this attempt by the U.S. Embassy. But the coup was not well-planned, and officers opposed to IDEA and loyal to the King were able to frustrate it. (The failure of the coup was also at least partly due to the fact that Papagos, a much better man than some of his friends, had no desire to head a military dictatorship.) Peurifoy then sought to achieve the same general goal by purely political methods.

With the encouragement of the Embassy, a new rightist party called the Greek Rally was formed, under the nominal leadership of Papagos. Overt and covert American influence was brought to bear on politicians of the Right and Center to throw their support to the new organization. But while it polled more votes than any other single party in the election of 1951, the Greek Rally lost out to an alliance of Center groups headed by Plastiras and Venizelos. Despite Embassy pressure for a Papagos government, this alliance held together. A coalition government headed by Plastiras as Premier and Venizelos as Vice-Premier continued the policy of amnesty and economic reform. Its success in the latter respect was used as the excuse for a sharp cut in American economic aid while its amnesty measures were denounced as a threat to Greek security.

The Embassy, under Peurifoy and his Minister-Counselor Charles Yost, also kept stressing that the government was unstable, because it was a coalition of two parties—as if there were less stability in such a coalition than in a single catch-all party. At the same time, it did its best to demonstate this instability by destroying the Center majority. Publicly, Peurifoy made it clear that he objected to the amnesty measures and called for new elections under the plurality, rather than the proportional, system. (The change was designed

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to strengthen the Right, united in the Greek Rally, against the divided Center and Left.) Privately, individual members of the Center parties were called to the Embassy and urged to withdraw their support from the government. (Other U.S. agencies reportedly offered more substantial arguments, where these seemed likely to prove effective.) The government majority, originally large enough, was gradually whittled away by these methods. It would have disappeared, except that some of the non-Communist supporters of the Communist-dominated United Democratic Left (EDA)* had split with it and gone over to the Center parties. But this was used by Peurifoy as an additional ground for attacking the Plastiras-Venizelos government; it was accused of staying in office by virtue of "Communist" support.

Finally, after a year of such sniping, the government was forced to call new elections under the plurality system. The result was a victory for the Greek Rally (with about 49 per cent of the vote, it won four-fifths of the seats in Parliament) and Papagos became Premier. Perhaps the most important effect of this victory was that it consolidated IDEA's hold on the army. Those officers who had been disciplined for their part in the attempted coup of 1951 now received more important posts than they had previously held, while IDEA's enemies were retired. The way was thus paved for more active military intervention in Greek politics.

After the death of Papagos in 1955, the King—most Greeks believed at the instance of the American Embassy—passed over the Rally leaders generally regarded as having the best claim to succeed him, and instead appointed Constantine Karamanlis as Premier. The Rally dissolved as a result, but Karamanlis was able to reorganize most of its supporters as the National Radical Union (ERE). New elections took place; as usual, they were held under a new electoral law which favored the Right. Fearing a repetition of the 1952 victory of a united Right over a divided Center and Left, most of the Center groups entered into a popular-front electoral coalition with EDA. (A few Center leaders, the most notable being George Papandreou, refused on anti-Communist grounds to join this coalition.)

Thus as a direct result of Peurifoy's intervention in Greek politics, the Communists were able for the first time since the civil war to build an alliance with such ultra-respectable figures as Sophocles Venizelos, leader of the Right-Center. The formation of this popular front should not have come as any surprise to anyone who had observed the mood of the Center after the 1952 elections. It came, however, as very much of a surprise to the Embassy. One key Embassy official told me that Sophocles Venizelos was to blame for rehabilitating the Communists in Greece, and that the Center voters would certainly not follow him into any popular front. In reality, Venizelos was simply going along with what he knew the voters would do with or without him; the politicians whom the diplomat predicted they would follow were for the most part men whose influence did not extend outside their own families—and the Embassy, which they frequented.

What would probably have happened in 1955, had the Center parties refused to enter a popular front, did happen in 1958. In that year, with some important individual exceptions, they did indeed refuse to ally themselves with EDA. But Center voters went over to EDA *en masse* in 1958, and it became the country's second largest party, reaching a new peak of strength with just under a fourth of the vote.

THE EMBASSY'S error in 1955 was part of a pattern; at no time in the last fifteen years has it really maintained contact with the Left-of-Center part of the Greek electorate, and most of the time it has not even wanted to. This has always applied to EDA, but the same attitude has extended to even the more conservative members of the Center—particularly when Ellis Briggs was Ambassador in the years after 1959. Briggs broke relations almost completely with all sections of the Center; when centrist leaders like George Papandreou sought to see him, he told them that they would never amount to anything and should abandon their political activities.

The official American attitude in this period—one which is still reflected both in the State Department and in the editorial comments of many newspapers—was that the Karamanlis government was the best that Greece had ever had. According to this view, an economic miracle had occurred in Greece as the result of policies initiated under the Papagos government and further developed under Karamanlis. The investment of foreign capital, and the repatriation of Greek capital held abroad, had been encouraged by beneficent governmental policies and favorable laws, and the result had been an economic boom and a sharp rise in the standard of living. On the political side, the old chasm between Venizelists and anti-Venizelists had been bridged, as was evidenced by the presence in ERE of a number of politicians formerly associated with the old Venizelist Liberal party, the parent of most of the Center groups. And above all, the regime was a loyal and dependable ally of the United States, and firmly devoted to NATO.

In one respect, this view did coincide with the facts: there was a boom in the Papagos-Karamanlis years, accompanied by some foreign investment and repatriation of Greek capital. But government policies had little to do with the reduction

*The relation between EDA and the Communists is similar to that which existed between Henry Wallace's Progressive party and the American CP. That is, the Communists play a key role, but a major part of the vote and much of the public leadership are non-Communist.

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in unemployment and the improvement in the general economic situation which took place. The boom in Northern Europe, especially in Germany, made it possible to export the unemployed; about one-fifth of all Greek workers found jobs abroad. Their remittances, and the great increase in tourism from Northern Europe and America, fueled a boom of which the Karamanlis government was the beneficiary rather than the creator.

Where government policy did play a role, however, was in the distribution of the boom's benefits. And this was such as to increase the sharp disparities which were already one of the salient characteristics of Greek life. The rich got richer—and more numerous—at a much faster rate than the poor became less poor. The gap between city and countryside widened, as did that between Athens and the provinces. And in consequence, the erasure of old political divisions, which the Americans thought they saw happening, remained a mirage. The devotees of the status quo may have attained a somewhat greater degree of political unity than they had previously possessed; but the dispossessed remained unconverted.

THE LONG PERIOD of right-wing rule from 1952 to 1963 was partly a consequence of disunity in the Center, and partly of manipulation of the electoral process through juggling of the electoral law and outright fraud and intimidation. The first of these conditions was eliminated before the elections of 1961, when the various Center factions joined to form the Center Union under the leadership of George Papandreou. The second, however, remained; Karamanlis was victorious in a blatantly fraudulent election.

In the following two years Papandreou conducted a national campaign for new elections, and finally he succeeded.* In these elections, held in November 1963, Papandreou's Center Union party was victorious, but did not win an absolute majority. Papandreou was named Premier, but he did not wish to remain in office with a majority which depended on the support of EDA's deputies, and new elections were held in February 1964. These gave the Center Union an absolute majority of the popular vote, and 174 of the 300 seats in Parliament.

From the beginning, the Papandreou government was beset by rivalries among the various factional leaders who had combined to form the Center Union, and who hoped to succeed the seventy-five-year-old Premier in due course. At first, however, they were kept in line by the great popular enthusiasm which the new government evoked, and which was further stimulated by the reforms it introduced. These included an increase in the minimum wage and other measures designed to redistribute income, a whole series of educational reforms, and a removal of curbs on political freedom—although Papandreou did not go so far as to legalize the Communist party itself. One aspect of this liberalization, if a minor one, was the release of those political prisoners still remaining from the period of the civil war. Most had already been amnestied under Papagos and Karamanlis (without any American objections such as had greeted the less sweeping amnesty measures of Plastiras), and there were only a few hundred still in prison when Papandreou took office. More important than the release of prisoners was the fact that the security forces and the military were no longer allowed to curb political activity. Both those who approved and those who did not were in agreement on one point: Greeks were freer under the Papandreou government than they had been at any previous time.

Nevertheless, some of the measures which the Papandreou government undertook ran into powerful opposition. Its reorganization of the Greek central intelligence agency (KYP), designed to bring it under civilian control by turning its operations and finances over to the supervision of the prime minister's office, met strong American resistance. For the CIA had been subsidizing and working with this agency directly, bypassing Greek government channels, and it had no wish to change the arrangement. And when Papandreou initiated an investigation into the army's role in the fraudulent election of 1961, the military leaders involved struck back by charging that a secret group of republican officers called ASPIDA (the word means "shield") had been formed with the aim of overthrowing the monarchy. They also charged that Andreas Papandreou, the son of the prime minister and himself a cabinet member, had been involved in this conspiracy.

A struggle followed in which the Papandreou government, supported by a majority of Parliament, was on one side; the King and IDEA, allied with the parliamentary opposition and with some dissident members of the Center Union, were on the other. (The death of King Paul in March 1964 and the succession of his son Constantine did not end royal interference in government; Queen Frederika continued to dominate the palace.) The struggle came to a head when Defense Minister Garoufalias, a "King's man" as almost all defense ministers since the civil war had been, refused to obey the Prime Minister's orders on matters of army organization. The latter then asked Garoufalias to resign, and when he refused

*The Karamanlis government was seriously undermined when an EDA deputy, Gregory Lambrakis, was murdered by thugs who turned out to be members of a secret rightist organization which was subsidized by Greek security agencies. But the incident which actually caused Karamanlis to resign was the insistence of the royal family on disregarding the government's advice against a politically explosive visit to England. The constitutional issue involved was similar to that which later caused the split between Papandreou and King Constantine—the refusal of the palace to accept the constitutionally binding advice of its ministers.

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dismissed him and designated himself as Defense Minister.

The King would not agree to the dismissal of Garoufalias as Defense Minister and Papandreou's assumption of that office. When Papandreou threatened to resign and take the issue to the people, the King "accepted the resignation" that had not in fact been offered. He then commenced a systematic effort to create a party of "King's friends" from dissident members of the Center Union, asking first one and then another to head a cabinet composed entirely of Center Union dissidents. While Papandreou demanded new elections, these cabinets went before Parliament and were voted down one after another. But gradually they won new support, as individual members were won over by being made ministers. Finally, after some six weeks of this type of maneuvering, a cabinet headed by Stephanos Stephanopoulos succeeded in getting a bare parliamentary majority. This consisted of the solid vote of the right-wing opposition and a small group of former Center deputies, all of whom were either ministers or had relatives in the cabinet. Throughout this conflict the King was supported by the U.S. Embassy and State Department, not to mention the U.S. military mission in Athens and the CIA.

The motives of the defectors varied, but all of them felt frustrated in their ambition by the appearance of Andreas Papandreou as his father's heir apparent. Andreas (who had been a member of an independent anti-Fascist and anti-Stalinist student group during the pre-war dictatorship of John Metaxas) had emigrated to the United States in 1940 for political reasons. While serving in the navy during the war, he had become an American citizen and had subsequently achieved distinction as an economist, teaching at Harvard, Northwestern, Minnesota, and California. Ultimately he had given up his position as head of the Economics Department at Berkeley to return to Greece and establish an economic research institute at the request of Karamanlis. When his father became Premier he entered the cabinet, and it soon became clear that he was not only abler than any of the factional leaders in the Center Union, but also more popular. He was the first leader of the Center since the death of George Kartalis in 1957 to demonstrate a real comprehension of the country's political and economic requirements, and only his own father could compete with him in stirring the Greek masses.

He also, however, had many enemies—his rivals for the leadership of the Center, the entrenched economic groups whose privileges he assailed, the military politicians whose hold on the armed forces he wanted to break, the palace itself—and their number and bitterness grew along with his popularity. The Americans also regarded him as a threat because he questioned the desirability of Greece's continuing as an outpost of the cold war; the Embassy tended to resent this particularly because of a feeling that, having been an American for so many years, he was morally bound to support the United States government in international political questions. (His Greek critics—both those who hated him and some who were friendly but disagreed on tactical questions—charged him with being "too American" and trying to introduce American methods into a Greece that was not ready for them.)

The relationship between the Papandreous and the Embassy was further embittered by the years in which the latter had not bothered to disguise its distaste for the Center; for some Embassy officials, this had become second nature to such an extent that when the formal policy changed as a result of a belated realization that the Center would return to power, the Embassy's tentative efforts at reconciliation were sometimes made with such apparent reluctance and accompanied by such bad manners that they simply made things worse.

THE EXACT ROLE of the United States in the 1965 crisis is, of course, hard to ascertain. But several things are clear. The United States military mission in Athens was very closely aligned with the right-wing generals, and strongly favored royal control over the army, which it regarded as a guarantee of its reliability; the attempt of the Papandreous to bring the armed forces under civilian control was regarded as "political interference." (In justice to the members of the military mission, it should be pointed out that a large part of the American military establishment takes a similar view of Defense Secretary McNamara's efforts to exercise his constitutional functions here.) Stephanopoulos, a naturally cautious man, had always been very susceptible to American influence and would have been extremely unlikely to undertake the adventure of heading a government without firm parliamentary support if he had not first received assurances that this course would please the Embassy. American diplomats did not bother to disguise their hostility to the Papandreous, and their approval of the King, from journalists and others to whom they spoke. And one of the top officials of the Embassy is very reliably reported to have assured the King that the United States would support him in any steps he might take to undercut the Papandreous short of a military coup.

Throughout 1965 and 1966, popular support for the Papandreous was obviously growing rather than declining. Privately, many of the deserters from the Center conceded that they had little chance of holding their seats in a new election; one of the most prominent feathered his nest with a blatancy which seemed to stem from a realization that his political career was over in any case.

This period also saw a sharp decline in the strength of EDA and presumably in that of the outlawed Communist party which operated

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through EDA. A decline in the strength of the Left has always taken place in Greece at times when there is a strong Center under vigorous leadership; most of the support of EDA, and even of the Communist party, is the product of simple despair, and therefore disappears whenever there seems to be some hope of progress through democratic channels. Still, the Communists felt it necessary to support the Papandreous against the King, despite Andreas Papandreou's strict instructions to his followers that there were to be no formal united fronts. ("If they want to support us on our program, that's up to them," he said.) For if they had not supported the Papandreous, their losses would have been even greater.

Finally, at the end of 1966, the ERE leadership tired of supplying the bulk of the votes for a government in which it had no share of the spoils, and the Stephanopoulos cabinet fell. This was followed—or perhaps preceded—by an agreement between ERE leader Panayotis Kanellopoulos and George Papandreou for the installation of a "non-political" caretaker cabinet to conduct elections, in accordance with normal Greek practice. That cabinet, headed by a gentleman named Paraskevopoulos, was like most such governments in being heavily weighted with conservatives, many with close ties to the palace. Andreas Papandreou therefore publicly expressed his strong opposition to the agreement, and it appeared for a while as if the Center Union would be split down the middle between father and son.

Some of Andreas's advisers urged him to take the opportunity for a clean break with his father on grounds of principle, and to set up an ideological party which would sacrifice the prospect of immediate office in order to build for the future on a sound intellectual and organizational basis. They held that there were too many essentially conservative elements in the Center Union as it existed to make it an adequate vehicle for fundamental change, and they believed that a good deal of political education would be necessary to prepare the ground for such change. Meanwhile, they thought, such a split would leave the right wing of the Center Union free to make an accommodation with ERE which would defuse the conflict and avert the danger of a military coup. (At the same time, the American Embassy was trying with predictable non-success to persuade Andreas that the proper course for him would be to swing to the Right in order to capture the support of the Right-Center, since he already had the Left in his pocket.) After some hesitation, Andreas finally decided to accept party discipline and join with his father in supporting the Paraskevopoulos government, taking the advice of those who held that any other course would have enabled the Right to consolidate its control of the country.

In April, however, the Paraskevopoulos government fell as a result of a dispute over whether the electoral law should contain a provision extending the parliamentary immunity of deputies through the election period. The purpose of such a provision would have been to prevent the arrest of Andreas Papandreou in connection with the ASPIDA case, as the army right-wingers and their civilian friends had been demanding. The prospect of an IDEA coup again came to the fore, but the United States appears to have warned the King against such a move, and advised that elections be held. (The Embassy—with its customary overestimation of the Right-Center—expected the elections to result in sufficient gains for ERE to prevent any party from having a majority. This, the Americans thought, would lead to a coalition between ERE and the more conservative and traditionally-oriented elements of the Center, leaving Andreas Papandreou either isolated or contained. Change could then be restricted to an appropriately glacial pace.)

The King, in response to Embassy pressure, called on ERE leader Kanellopoulos to form a cabinet to hold elections. Papandreou and Kanellopoulos were friends of long standing who had been political allies about as often as they had been political opponents in the past. Perhaps pursuant to a private promise from Kanellopoulos to Papandreou, the new cabinet decided not to authorize the prosecution of Andreas Papandreou during the election period.

This decision outraged the right-wing extremists, in the army and out. IDEA, however, was restrained from a coup by the knowledge that the Americans were against it, and that the palace would not act without American support. (The Embassy seems to have reiterated this opposition to the King in mid-April.) Yet IDEA, whose leadership was by now more or less identical with the top echelon of the army, was not the only secret right-wing organization in the armed forces—if one can call a group secret whose activities were so well-known. Another, much smaller organization called EENA had grown up among junior officers who resented IDEA's monopoly of the fleshpots. (On the Left, ASPIDA seems to have been a similar, but very poorly organized, attempt by democratic junior officers to challenge IDEA's political control of the armed forces.) Most of the officers in EENA had originally been supporters of IDEA, and still nominally were. Indeed its chief organizer, Colonel George Papadopoulos, was the man designated by IDEA to pass on the order for the coup from the leadership to its followers in the army. This fact was the key to EENA's smooth seizure of power; most of those who received orders for the coup from Padadopoulos thought they came from IDEA—and, by implication, from the King.

THE ACTUAL COUP certainly did not originate in either the Embassy or the palace, and came as a complete shock not only to both but to the American military mission and the CIA, both of

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which were completely committed to IDEA. (The military mission, however, seems to have adjusted very quickly to the shock, and to have become a strong advocate of full military assistance for the junta. Apparently one right-wing Greek army officer seems to them very like another; they may not be so far wrong about that.) But neither the King nor the Americans cared to appeal to the people, or to the uninvolved part of the armed forces, to resist; they feared that the result might be a civil war with unpredictable results, and preferred to accept the junta. Yet any public resistance by the King, or an announcement by the United States that it would not recognize the new regime and would suspend shipments of arms, would almost certainly have caused the coup's immediate collapse. EENA had only between two- and four hundred members, on its own estimate, out of approximately ten thousand officers in the army; in the navy and air force it had no following at all. Although the King and the Embassy do not seem to have realized it, resistance would have made the King a popular hero and strengthened his position immeasurably. By abandoning his constitutional function of protecting the legal order and becoming the accomplice of the junta, as most Greeks regard him today, the King appears to have made it extremely unlikely that the monarchy will long survive the fall of the present regime.

To be sure, that fall does not at the moment seem imminent. Neither the King nor the Americans could any longer bring the junta down overnight, even if they so desired. Within Greece, there is as yet little effective organized resistance. The Center Union had a mass following, but no real organization; Andreas Papandreou was trying to create one, but had barely made a beginning. Even the Communists were prepared only for legal electoral activity; their underground organization, though it certainly did exist, was weak and demoralized. Because it is the only underground organization which was in being prior to the coup, it has a substantial advantage, and will undoubtedly increase its strength as the present regime's tenure lengthens. (The Metaxas dictatorship and the Nazi occupation created the conditions for the Communist attempt to seize power after the war). But for the present, the Communists are still a negligible force.

In the armed forces and the police, the junta has strengthened itself greatly by mass purges of officers it could not count on, appointments of thousands of new ones loyal to it, and promotions of large numbers both of its stalwarts and of those who became its loyal adherents when they got the promotions. Similar purges have taken place in the civil service, and all civil servants (as well as teachers in private schools and university students) have been compelled to sign an extravagant pledge of loyalty to the regime. The press has been completely *gleichgeschaltet*; the only exception is that some frankly Fascist and neo-Nazi publications circulate freely, although the regime would not endorse such views, and at least some of its leading figures certainly do not share them. An attempt was initially made to bar foreign publications critical of the regime as well, but this was soon abandoned when it was found that there was a direct relation between the availability of foreign papers and the willingness of tourists to stay.

Mass arrests and continuing court-martials have undoubtedly intimidated a large part of the population, and a network of informers will make the creation of an effective resistance movement a slow matter. Moreover, such a movement would have to face the danger of American intervention in support of the status quo; some warnings have already gone out from Embassy circles that in case of a guerrilla uprising, the U.S. would give military support to the regime. This might not in fact happen, since one may doubt whether President Johnson would really be eager to have a Vietnam in the Mediterranean, but the danger cannot be entirely discounted.

Nevertheless the regime seems likely to face some sort of a crisis this winter, as a result of economic difficulties. The junta has already asked for a resumption of American economic aid, discontinued four years ago, but the present climate for foreign aid in Washington is such that this seems improbable. This is fortunate, because any economic aid from the United States to the regime would destroy whatever shreds of reputation this country still retains there after the deplorable role American diplomacy has played since 1950, and especially in the events of the last two years. The United States did not organize or desire the coup that robbed Greece of its freedom, but it helped to nurture the forces that made the coup possible and to undercut those which sought to move the country in a healthier and more democratic direction.

Nevertheless, most Greeks still look to the United States as their best hope for a return of freedom. If the United States is not to disappoint this hope, it must dissociate itself in every possible way from the present regime. Certainly it should cease its military aid to the present regime; the portion presently suspended has been estimated by the Defense Department at only 10 per cent of the total. And it should be made quite clear that in the event of a revolt—which would unquestionably have the support of most of the democratic members of NATO—the United States has no intention of rescuing either junta or monarchy by direct military intervention.

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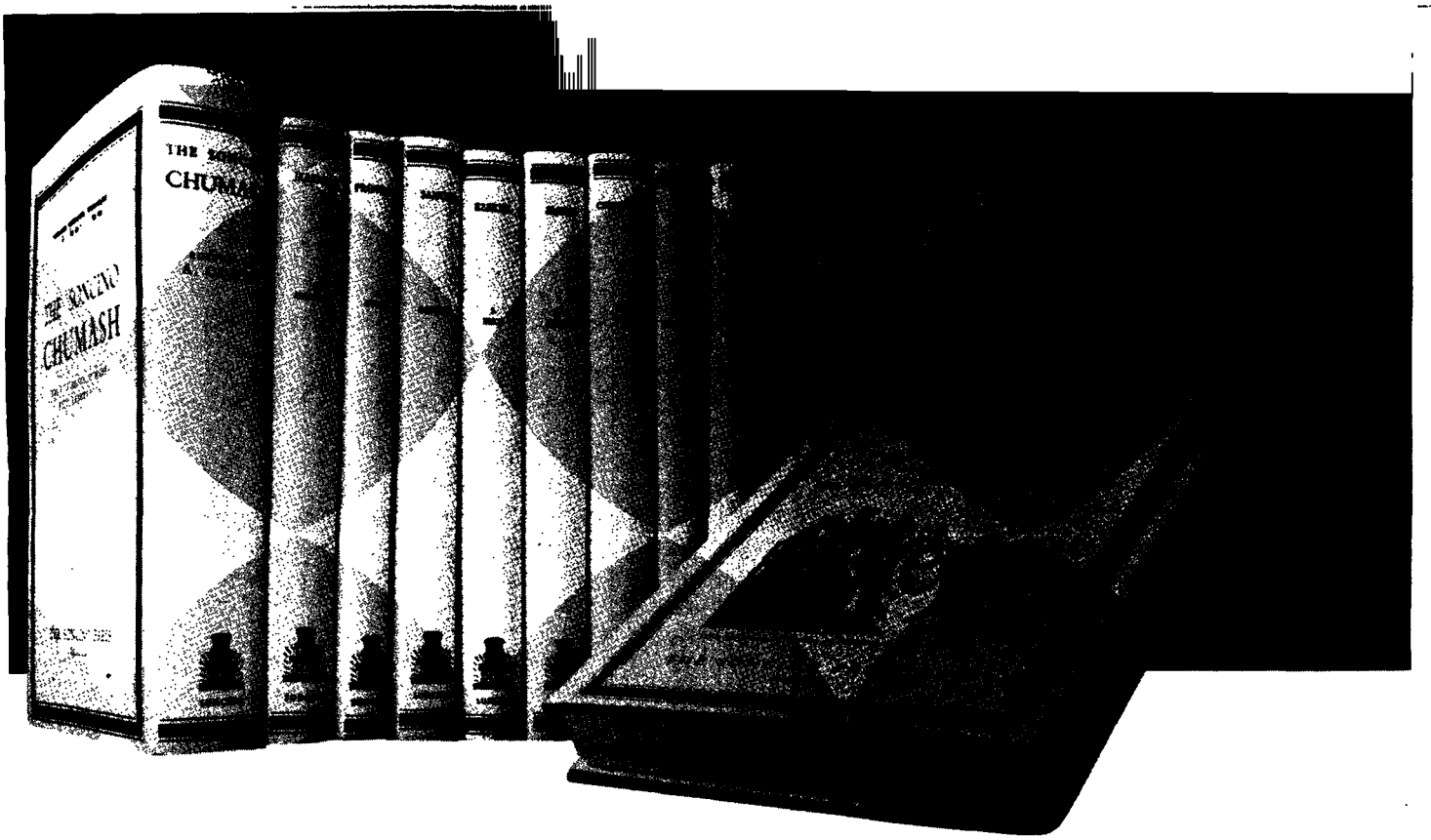

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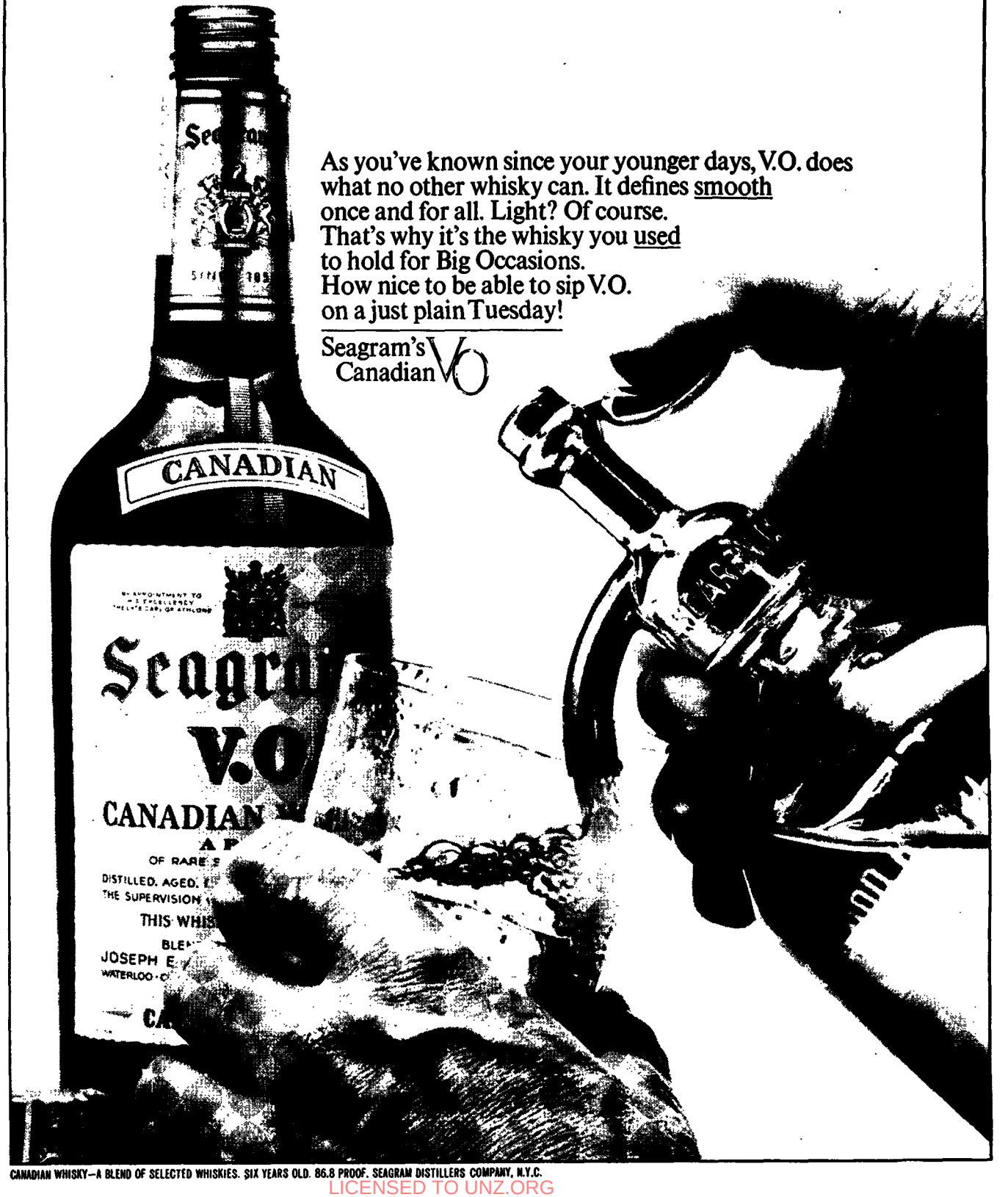

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STORIES ABOUT TERRIBLE THINGS

John Thompson

THE POLISH WRITER Tadeusz Borowski was twenty-one years old and had just published his first poems when the Germans put him in a concentration camp, in 1943. He survived Auschwitz and Dachau, wrote a series of stories about the German death camps which were widely acclaimed in Poland, and elsewhere in translation, and in 1951 he gassed himself. It is a marvel that a mind so delicately sensitive could be at the same time strong enough to refrain for eight years from destroying itself, eight years of knowing what Tadeusz Borowski had been forced to know.

Borowski's name will be familiar to many COMMENTARY readers. Of this first selection of his stories published in this country,* translated into excellent English by Barbara Vedder, the title story was printed as "This Way for the Gas" in COMMENTARY, July 1962, and another, "The People Who Walked," in the February 1967 issue.

In his article "The Literature of the Holocaust," COMMENTARY, November, 1964, A. Alvarez described Borowski's works, telling how the stories present their "bare facts" without comment, without judgments. Around these stories, he concluded, "there is a kind of moral silence, like the pause which follows a scream."

He did not mean, of course, that Borowski screamed. On the contrary, Borowski speaks very quietly, even laconically, in the witty, dry speech of a man who has seen and known everything, speaking to others perhaps only because it seems to be the thing to do, unimportant but something to do to pass the time, as in a café in the evening: a few curiosities perhaps to tell, nothing astonishing, no news certainly to the listeners, who doubtless have very similar and perhaps better stories of their own. In this quiet tone of voice he tells the most horrible tales the human race has ever had to hear about itself since time began.

The dozen stories, some only a few pages long, tell of daily life in those camps the German government organized so efficiently to shoot, strangle, beat to death, starve, gas, or burn alive six million people, and to use their hair, their teeth, and the fat of their bodies for the glory of the *Reich*. As the stories are arranged here, they take us from the arrival of one consignment of cattle cars bearing those who will be gassed and burned, through long days in the camp among those prisoners who are managing to survive by luck, cunning, strength, or cruelty, and then on to the liberation, and to the days afterward in what Borowski could only see as "the world of stone," the world he finally could not bear to live in.

The horrors recited in these stories are too truly horrible to repeat, too much to say for those who have not been forced by experience to say these things, and too much for a reader to come upon as it were by accident in a book review. Only with some steeling of the mind, only with purpose and determination should one decide he needs to know more about these things than that they were done: that six million people were killed, millions of them through sheer torture, by the German nation as it fought a war designed to make it the ruler of the earth. And this the Germans did without even thinking they had done anything very wrong. In one of Borowski's shortest stories, he recounts a version of the famous incident of the death of the SS officer, one of the most notorious sadists, who had boasted, as could others, that he personally had succeeded in killing with the fist, the club, or the revolver at least ten thousand people, and who was shot by a woman with his own pistol, in a daring and lucky act, as she went naked to the gas chambers. Dying, this officer groaned, *"O Gott, mein Gott, was hab' ich getan, dass ich so leiden muss?"* which means—"O God, my God, what have I done to deserve such suffering?"

There is courage, intelligence, and love and hate in every story in this little book. All by itself it could be a noble memorial to those who perished. *This Way to the Gas* belongs to that most rare order of art which by its supreme art surpasses itself and becomes, quite beyond artifice, a permanent sign of reality.

JAKOV LIND, born in Vienna, fled the Germans at the time of the *Anschluss*, when he was eleven years old, and survived the years of the Third Reich in Europe to write his well-received short stories, *Soul of Wood*, and his novel, *Landscape in Concrete*. He now lives in England. His third book, *Ergo*,† translated from the German by Ralph Manheim, is a fantasy of postwar life in Austria. One man, named Wacholder, lives in a filthy customs office on piles of government forms. The other, Würz, lives in a house hermetically sealed against the dirty outside world. He is perpetually painting the house and cleaning it with gasoline. Wacholder is carrying on a tireless campaign against Würz by letter, by an imaginary substance called nerve medicine to be introduced into Würz's water supply, and by a Resolution of Nonbeing to be passed against Würz by a cultural

* *This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen and Other Stories*, Viking, 160 pp., $3.95.

† Random House, 150 pp., $3.95.

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conference. Wacholder fails, and buries himself.

Since the story makes no literal sense, it must be allegory of some kind. Perhaps because I know too little about postwar Austria, it does not explain itself to me; and perhaps because I have not personally been exposed to the extremes of experience that this narrative must be based on, its manner carries little meaning for me. The manner of the story is that of the grotesque, the brutal, ironic grotesque made familiar by Günter Grass, with loving attention to unpleasant physical details, dirt, insects, torture, deformity, disease, and insanity. It is the world of dwarfs and hunchbacks and murderous pranks that we see in Grimm's fairy tales and in the grisly jollity of the elves in German tavern murals; and the writing is jolly in this way, with patches of nonsense, jokes, parody, unconventional punctuation, and ridiculous obscenities. I am not able really to judge this book, but I believe it to be quite good of its kind. Few of us have the right even to consider passing judgment on this sort of thing, on what must have been the experience of those who find this the only possible way to express their feeling about human experience. I do feel, however, that those who have not earned this right by experience might well be cautious of their enthusiasm for it. Gallows humor is not only a defense against their fears for those facing the gallows, it is an assault on the sheltered sensibilities of that third party to all jokes, the audience. The tender pretensions to decency and order of that audience are attacked and even, perhaps, destroyed—and that audience can be thrilled by this plunge, and can learn to love it. Those who must deal professionally with murderers must know as much about them as they can, to prevent their acts or when this fails, to punish them. But what are the motives, what are the satisfactions, of readers who enjoy whole books celebrating in gruesome detail the achievements of two young psychopaths in slaughtering an innocent family, or the acts of a sex maniac who enjoyed strangling women? This kind of reading in itself approaches a breach of the boundaries of sensibility that keep us from enjoying torture and publicly-inflicted death, that keep us usefully squeamish. We know all too well that there have been many societies, for instance those of numerous American Indian tribes, which found human torture, both self-inflicted and inflicted upon others, among the more rewarding and easily available consolations of their lives. Reading about such things (or writing about them) is not doing them; but might not these vicarious pleasures at least be accompanied with a certain shame, at least with some furtiveness, rather than with self-congratulation?

Maybe we should remain no more than questioning and hesitant about all this. We know well enough how the other argument goes—that secrecy can increase an attraction, that suppression of information as for a time in our society we suppressed sexual information, can aggravate obsessions. And there is always something unsympathetic in even the most principled stand against total freedom of publication. Only, there are some things we ought to be ashamed of, and the enjoyment of pain and squalor should be among these. Borowski's affected callousness was necessary: he had to watch and to record. And his apparent toughness allows him also the important tactful mercy to his reader of never saying more than he absolutely has to. He never gloats. Even in the final act at the death camp, when the prisoners seize one of their enemies, hide him from the Americans, and then perform what seems truly an act of justice and an absolute necessity, there is no lingering. What has to be done, for the survivors' own sakes, is done. At the beginning of the following paragraph, an American officer has asked the inmates to turn over for official justice any Germans they may apprehend.

> Not until after he had visited all the blocks and returned with the soldiers to his headquarters did we pull our man off the bunk—where covered with blankets and half-smothered with the weight of our bodies he lay gagged, his face buried in the straw mattress—and dragged him on to the cement floor under the stove, where the entire block, grunting and growling with hatred, trampled him to death.

That is all, and that is all that is said. It is the end of the story. Its title is "Silence."

THE ACCUSED* is another attempt to deal with those events of a quarter-century ago in Germany. The author is a young American graduate of Yale and of the Yale law school. He has contrived a story of a group of survivors of the Nazi era whose paths cross by accident and by design in a sordid section of Manhattan's Washington Heights. One of his figures is an SS officer freed in the war trials, a maniac who plans a private trial for one of the war-crimes judges, who in turn comes back to his old synagogue to make a speech on justice, where as it happens live a rabbi and his janitor, both survivors of the German camps, one of them a pursuer of the SS officer; these figures and others are drawn into a closed circle of action, recollection, and conversation, ending in a fantastic climax of violence.

Everyone in the book seems to have been reading Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem: A Report on the Banality of Evil.* Distorted echoes of it, as if in some cruel parody, tell us over and over again that we are all guilty, except perhaps the Germans, but that most of all the Jews are guilty. The war-crimes trials are held to have been "a lie, a fraud," because they assumed there were some grounds on which mass murder was an offense against the laws of man, whereas there are no such laws, and, again, we are all guilty.

This story is told in what might be called standard everyday minimum novelese, with careful descriptions of every thought and every feeling attributed by the author to each character in every scene. Memories of tortures in the camps are recited in the same way, with colorful adjectives. There are many letters, speeches, and notebooks, and comical Jewish-type dialogues. "Feh . . . look on this sugar. This is sugar?" In the middle of the book is embedded a parable,

* By Jerrold Morgulas, Doubleday, 336 pp., $4.95.

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supposed to have been left behind by the worldly-wise Italian judge when he shot himself as some Germans were being hanged after the war-crimes trial presumably because he couldn't endure "Americans, with their simple notions of good and evil." This is called "The Tale of the Woodcutter and the City of Men," and again sounds like a parody, a parody of one of those baby-talk religious fables of profound and simple wisdom:

> A long long time ago, a Woodcutter lived in the forests near a great walled city. He was a quiet man who found much joy in the singing of the forest and the rising and falling of the daily sun.

At the end of this novel, a number of Jews who have survived the German death camps are forced to admit their hidden guilty acts, amid tears, ranting, and dynamite explosions. Well, we have been told often enough how rotten we all are, and how badly men behave in extreme conditions. But I wonder what kind of extreme displacement of ordinary sense there must be loose among us that makes it seem worthwhile to imagine and to write and to publish such weird and unrewarding daydreams. How absurd that twenty-five years after the events there still seems to be widespread an energetic urge to look at the history of the German death camps and say, "Deep down, I really can't tell the guards from the prisoners." It is too much, to have to consider nonsense like this in the presence of a book like Borowski's.

In fairness, I should add that this story makes such mixed-up hash of its soul-searching, and its essential events are so ridiculous and so opaque, that I may misunderstand its intended message. It may not have been meant to be as piously stupid and cruel as it seems.

CHRISTOPHER AND HIS FATHER,* anonymously translated from—I suppose—the German, is a novel by Hans Habe, the author of many bestsellers. His character, Christopher, is a young German whose father was a famous movie director under the Nazis, most notoriously the creator of an anti-Jewish film called *Ritual Murder*. The young man is ashamed of his father and of West Germany, where many Nazis are still in power. He flees to Israel and lives in a kibbutz for a year and-a-half, then goes to Poland where he conducts research on unpunished Nazis, then to Hungary where he writes a play to demonstrate how anti-Semitism works, a counter to his father's film. Still, he can't help loving his vain, opportunistic, but cultured and intelligent father. In the end he is about to flee Germany again but decides to stay and work for justice together with the other right-thinking young men he has at last discovered there.

The novel is frankly didactic and as a story is little more than an excuse for long speeches, long letters, long maundering thoughts by its hero:

> To these people the "ritual murder" of Tiszaeszlár is a historical event; it happened seventy-five years ago. To me it happened yesterday. Am I still searching, or have I found what I was searching for? Am I hunting the past because I want to exorcise the ghost of my father? What would my father say if he could see me now, in his hunting ground? The feeble second generation! Can't you do anything but imitate me? If you would only realize, father, that I have not suffered because of your name. I haven't been persecuted because of your name, or not for a long time—I could more readily reproach myself for the fact that people show me greater understanding on your account. Just look, he's a Wendelin, and not a criminal! I haven't suffered because of your name, but because of the applause you gained, because of the unjust acquittal and the unjust condemnation. But what am I doing here, at an inn among the Tokay vineyards?

At least, if we must read at such length a costumed tract, we know what the author thinks, and he does not get lost in metaphysical fables like the author of *The Accused*. Yet the author, or his hero, has a curious reticence on some subjects, longwinded as he can be on others. Christopher is in Budapest a few months after the Hungarian Revolution of 1956; his clearest comment is this extraordinarily ambiguous remark: "The war did not inflict such devastation as in Warsaw, but last year's rising was like a second operation performed on a wounded body." The *rising* was an operation? And its suppression by Russian tanks was what? Something surgical, regrettable but necessary for the patient's own good? The whole event is smuggled out of sight in the bandages of this weak and devious metaphor.

No doubt the problem of the past must be very real for young Germans, and Habe, through his cardboard masks, discusses many things that must be on their minds. But I should imagine anyone really interested in the matter might prefer to read something more direct than these 320 pages, which as fiction, as truly imagined experience, simply do not exist.

AND FINALLY, *The Manor*,† by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Singer's work of course will be familiar to readers of COMMENTARY. This volume, only now translated into English by Joseph Singer and Elaine Gottlieb, was serialized in the *Jewish Daily Forward*, and is Part One of a complete saga. The story is that of the emergence of Polish Jews into the modern world in the second half of the 19th century. It is the oldest kind of story in the world, that of the destruction of a human society, with all its ordered items of culture arranged through the centuries to bring meaning to every act of life—to make life human. It is at once a celebration, a mourning, and a recognition of what time is and what time does. Probably no other living writer could do what Singer does so economically, so certainly, so richly. Singer does not have to pretend he is stupid, does not have to play coy games with his readers nor with his characters. He knows everything, understands everything, sees everything instantly in action and in speech; he can make one character, two characters, or a hundred characters and all the drama of their lives become real with a word and a gesture. I don't know who should be the more grateful to him, Jewish readers who can find renewed in his work the living history of this part of their culture, or

* Coward-McCann, 320 pp., $6.95.

† Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 442 pp., $6.95.

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other readers like myself who can be granted by him some understanding of a world they could not otherwise know.

JOHN THOMPSON's *essays on current fiction will appear regularly in* COMMENTARY. *Last month he reviewed William Styron's* The Confessions of Nat Turner.

* * *

PERSONA

Robert Garis

I TAKE THE CHANCE of writing about Bergman's *Persona* so long after its first showing because this seems to me a movie there's no hurry about. It will be with us a long time, just as it has been on my mind for a long time. Right now, when I am perhaps still under its spell, it seems to me Bergman's masterpiece, but I can't imagine ever thinking it less than one of the great movies. This of course is opinion; what I know for certain is that *Persona* is also one of the most difficult movies I will ever see; and I am afraid that in this case there is a direct connection between difficulty and value. It isn't only that *Persona* is no harder than it has to be; its peculiar haunting power, its spell, and its value come directly from the fact that it's so hard to get a firm grasp on.

The beginning, a semi-surrealistic sequence of ambiguous images, is obscure in a way I don't much care for, but I beg of you to take this beginning patiently and wait for the really important and valuable difficulty, which centers in the puzzling leading character, a famous actress who has been in a mental hospital for three months, completely silent and almost completely motionless. You aren't sure how to feel about her. There is pitiable anxiety in her heavy sullen face, which suggests the helpless deep suffering of serious mental illness, and this impression recurs throughout the movie. So does a very different impression—that her sudden gestures of rage express a nasty contempt for the ordinary conditions of life. But her doctor flatly denies that she is sick and later explains her behavior in a way that puts it out of reach of both psychological and moral categories. Then the actress gets involved in a drama that makes resolution of these contradictory impressions absolutely imperative and absolutely impossible. The dilemma is as illuminating as it is painful.

The doctor, who speaks to the actress with an oddly cynical sympathy that compounds the puzzle, interprets her silence as an extreme strategy for dealing with the gap between seeming—communication, role-playing—and being. The actress can't endure the incompleteness, irrelevance, and dishonesty of the ordinary seemings that ordinary people can accept, or have to—hence her refusal to "act" her roles in the theatre or her roles as wife and mother and "person" in everyday life. Her new role of silence will express nothing and therefore can't be either incomplete, irrelevant, or dishonest. This nothingness may lead eventually to reentry into life; it may have no goal beyond silence in itself and for itself. In either case it is an interesting project, though neither good nor bad.

In short, the doctor is suggesting that the actress is engaged in the kind of *decreation* of traditional responsibilities—moral, psychological, mimetic—that you find in all radical modern art. Those obscure images that frame and occasionally interrupt the main action of the movie support this interpretation, and the way Bergman makes you question the actress's extreme solution corresponds exactly to the way the motives of an artist like Samuel Beckett have in fact been questioned. Is Beckett's progress toward pure silence a sign of psychological disease, or of moral disease, or is it a necessary and even courageous response to the pain of existence? Or is it just a fashionable French metaphysical and epistemological game? Bergman asks all these questions about the actress's silence, and no doubt he derived the theme itself from work like Beckett's.

And of course you may ask why you're supposed to get interested in such special questions about such a special circumstance as this radical tendency in modern art. The answer is that you can't help being interested, for Bergman connects the actress's radical rejection of ordinary talking and acting and loving with other, more largely meaningful, current rejections of ordinary living. He does so by two bold strokes which only so deeply experienced an artist could risk and get away with. In one sequence we see the actress looking at a TV newscast in her hospital room, and what she is looking at with unspeakable and unspeaking horror is the self-immolation of a Buddhist monk in Vietnam; and this scene, which could be so blatant, so opportunistic, is instead very wonderful because of the sincerity of Bergman's imagination and the confidence of his technique—I think in particular of the way the hospital room is lit only by the barren cold light of the TV screen. In this weird and yet completely "realistic" light we see her facing, and being unable to face, a kind of pain and dedication that makes us too wonder whether any language can say anything about it. In another sequence we hear a letter from the actress's husband being read aloud to her, and the sensitive, mature, and imaginative language of this letter shows us that the actress's engagement in living and loving has had these same qualities. Since the movie is going to test her silence painfully and stringently, Bergman has made sure that we believe she is worth the testing and that she has come to her radical solution through experiences that are related to our own. And if I say Bergman does this, I am using shorthand, for much of the overall effect is due to the power of Liv Ullmann's performance, to the way her combination of beauty and ugliness, heaviness and sensitivity, sensuality and intelligence makes us respect her as an important human being whose experiences have a large meaningfulness.

The doctor sends the actress away from the hospital to play out her new role in an appropriately bland drama and theater—the uneventful daily life in a house by the sea—and to what seems an appropriately bland audience—a serious, conventionally nice young nurse. At first the actress seems to get better. Her anger and anxiety disappear, she moves with grace and energy, and she is clearly enjoying an affectionate rapport with

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the nurse. But she remains silent. Now the center of interest shifts to the nurse, who undergoes a profound crisis of identity that pointedly challenges and tests the meaning and validity of the actress's silence.

The nurse at the beginning uses conventional language freely and cheerfully and copiously, partly to fill the vacuum of silence, mostly because she has never before had so flattering an audience—for she reveres artists as deeply compassionate, large-souled beings. She soon begins to talk about herself more and more intimately and revealingly, until finally she confesses her deepest and most disturbing secret, the story of a lurid sexual adventure in which she had acted with a shamelessness of which she is now deeply ashamed and frightened: ashamed of the intense sexual pleasure she had felt and of the abortion that had been "necessary" afterwards, frightened by a sense of disunity within her personality. For the memory casts doubt in a way she only vaguely realizes on the sincerity of all her life projects —her engagement to a man she doesn't really love, her expectation of having children, her dedication to her work. This touchingly, painfully naive crisis of identity generates so strong a need for confirmation of her wholeness and value as a person that she experiences a half-waking dream in which the actress says a few casual words to her, comes to her room and embraces her, and then in a weirdly convincing image "identifies" with her. (The sexual overtones of the image imply that the actress, by merging with her, is both supporting and comforting her and taking her into her power.) When the actress later silently denies having done any of these things, the pressure of silence tempts the nurse to read one of the actress's letters (written apparently to the doctor—there are several unnecessary obscurities like this one) in which she discovers that the actress doesn't take her at all seriously: she writes of her rather condescendingly, though affectionately; she casually reveals the painful secret as it if were a minor matter; and then she remarks that she is finding the nurse an amusing type to study. This discovery breaks the nurse apart, in an excruciatingly visible disintegration of personality.

At first she gets back at the actress by almost involuntarily playing a sly, cruel trick on her; then she desperately, hopelessly attempts a cold, dignified ultimatum, demanding some minimal verbal communication with the actress. When this is refused, her dignity collapses into childish weeping and then into outright physical violence which forces an instinctively self-protective "No, don't!" from the actress; this in turn incites the nurse to nasty verbal insults. Then in a paroxysm of self-abnegation she begs forgiveness of the woman who means so much to her. When this too is refused she passes a night of terrible dreams in which she exults in domination over the actress: she steals her husband, thereby stealing her identity, she forces her to repeat the word "Nothing," she accuses her of hating her child and of fearing the physical reality of motherhood. Suddenly she realizes with terror that she has really been voicing her own fears of life—realizes it with terror, because she hasn't really acknowledged these feelings before and because it now seems that the actress has completely taken over her personality; and in fact at the end of the dream her speech disintegrates into an incoherent string of words which is an involuntary imitation of the actress's silence. When she wakes up she finds the actress packing to leave, and the action ends with the nurse, now back in uniform, closing up the beach-house with mechanically efficient, silent determination and taking a bus back to the city. Nothing much has happened, really; but the atmosphere of this last sequence is so powerful and so clear that you *know* the nurse's life will from now on consist of empty role-playing, and you *feel* that she has died.

THIS POWER and clarity of knowing and feeling couldn't exist if you hadn't completely believed and understood the process of disintegration, and the invisible technical virtuosity with which Bibi Andersson achieves this is beyond praise and almost beyond description. I have never seen an acting "style" so full-bodied, yet so transparent; I have never experienced so complete an illusion of knowing a human being. And Bergman's contribution as writer and director—which must have been crucial—is likewise indistinguishable from the illusion itself. Who for instance should get the credit for the wonderful "business" with the glasses? The nurse's way of wearing her reading glasses shows us in one instant her unsophisticated respect for and trust in communication; then the huge dark glasses that she wears when she makes her ultimatum show us just as quickly her growing fear of communication. And was it the photographer who planned the alarming unrecognizability of her face behind the dark glasses and the impact of their brutal blackness in the brilliant sunlight? Such immediacy is what the movies are all about: in *Persona* it happens all the time.

The rightest thing of all is the precision of scale in Bibi Andersson's performance. She makes the nurse's conventionality charming, even radiant, yet she neither loses the point that it *is* conventionality nor diminishes the real charm by caricature; she makes the violence shocking without making it evil —this is the kind of violence we are all capable of. And it is right that everything about the nurse should be precisely life-size, because only in that way can Bergman get from us the response that he needs: simple direct sympathy which is none the less powerful for being conventional and perhaps even more powerful. Sympathy isn't approval: we can't help seeing that the nurse is afraid of self-knowledge and actually refuses it, demanding the help of conventional assurances and then turning the ugliest kind of hatred against the person who refuses this help. She isn't right, then, or great or admirable; she is simply an average inhabitant of the human condition who can't endure very much reality. It seems unbearable that anybody should refuse to help her. But the person asked to help is the actress whose silence has in fact been the occasion, if not the cause, for the suffering, and now Bergman has us in his trap. Our intense need to feel moral outrage about the actress's silence is baffled by the elusive am-

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biguity of that silence. We can't come to any certain judgment about the actress's responsibility. But this doesn't mean that we have gained nothing.

Bergman keeps the ambiguity continually and remorselessly in front of us, and he may in fact have intensified and complicated it beyond endurance. The ambiguity of Liv Ullmann's face is no matter of merely neutral impassivity; on the contrary, though some of her expressions are hard to name, they are all highly expressive and they cover a wide range. The reappearance of anxiety on her face as the nurse begins to speak more intimately about herself reminds us that the actress may be simply "sick," helplessly trapped in her silence. But sometimes she seems to be feeding, even gloating on the nurse's pain, and often her silence seems to exert a deliberate pressure on the nurse to reveal herself. The mysterious lighting makes us unsure whether the nurse's delusion is in fact a delusion—perhaps the actress did speak to her, did come to her room: her denials have a fresh almost childlike candor, but children are expert at this kind of lying. Yet her response to the nurse's trick unmistakably shows the infinitely touching, pure wondering defenselessness of a child experiencing cruelty for the first time. This look—there are others rather like it—says that the decreating silence has *recreated* basic innocence and trust. But other moments remind us that the silence is a deliberate, strongminded, stubborn experiment, and some of her refusals do in fact show the pride that the nurse accuses her of—but it may be a just pride. And, to stretch the range as far as possible, there are a few hints of almost demonic malignancy.

But there is no discernible pattern in this variety of "seemings," so there can be no clear-cut answers to the questions this dramatic action poses about the meaning and validity of the silence. You can't say definitely, because you don't feel it definitely, whether or not the silence has been morally ugly. But you won't have expected clear-cut answers if you have believed in the importance of the issues, and Bergman has created that belief by making the terms of the questioning very exact. For instance, the question whether the experiment in silence, if you take it as that, has succeeded. From one point of view it has certainly failed, since the actress has not only been unable to cease communication but has actually destroyed another human being as much by the messages she communicated as by her silence; from another point of view the failure may have been entirely the nurse's, because of her willful insistence on *interpreting* and her naive self-centeredness in interpreting. We experience this same dilemma ourselves as we study Liv Ullmann's face and try to interpret it, and also try not to. Consider too the dimension of the little remark that the nurse imagined she heard the actress make: "You'd better go to bed before you fall asleep at the table." This seems innocuous enough; only a grotesquely inhuman rigidity of principle would refuse to join the decent friendly verbal community it represents. But where in fact do you draw the line? Casually conventional kindness like this "holds society together" but when does it begin to turn into the mere fear of silence, the complicity in bad faith, that Ionesco writes about? When the nurse imagines that the actress said this to her, she is—in the smallest and most innocent way—asking somebody else to take responsibility for her actions. And if *Persona* is about the function of art, who would not reject out of hand the idea that it is the responsibility of the artist to give advice? Or take the actress's letter: it is a painful discovery for us too, but is it all that clear, really, that the actress, either as artist or as human being, has in fact betrayed a confidence? Aren't we being sentimental in thinking so? Is the actress required to take the nurse's feelings and secrets as seriously as the nurse takes them?—or, to put it more strongly, is she required to love? For that's what it amounts to.

Persona, in short, is an intense and exact recreation of the drama, and the dilemma, of human responsibility. I can't think of a higher tribute to an artist than to say that he has earned the right to pain and puzzle us about this, the world's oldest and most important subject. It is a tribute I can unhesitatingly pay to Bergman.

ROBERT GARIS, *who teaches English at Wellesley, contributed "Art-Movie Style" to our August issue.*

* * *

TWO NEW PLAYS

Jack Richardson

FOR MANY CRITICS, the history of Western drama is viewed as a sort of socio-aesthetic revolution, whereby tragedy's marginal personae gradually edge kings, Fausts, and aristocratic lovers from center-stage so that room may be made for smaller passions, prose and theories of a natural action style. Whether or not such a notion of dramatic evolution is valid, it has now been given both a good critical touchstone and an ironic endorsement in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead,* the play by the young English writer, Tom Stoppard. Certainly no more marginal or prosaic characters exist in dramatic literature than these two dim college chums of Hamlet who are summoned into the complex moral world of Elsinore to ask a few banal questions of their prince and who then vanish from the stage to die by error, their obituary being a one-line bureaucratic report. To let these two share the protagonist's role while the rest of Shakespeare's play flits shadow-like around them is a fine aesthetic joke and antic commentary on *Hamlet* as a work of art in a world of Rosencrantzes and Guildensterns. Having accepted the felicity of the conceit, however, one must then go on to see what Stoppard has made of his play in its own right, and here there are disappointments—some minor, and some, I believe, too essential to make *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* the play its premise portends.

Let me say first, though, that Stoppard is very talented indeed, and his stuffing of the characters his predecessor left him is a good one. In their title play, Rosencrantz and friend are presented as two fairly intelligent young men down from college whose wit and imagi-

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nation seem to have been formed by attending an odd lecture or two by Gilbert Ryle and A. J. Ayer. Their leitmotif is sounded immediately by the ring of a coin being tossed in the air followed by a confused and comical discussion of the theory of probability. Later in the first act we see them at their favorite pastime, which is to make a competitive sport out of linguistic analysis whereby only questions may be used in conversation and not only statements but non-sequiturs, rhetoric, and other examples of the "logically odd" count as a foul. They are indeed clever students, but theirs is certainly not the necessary philosophical ordinance for a safe journey through *Hamlet*. As an example, an attempt at down-to-earth analysis of the words Shakespeare's characters offer leads them to such barren enterprise as a speculation on the wind's direction after Hamlet's parting line, "I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw." Sent to probe and ferret out the secrets of their prince, they sense such analytic methods are inadequate but can come up with nothing better. Thus they remain confused throughout the action of their play, hoping for some command which will clarify their situation or at least inform their anxiety with something tangible. Still, they cling to their belief in rational sequence until the very end when, on a ship bound for England, they read the orders for their execution which Hamlet had substituted for the letter bearing the command for his. Then, like so many heroes of modern literature, they sense that logic will not do, that there is, after all, something mad in the universe. Indeed, Guildenstern is driven to attempt the favorite old standby existential act—gratuitous murder—as he comes to realize the caprices of destiny. But the dagger he chooses to use belongs to one of the players who has recently entertained at Elsinore in a controversial play. It is collapsible. The victim pretends to die and then jumps up to mock his would-be murderer with a lecture on theatrics.

AT THIS POINT, a reader might ask for a halt in my description of the action. "So far," he might say, "you've led me to believe that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are caught up in the problems of life. Now it seems that there's some of the old art and reality enigma here. Please clarify!"

Unfortunately, clarification is difficult because one of the play's soft spots is that it shuffles back and forth between *Hamlet* as a metaphor for life and Hamlet as a symbol of the complexity of art. When Guildenstern is thwarted by a theatrical prop, there is a moment when Stoppard has his artistic metaphor working. There are others too, moments when it seems that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are aperceptively aware that they are caught up in the logistics of a puzzling drama, as when the former shouts, "I wish someone would come on!" into the wings or screams "Fire!" and then comments sadly, while looking at the audience, that nobody has moved. Much of the humor is predicated on the dilemma of someone who wants to get on with his daily business but who must first deal with the grotesque behavior of people created by a poet's imagination. And finally, there is the band of players, the chief of whom is always discoursing, in a somewhat threatening manner, on the arts of the stage. All of this, far from enhancing or deepening Stoppard's play, seemed to me just to get in the way. The writer was providing a speculation that a literate person would make anyway and providing it with overabundance.

But this is really a small cavil with an artist carried away perhaps by the fertility of his theme. The more important weakness is with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern themselves. As I said, they were well-conceived by Stoppard, but conceived for what? As it is, finally, they really have no play for themselves, merely an ironic counterpoint to the drama we know is happening about them. Stoppard has discovered no action for them once they are on their own, and when the conceit comes to an end and the two are faced with problems of guilt over taking a friend to his execution and fear when the order inexplicably changes to condemn them, the playwright meets the former with the historically abused little-men-just-following-orders theory and the latter with some rhetorical shenanigans which would have lost him a point in R and G's questions game. In *Hamlet*, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are shallow indistinguishable young men who by command forget their friendship for their prince to perform without question commands from their king. Everything that Horatio is to Hamlet, they are not, and at this, Shakespeare leaves them. Though certainly clever, Stoppard has not been able to invest them with any real dramatic purpose beyond their original creator's. After amusing us for a time, they simply drift off into what some would call separate levels of artistic meaning but which seem to me to be the vagaries of an author wondering just what the deuce he should do with these two fellows to give their new dramatic lives a little style. However, Stoppard has rounded Rosencrantz and Guildenstern out, and I'm not being ironic when I say that some of his best scenes, severely shortened, might be tucked into *Hamlet* without seeming improperly matched from the point of view either of excellence of language or of intelligence. Stoppard has both of these and a good sense of the comic too. What he needed in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* was an idea less ambiguously clever and a play of his own to work with.

The production? Well, I am growing weary of praising English acting. Each year at least three or four young players travel across the Atlantic to make our native talent seem aboriginal. Brian Murray and John Wood are the type of actors dramatists pray for and repertory companies simply cannot exist without. Neither is memorable to look at; neither has any "distinctive style"—they are simply fantastic interpreters. As examples of middle-class minds out of their depth, they provide what so few actors do with any grace; namely, the comically physical depiction of human thought. I have never seen deductive reasoning acted out so thoroughly or so amusingly as by these two young actors. But before the whole palm goes to England, let me say that Paul Hecht, in the

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role as the chief player, is by no means outclassed. He performs just as the young Prince of Denmark instructed him offstage, handling a flamboyant part with pleasing robustness but with restraint and clarity. I've seldom enjoyed the art of acting more than I did watching these three young men at work.

BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN'S *Scuba Duba* is not a play at all. It is something much harder to manage: a display of the author's sensibility which he takes to be amusing and which he peremptorily demands an audience find amusing too. Thus, somewhat like Oscar Wilde, Friedman displays with very few theatrical aids a manner of mind and observance, and for those who consider this a simple method, who believe anyone reasonably adept could pull off the same trick, I answer as Shaw responded to those who made similar objections to *The Importance of Being Earnest*: since it is such a simple feat, I wonder that we don't have a dozen or so plays each season as funny as *Scuba Duba*. We don't, of course. In fact, a play that makes one genuinely laugh while seated in a New York theater is a rare creature indeed, but after watching Friedman's play I know now that it is at least not extinct.

It is impossible to sum up a sensibility, but insofar as *Scuba Duba* has a familiar dramatic guideline, it is as follows: American male (Jewish) has taken wife and children to the south of France for the summer; there wife runs off with cultivated Negro while husband thinks she has left with a scuba diver (also black). That is it. Until the last act, when rivals confront each other, the play is a long Friedmanian rumination on matters ranging from sexual mannerisms to French foreign policy while the deserted husband, Harold Wonder, waits through the night, a child of liberal Enlightenment, struggling shamefully with the urge to kill the black bastard who has stolen his wife. Yes, the old problem of the races is the hub of *Scuba Duba*, and Friedman builds hilarious scenes around the notion that it's difficult not to seem prejudiced against a human being when you would like very much to strangle him. Whitey, after all, has his basic instincts too.

Jacques Levy, who last year directed *America Hurrah*, keeps *Scuba Duba* going at a frenetic pace and is continually shoring up Friedman's wandering recollections and speculations with solid theatrical supports, one of which is Jerry Orbach's performance, as easy and subtle a piece of comic acting as one is likely to see for a long time. Indeed, the only real quarrel I have with *Scuba Duba* is in its break with tradition. To have presented bare breasts on the legitimate stage is laudable, but I ask all involved with the artistic decision, did it have to be those *particular* breasts?

JACK RICHARDSON, *our regular theater critic, reviewed* The Homecoming *and* Black Comedy *in the June issue.*

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DISRAELI RECONSIDERED

Franz M. Oppenheimer

"The Lord himself is the portion of mine inheritance."

Psalms 16:6.

IT IS DOUBTFUL whether any of the great Victorian statesmen who made England the leading power in the 19th century could have passed a modern loyalty and security check. Gladstone's habit of bringing trollops home to tea made him a security risk and the testimony of Queen Victoria's ladies-in-waiting that they had to lock their doors during country weekends against the ardor of Lord Palmerston would have eliminated him. It is one of the principal merits of Robert Blake's new "full" biography of Disraeli* to bring alive the many episodes in Disraeli's youth that would have given bulk to his security file and that were treated with excessive discretion in Monypenny and Buckle's *Life of Benjamin Disraeli*† the "official" standard biography, commissioned by the trustees of Disraeli's estate, and completed in 1920.

The most important of these episodes was Disraeli's open and notorious adultery with Lady Sykes carried on just when Disraeli first presented himself as candidate for election to the House of Commons. At least one other liaison, disastrous business speculations, resulting debts and entrapments by money sharks, and the authorship of indiscreet novels, to say nothing of an outlandish and "irresistibly comic" mode of dress, marked the early years of the "dandified young bounder" leading a life dominated by "society, love, debts, and literature." But as Robert Blake recognizes, the credit for first unraveling the many obscurities in Disraeli's early life must go to Professor B. R. Jerman's highly readable book *The Young Disraeli*, published seven years ago.** While Blake's account is based on his own researches in Disraeli's papers and not on secondary sources, Blake tells us nothing new about that young sinner whom Monypenny and Buckle kept under a bushel.

Indeed, there is relatively little new of any kind in Blake's biography. The extravagant praise given it by reviewers in England and in this country is more indicative of the low state of book-reviewing than of the quality of the book. For me at least, Monypenny and Buckle remain on their pedestal. They wrote better English, they were never obscure, and they bring not only Disraeli but his age to life with a richness of texture that neither Blake nor anyone else has matched. Even Blake's condensation of Monypenny and Buckle's more than three thousand pages into a biography of less than eight hundred pages is of doubtful use: for conciseness is achieved at the expense of readability. I doubt whether any reader who is not thoroughly familiar with 19th-century English history can read Blake without getting lost many times. Time and again I had the experience of being baffled by excerpts from a Disraeli letter or by uncertainties of chronological sequence in Blake which I could clarify only by reference to Monypenny and Buckle. (To give but one of many possible illustrations of these difficulties: nobody not familiar with the *Don Pacifico* affair could pos-

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* *Disraeli*, St. Martin's Press, 819 pp., $12.50.

† 2nd ed. 1929, Macmillan.

** Princeton University Press, 1960.

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sibly obtain any insight into Disraeli's role in it from Blake.)

Blake's brevity is particularly disappointing in his treatment of two of the most controversial and fascinating aspects of Disraeli, his character and his views on Judaism. The little Blake has to say on the latter, is drawn from Cecil Roth's short book, *Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield,* published in 1952,* and according to Blake "the most penetrating analysis of this subject so far attempted."

Cecil Roth reflects the conventional wisdom of the contemporary Jewish establishment on religion and Jewish converts to Christianity. This wisdom holds that religion is a good thing in general, and that all believers deserve acclaim. At the same time it permits a good Jew to be an atheist, an agnostic, or even, as Ben Gurion is said to be, a dabbler in Zen Buddhism. Only by being a Christian can a Jew put himself beyond the pale of respectable Jewish approbation and his motivation beyond the benefit of any charitable doubt.

Looked at from that perspective, Disraeli's convictions must indeed be puzzling. Messrs. Roth and Blake cannot help admitting rather grudgingly that Disraeli was a believing and practicing Christian. How then could he consider himself a Jew, and be proud of it? Their explanation is that he was ignorant of Judaism and confused about Christianity. "He really did believe," writes Blake, "in Christianity of a somewhat peculiar sort" that did not "fit into any ordinary category. . . . He no doubt believed in the Virgin Birth, the Divinity of Christ, and the Resurrection, but with no strong conviction, or any appreciation of how fundamental these doctrines are for Christian faith." These lines of Blake have a curious Victorian flavor, more so than anything in Monypenny and Buckle. It is difficult to believe that they were written by a learned historian who is a contemporary of Paul Tillich, Bishops Robinson and Pike, and the drafters of the new Dutch Roman Catholic catechism.

Dr. Roth's demonstration of Disraeli's ignorance of Judaism is equally unconvincing and worth quoting at some length. Dr. Roth starts with his lapidary conclusion: " . . . about Judaism he knew next to nothing." There follows a parenthesis . . . "(In his writings he showed very little practical knowledge of Jewish rites)"—that is not further elucidated. Then we are told:

> The notes to *Alroy* [an early Disraeli novel] show that he had read such works as the talmudical researches of the English Hebraist Lightfoot [of whom Lord Acton wrote that he was a critical scholar "whom neither Frenchman nor German has surpassed"] and the Jewish history of the French theologian Basnage, as well as Leon of Modena's *Rites and Ceremonies of the Jews,* and Vorstius's Latin translation of the Hebrew chronicle of David Gans: precisely such books as might then have been expected in the library of a learned English dilettante.
>
> He certainly added to his store of knowledge in due course. There were many professing Jews who would not have been aware as he was of the ancient and loyal Jewish communities in China, rediscovered by the missionaries in 1851, to which he referred in the later debates on Jewish emancipation. Late in life, he read and benevolently criticized the jejune *History and Literature of the Israelites* published in 1870 by the two daughters of his friend, Sir Anthony de Rothschild.

So much for knowing "next to nothing."

IT IS A curious paradox that the religious views of Disraeli should have stirred up so much bewilderment whereas his preposterous literary pronouncements about race, secret societies, and the dominion of Jewish bankers should have been swallowed whole by people as diverse as his contemporary, the great Danish literary historian George Brandes, Adolf Hitler, and the writers of SNCC newsletters. Thus George Brandes, whose study *Lord Beaconsfield* was first published in 1880, and republished in slovenly edited form last year in the *Crowell Historical Classics Series,* said in discussing Disraeli's novel *Tancred*: "With the *intuition of mental affinity,* Disraeli has divined the Oriental way of looking at things" (my italics, F.M.O.). Nor can there be much doubt that the ideas expressed in *Tancred,* the main depository of Disraeli's lurid fantasies about race—"all is race, there is no other truth" . . . "the decay of a race is an inevitable necessity, unless it lives in deserts and never mixes its blood" . . . "it seems to me that you [Hebrews] govern every land except your own"—or his famous, and wholly erroneous, roll call of Jewish Ministers of Finance in *Coningsby* —all of which fantasies were published before Gobineau's *Inégalité des Races Humaines*—entered into the folklore of *Mein Kampf* and the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion,* and were the secret godfathers of the statement in a recent SNCC Newsletter "that the famous European Jews, the Rothschilds, who have long controlled the wealth of many European nations, were involved in the original conspiracy with the British to create the 'state of Israel' " and that "the Rothschilds control much of Africa's mineral wealth."

By contrast to these unfortunate fantasies† Disraeli's views on religion were based on facts: "Jesus . . . was born a Jew, lived a Jew, and died a Jew," and so did his mother Mary, all the Apostles, St. Paul, and indeed all his early followers. Given these beginnings, Disraeli concluded, it was the non-Jewish Christians who were the converts, not the Jewish Christians, and he castigated the Christian churches for the mistakes and crimes committed by them after their non-Jewish members had succeeded in becoming the majority. In his famous chapter on the Jews in his biography of Lord George Bentinck, Disraeli explains how the myth propagated by Christian churches at least up to the time of Vatican II, namely that "the Jews" had killed Christ, and the resulting anti-Semitism of the churches, prevented so many Jews throughout the centuries after

* Philosophical Library.

† There is at least an inkling in Disraeli's late novel *Lothair,* published in 1870, that the equally preposterous notions about "Aryan principles" expounded by one of the characters were meant to burlesque Disraeli's earlier pronouncements on the Semitic race principles.

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Christ from becoming Christians: "When they first heard of Christianity, it appeared to be a Gentile religion, accompanied by idolatrous practices, from which severe monotheists . . . always recoil, and holding the Jewish race up to public scorn and hatred. This is not the way to make converts."

Blake is quite right in sensing that for Disraeli, just as for many of our outstanding contemporary Catholic and Protestant theologians, doctrines like the virgin birth of Christ did not stand at the center of his faith, nor did he see in them the significant distinction between Christianity and Judaism. He accepted Christianity, in the words of Monypenny and Buckle, "as the highest development of Judaism," and he believed that by stripping away some of the unessential accretions of early primitive Judaism, Jesus and Paul had made the truth of Judaism more universally acceptable: "Jesus spoke to the Gentiles, and not to the tribes of Israel only. That . . . is the great difference between Jesus and his predecessors. Christianity is Judaism for the multitude, but still it is Judaism."

Put down in bare summary and a few quotations, these views of Disraeli may seem oversimplifications. But they did express what have become today widely-held Christian convictions that have led the French Dominican Father R. L. Bruckberger to write: "Christianity is more Jewish than modern Judaism." Thus the incomprehension of Disraeli's religious views by writers like Blake and Roth is attributable not to inherent difficulties but to the isolation of theology from other disciplines in a secular culture.

It is also true that apart from the writings of theologians, the Christian churches have not yet made any effort to give the conscious and deliberate cultivation of Jewish tradition a recognized institutional home within them. As a result, Christian Jews do not find it easy to preserve their identity. But nobody who has had the good fortune of meeting a man like the Reverend Père Cohn, of the Dominican monastery St. Jacques in Paris, can doubt that there are today as always Christians who are Jews. For Father Cohn, who, I was told, became a priest after having lost all his family during World War II, the study of the Torah became the central occupation of his priestly life. It would have taken audacity to deny him the right to call himself a Jew.

Nor are those who believe themselves physical descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob alone in cherishing the Jewish tradition as Christians. A friend of mine in the Episcopal clergy of quite Anglo-Saxon antecedents fasts on Yom Kippur as one way to express his spiritual Jewishness. And he tells me there are many like him. So perhaps the day is not far off when high Jewish feast days will be celebrated in Christian churches, and Christian Jews will celebrate the Seder on Passover as they did two thousand years ago.

DISRAELI'S CHARACTER has now been debated for some 130 years, and Blake does less than I think he should have done to dismiss the case of the plaintiffs.

Hannah Arendt wrote in the *Origins of Totalitarianism* that all his life Disraeli was interested in nothing but the career of Lord Beaconsfield, and this view of Disraeli as a cynical and opportunistic careerist was widely held during his lifetime and is widely held today. Blake, who does not share this view, does explain well that distrust of the young Disraeli had nothing to do with his social, national, or racial origins, or what both George Brandes and Hannah Arendt call his "pariahdom." He was born, Blake writes, "into a family neither obscure, undistinguished, nor poor"; Disraeli's father's "beautiful redbrick Queen Anne" country house at Bradenham was "considerably larger and a much more beautiful house than Hughenden," Benjamin Disraeli's eventual country estate; and young Disraeli's blackball from the Athenaeum Club was strictly personal: his father was a founding member. But having thus clarified the real obstacles in Disraeli's career and dispelled the Horatio Alger legend about him, Blake omits to mention some vital evidence about his character.

Thus he fails to tell us that in his first term as a member of parliament, to which he had been elected after four previous defeats, Disraeli was one of a minority of thirteen who spoke and voted for the immediate repeal of the new and oppressive Poor Law, even though it had been "quietly and good-naturedly hinted" to him that if he wished to advance in public life he had better keep his opinions on the new Poor Law to himself. "This hint," write Monypenny and Buckle, "however, failed to deflect him from his course." Similarly, Blake fails to appreciate that in the same year, 1839, when he was thirty-five, Disraeli as one of a minority of three voted against an advance to Birmingham for the establishment of a police force there, a measure adopted in response to the Chartist riots; and that in the following year he was one of a minority of five attempting to secure remission of the excessive punishment that had been inflicted on some of the Chartist leaders.

It is difficult to imagine how a young man who thus jeopardized his career for the sake of the poor and oppressed can have been an unprincipled opportunist. True, he was no Don Quixote, but few Don Quixotes succeed in climbing to the top of the greasy pole. Blake's obvious difficulties in making an assessment of Disraeli's character would have been less if he had not glossed over such available evidence.

His difficulties in assessing Disraeli's character and in evaluating his religious thinking are really related. Disraeli's ability to love, the warmth beneath the sardonic witticisms, his talent for friendship are outward signs of grace, and grace is given to few without religous faith. We read in Blake, for instance (though for once not in Monypenny and Buckle), that when the son of Disraeli's old friend Lady Jersey vanished from London, leaving behind him not only huge debts but also the forged signatures of many nobles to the acceptances of bills circulating among the moneylenders, Disraeli acted as virtual trustee in buying up the bills to prevent a criminal prosecution and public exposure. "The episode illustrates one of Disraeli's

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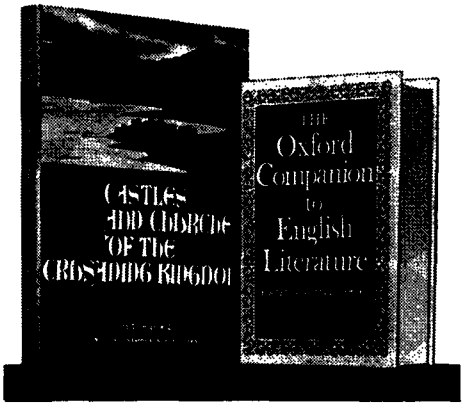

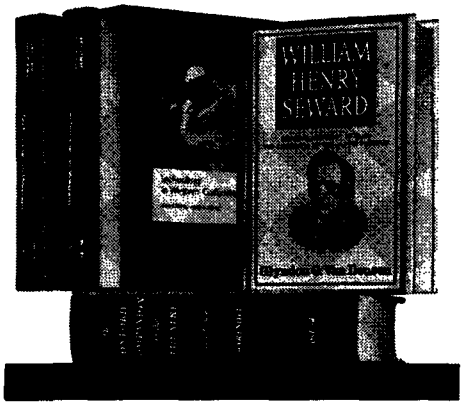

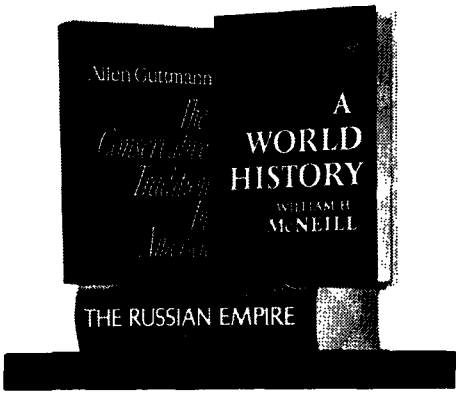

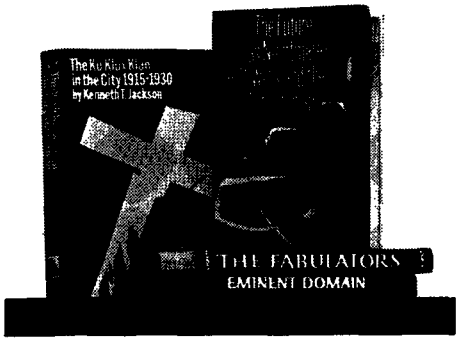

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most agreeable traits, his willingness to take an infinity of trouble for the sake of gratitude and friendship." Blake also tells us that Disraeli was devoted to children and loved his friends: in a letter to Lady Blessington, written when he was thirty-two and quoted by Blake, he said: "I have a disagreeable habit of saying everything I feel: but I love my friends."

These indications of grace—the warmth, the human concern—are found in his public as well as in his private life. I suspect that one reason for the popularity of Blake's biography is its fashionable diffidence. Blake seems so afraid of committing hero-worship that he often belittles when he could have praised, and selects the least creditable motive to explain Disraeli's actions. For instance, in discussing Disraeli's opposition to increased expenditures for the navy in 1858, when Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer, Blake writes: "It was as if he wanted to out-Gladstone Gladstone," and finds him guilty of a "surprising streak of Little-Englander hostility to armaments." "As it was," he concludes, "the fact that Britannia continued to rule the waves owed nothing to Benjamin Disraeli." I believe Buckle's judgment was fairer and more realistic: "the Chancellor of the Exchequer, though he realized that increased estimates could not be avoided, was *as in official duty, bound* [emphasis mine], rather the critic than the inspirer of these valuable measures." Likewise, Blake explains the only instance of Disraeli's opposing a social reform bill, his opposition in 1850 to a bill providing for the inspection of coal mines, by saying that Disraeli "palpably allowed political and social considerations to override the generous sentiments of *Sybil*." Buckle attributes the same lapse to the fact that Disraeli "seems to have rather listened to the voice of friendship than followed his natural political course."

Blake, I think, is at his most misleading in this vein when he belittles Disraeli's part as Prime Minister in the passage of what Blake calls "the biggest instalment of social reform passed by any one government in the 19th century." Among these laws passed by the parliamentary session of 1875 was the *Artisans' Dwellings Act* which contained the essential element of our own urban redevelopment legislation of 1949. This Act empowered local authorities in large towns to remove existing buildings for sanitary reasons and replace them by adequate housing for workers. The arguments against such a heretical departure from the laws of *laissez-faire* were the same then as now: "the eminent Radical, Fawcett, . . . asked why Parliament should facilitate the housing of working men and not that of dukes?" Another element of our legislation of the 1960's was added by an Amending Bill in 1879 which provided that if overcrowding had created a nuisance, compensation to the owner should be fixed on the value of the house after abatement of the nuisance. The same session took the essential measures for the legalization of trade unions and collective bargaining more than fifty years before the passage of the Wagner Act in the United States; consolidated earlier laws in a Public Health Act; adopted the Sale of Food and Drugs Act which remained the principal measure on that subject in England until 1928; and placed new limitations on the working hours of women and children. Yet Blake comments that "it would be wrong to pitch Disraeli's claims too high as author of this valuable legislation." The principal reasons given for this warning are that Disraeli "took little interest in details," that much of the legislation was due to the hard work of the Home Secretary Richard Cross, and that reform was in the air anyway. But Cross owed his promotion to the Cabinet entirely to Disraeli, and Blake himself mentions that it took Disraeli's backing against the rest of the Cabinet to make Cross's proposals on trade union legislation prevail.

BLAKE'S NEGATIVE comments are almost regularly balanced by lines of faint praise, so that I may be accused of quoting out of context. He gives the impression of admiring Disraeli, but being afraid of what the *New Statesman* would say if his admiration became noticeable. Thus, after having poopoohed any connection between Disraeli's ideas about Tory democracy in the 1840's and the social legislation of his second administration in the 70's, having distributed credit for that legislation to Richard Cross, "electoral necessity," "the Civil Service pipeline," and the temper of the times, he sums up:

> Disraeli was at the head of the administration that brought this [social reform legislation] about, and he encouraged the policy even if he did not concern himself with its details. He deserves his share of the credit.

It would have been more accurate, I think, to say that he deserved the lion's share. It is as great an error to be blind to the organic links between the young Disraeli who spoke out against the Poor Laws in his thirties, the middle-aged Disraeli who expressed his political vision in the Young England novels of the 1840's and the social reform legislation of the Prime Minister in his seventies, as to accuse him of opportunism because he changed his mind on protection and other matters. As to the latter accusation, one may quote Goethe's rejoinder to a similar charge: "Did I have to become eighty, just to keep the same views?"

As soon as he had grown enough to stop doing childish things, he no longer worshiped carved images or idols. His life was all of a piece, despite all his failures, setbacks, and frustrations. Indeed, it may be the very contrast between the perilous movement of the climb and the abiding qualities of temperament and intelligence that has made his life so fascinating. Only fascination can account for the fact that, according to Professor B. R. Jerman, there have appeared at least fifty book-length studies of one or another aspect of his life, and thousands of other items on him in books and periodicals, and that the New York *Post*—of all places—has published excerpts from Blake's biography this past fall.

Disraeli hated cant and was remarkably free of it. Few of the blinders that bound the vision of other Victorians could prevent him from seeing facts as they were, and only now can the clarity of his judgment be fully appreciated.

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The Eastern Question may be dead history today, but Disraeli's lack of sympathy for nationalism, that scourge of his and our centuries, and his realistic appraisal of the inevitable consequences of a Balkanization of Eastern Europe are as topical as this year's news out of Africa. His housing legislation rested on insights expressed earlier in his novels *Tancred* and *Lothair*, insights that remain controversial among conservatives even today. In *Lothair* he said, "pauperism is not an affair so much of wages as of dwellings. If the working classes were properly lodged, at their present rate of wages, they would be richer. They would be healthier and happier at the same cost." In *Tancred* he indicted urban developments, "the creatures of our commerical wealth," referring to all those flat, dull, spiritless streets, all resembling each other like a large family of plain children," and pointed out that even the quarters erected by private enterprise for the rich were "so contrived as to be at the same time insipid and tawdry." His famous passage in *Sybil* about the two nations was written some thirty years before his social legislation and almost a hundred years before Michael Harrington's *The Other America*, and could have been written about America today:

"Two nations between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws."

"You speak of—" said Egremont, hesitatingly.

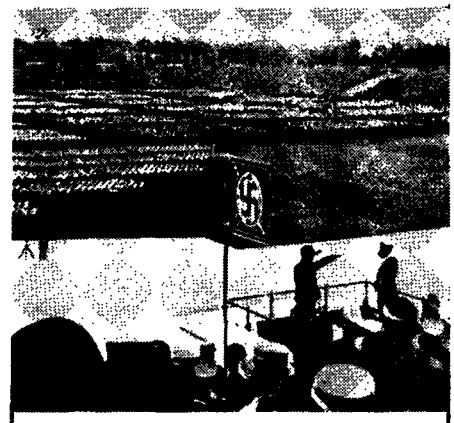
"*The Rich and the Poor.*"

It would be easy to add more examples of the modernity of Disraeli's thought, indeed its prophetic quality. The peculiar grace given Disraeli was to carry his judgment, his concern for the poor, his life in political combat lightly. His zest for life, his delight in society, his love for his friends, his sense of romance and poetry were not jaundiced by his earnestness of purpose. Blake quotes a passage from a letter written to Disraeli by his political opponent Sir William Harcourt: "To the imagination of the younger generation your life will always have a special fascination. For them you have enlarged the horizon of the possibilities of the future," and adds: "It would not be a bad epitaph." I like E. L. Woodward's evaluation in the Oxford English History* even better: "Disraeli's courage, quickness of wit, capacity for affection, and freedom from sordid motive, earned him his position. He brought politics nearer to poetry or, at all events, to poetical prose, than any English politician since Burke." But the best epitaph may be the final passage in André Maurois's *Disraeli*,† which is still the best short biography extant and the most in tune with Disraeli's spirit. Maurois comments on a remark made by a Dr. Ball to Lord Eustace Cecil some years after Disraeli's death. Ball recalled how they had berated their leaders Disraeli and Lord Darby as "the Jew and the Jockey," and now, he said, "I have seen his statue all covered with flowers," adding: "They have canonized him as a saint." And Maurois adds:

> As a saint? No, Disraeli was very far from being a saint. But perhaps as some old Spirit of Spring, ever vanquished and ever alive, and as a symbol of what can be accomplished in a cold and hostile universe by a long youthfulness of heart.

FRANZ M. OPPENHEIMER *is a practicing attorney in Washington, D.C.*

* *The Age of Reform 1815-1870*. Oxford, 1938. Reprinted 1954.
† Modern Library, 1942.



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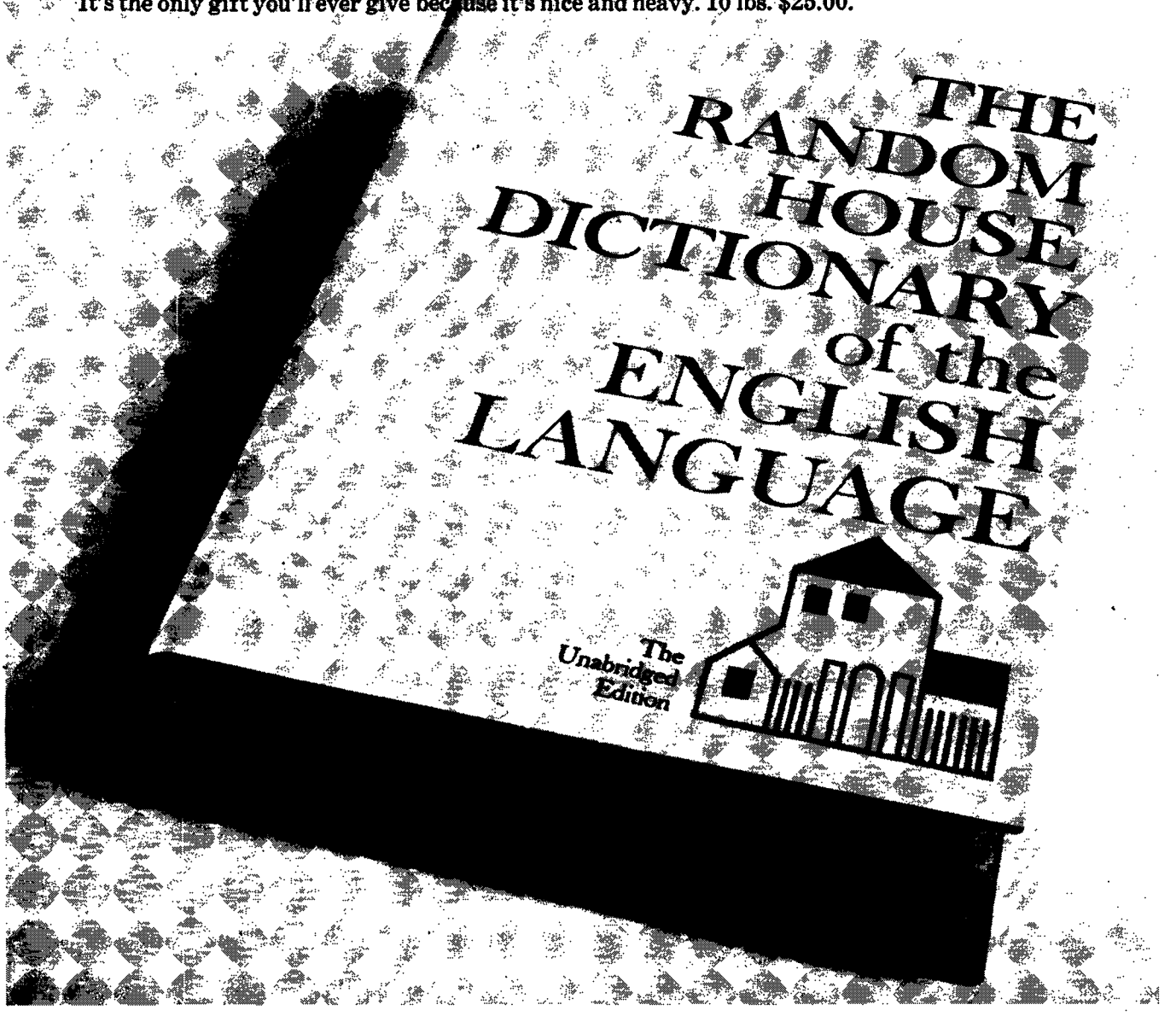

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GOP PROSPECTS

THE REPUBLICAN ESTABLISHMENT. By STEPHEN HESS and DAVID S. BRODER. *Harper & Row. 416 pp. $7.95.*

Reviewed by ANDREW HACKER

IT IS JUST conceivable, come January of 1969, that the nation will have a Republican President. To be sure, if this eventuality does come to pass it will be less a Republican victory than a Democratic defeat. Though there are still more registered Democrats in the country than Republicans, party identification is a far more tenuous loyalty now than it once was and the Republicans sense that if they play their cards right they can attract enough Democratic defectors to win in 1968. The question, as always, is which is the best strategy.

The Republican Establishment is really two books in one, which accounts for both its length and its price. One of these (which might well have been printed as a separate Appendix volume) is an interminable list of the men who currently staff the party, surround its Presidential aspirants, and figure in local GOP councils. If you want an informative line or two on Thomas G. Judd, Robert J. McIntosh, or Robert H. Headlee, here is the place to find it. It may well turn out that Glen L. Bachelder will someday be an Assistant Secretary of the Interior, or that "apple-cheeked" Jonathan Moore or "licensed-pharmacist" S. John Byington or "tall, balding" Richard C. Van Dusen will in time shape our Latin American policies. The Hess-Broder conception of an establishment is generously democratic, and there is a lot to be said for such an inclusive approach at this time. The Republicans are becoming an open-door party rather than an exclusive club. They are enlisting talented people in dozens of states and scores of cities and are turning over to them responsibilities hitherto hoarded by the old-line stalwarts. Still and all, the average reader will wonder how familiar he is obliged to be with Thomas Houser, Allen J. Marrinson, and "lanky, well-connected" Calvin Fentress III.

The second volume between these covers is what some English reviewers like to call a "plum pudding" of a book. Here is intelligent reportage underpinned by a tremendous amount of useful information. The chapters on the four principal contenders—Romney, Nixon, Percy, and Reagan—are full but not fulsome portraits of imperfect men. (The authors make no hard predictions, but their decision not to give Rockefeller a chapter of his own is a prediction in itself.) There are excursions into Romney's Mormonism, Percy's Christian Science, and Reagan's divorce—all the sorts of things one will have to know once the campaign gets underway. A useful effort is made to estimate the wealth of the aspirants. (Reagan netted $2 million by selling some choice real estate just prior to going to Sacramento. Percy has at least $6 million from his Bell & Howell days, and Romney took a little under $2 million out of American Motors. Nixon has only his $200,000-plus annual salary.)

Perhaps too much space and sympathy are given to the more vacuous pronouncements of the four, but there are times when a lengthy quotation really reveals the man. Thus Romney at the 1966 Governor's Conference, when asked about Vietnam:

> Well, look . . . I . . . I think it should . . . the question is this—there's been a great deal of interest in the governors' position on Vietnam and would I give my views. This is not a simple situation. There are no simple answers. I've been there . . . If this conflict involves the question of stopping Communism, the international Communist conspiracy, and stopping it in South Vietnam, if this conflict is really being supported by the Red Chinese and the Russians, and if this really is naked Communism, international conspiracy, then I think we have to weigh the question of how much we can escalate without their continuing to escalate if we agree that's the real issue. . . .

(Let me add for the record that I am not sure in my own mind about the journalistic ethics of transcribing unedited remarks directly from a tape-recording. Most of us fail to finish about a third of our sentences. But perhaps compunctions should be waived when it is would-be Presidents we are looking at.)

The best chapters are those depicting the continued presence of the Goldwater echelon, which has transferred its affections to the current governor of California. No one knows how many of these true believers will be at the 1968 convention or the power-balance they will wield there. But it can even now be assumed that the Reagan strategy, like Goldwater's, is a quiet rounding-up of delegates in the thirty-six states which do not have primaries. Thus there is every possibility that 1964 will happen all over again: the moderates still undecided on their choice by convention time, while the conservatives happily concentrate their support on a single man. And it is for this reason that I think that Reagan has to be taken very seriously, not simply as a possible nominee but also as a potential winner next November.

BY THE SAME token, the weakness of *The Republican Establishment* lies in its self-imposed establishment orientation. While the au-

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thors have spared no shoe-leather in visiting state capitols and campaign suites, they have not interspersed those trips with even some token interviews among garden-variety voters. Perhaps this job is best left to Samuel Lubell (how we have come to depend on him!) as he gently converses with housewives in Denver, truckdrivers in Providence, and retired insurance salesmen in St. Augustine. Yet this kind of pulse-taking is necessary, if only because the establishment's view of the electorate may already be an outmoded one.

Leaving Nixon out of the picture, the real difference is between Romney and Percy and Rockefeller on the one hand, and Reagan on the other. The former three are typical Republican moderates in the Willkie-Dewey mold. They are not obsessed with the perfidy of Communism, and they are concerned over the plight of the nation's less successful citizens. The old theory was that the GOP needed to nominate a moderate in order to woo away Democrats. While Willkie and Dewey lost, Eisenhower's victory pumped life into the theory; and certainly Goldwater's defeat renewed the idea that a winning Republican had to swim in the mainstream.

BUT I AM not sure that the mainstream is coursing where it once did. The trouble with Goldwater, of course, was that he went "too far" with his purblind conservatism. The strength of Reagan is that he used California—which is no longer an atypical state—as a laboratory for determining just where to stop before falling into the Arizonian's abyss. Thus his moralizing is smoothly suburban rather than squarely small-town. If he speaks in hawkish accents, it is without being scarifying about atomic defoliation. And when he inveighs against big government, he stops short of dismantling Social Security.

If Reagan's pitch is conservative in content, its importance is that it is a conservatism which made sense to a statewide majority. (He beat Pat Brown by over a million votes.) He knows that the majority of the national electorate are white, own their own homes, and have graduated to the status of disgruntled taxpayers. He neither wants nor needs the votes of Negroes or intellectuals or those on welfare. Whether by intelligence or intuition, Reagan has concluded that an admixture of conservatism and populism is just what most Americans are ready for.

Thus his vendetta against the University of California was founded on a sound political premise: the majority of Californians do not want to pay taxes to support "quality" education of the Clark Kerr variety. While they may want their own children to go to college—en route to becoming accountants or engineers or branch managers—they have no commitment whatsoever to research, scholarship, or the accoutrements of the academic life. This is not to say that they are "anti-education." Rather, their general view of what higher education is for (and this outlook is by no means confined to California) is to elevate their offspring into respectable middle-class careers. Beyond that modest ambition they have no desire to foot the bills.

What I am suggesting is that the old theory of the moderate mainstream assumed that an electoral majority would only rally behind a Republican candidate who accepted or at least espoused the civility of the Eastern gentry. (Even Nixon tempered the ardor of his anti-Communism to prepare himself for the nomination.) But today's majority is more confident of itself, more impressed with its own ideas, and now expects to have its interests and prejudices appealed to by those who aspire to office. Hence the mild racist overtones to Reagan's rhetoric, not openly anti-Negro of course but rather directed to the fears of householders that the resale value of their homes may plummet if undesirables are allowed entry to their neighborhoods. Hence the mild racist overtones to not so much on the moral evil of Communism as in supporting the many Americans who feel the need to affirm the devoutness of their patriotism. And hence his readiness to cut welfare and mental-health appropriations, knowing that most voters feel no identity with, or compassion for, society's losers.

And hence my conclusion that Reagan could win not only the GOP nomination but the Presidency as well. He is already picking up convention delegates, and a good set of riots in the summer of 1968 could just muster enough fear and indignation to put him in the White House. (It is quite possible that George Wallace would withdraw in his favor, although it would take tremendous finesse on both their parts to allay the suspicion that a "deal" had been made.)

The conservative populism of Ronald Reagan is, needless to say, a very un-establishment strategy. And my reason for devoting as much time as I have to him here is that Hess and Broder's perspective is that of the traditional establishment and their implicit assumption is that only a moderate Republican can win the 1968 election. They may well be right, but they could also be terribly wrong. The key to next November lies in the real fears and deep resentments which are beginning to agitate the working and lower-middle classes of white America. I don't think that Hess and Broder know as much as they should about what is going on in the heart and mind of this mid-section of our citizenry. I am not sure that I do myself. But I think that Ronald Reagan does.

ONE MAN'S ISRAEL

THE ARYANIZATION OF THE JEWISH STATE: A POLEMIC. By MICHAEL SELZER. *Black Star Books. 119 pp. $5.00.*

Reviewed by SHLOMO AVINERI

ANYONE WHO HAS ever perused a John Birch Society pamphlet about the Communist Conspiracy will experience a similar sensation on reading this little book about Israel and Zionism. An impressive mass of data and facts has been assembled; historical perspectives have been traced; all the right quotations have been adduced; a good deal of the argument even manages to make sense; yet the outcome corresponds to a reality that exists solely in the mind of the author.

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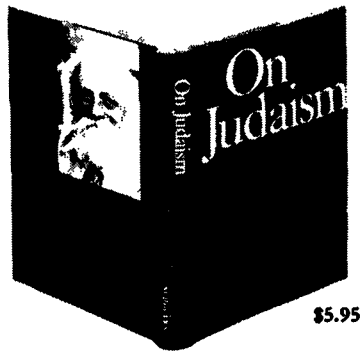
Michael Selzer is a young journalist who spent some time in Israel. He was born in India to Central European Jewish parents, educated in Pakistan and at Oxford, and is now a resident of the United States; his personal odyssey is sadly reflected in this book. During his student days Selzer was president of the Zionist Society at Oxford University; now he works for the violently anti-Zionist American Council for Judaism. Not unexpectedly, his book has the unmistakable air of having been written by a disillusioned renegade, turning now with venom against the ideals he once so dearly —and naively—cherished. It seems safe to assume that Selzer's erstwhile Zionism was as uncritical as his present virulent rejection of it.

The substance of the book can be conveniently summarized under three headings: that contrary to what the Zionists maintain, Zionism should not be considered the apotheosis of Jewish history, but is rather an aberration in terms of the Jewish heritage; that a Western culture is being forcefully imposed upon Israel's Oriental immigrants; and that Israel will not be able to achieve peace with its Arab neighbors unless it "orientalizes" its culture.

Each of these arguments has some substance to it and none is highly original; all three have been repeatedly advanced—on different levels of sophistication—by various spokesmen both outside and inside Israel. Selzer could have certainly contributed to a fruitful discussion about the basic issues bedeviling Israel's political and social life had he not chosen to sensationalize each of the arguments cited above to such a degree that it loses any kernel of analytical validity it might have possessed.

The explosive title of the book is a case in point. Though it will conceivably add to its marketability, it hardly lends credibility or integrity to its author's purpose. A good argument can be made, for instance, that many of the spiritual and cultural roots of Zionism have to be understood within the context of 19th-century Central and Eastern European nationalism; that the Jewish Enlightenment in Eastern Europe, the *Haskalá*, was as unjustifiably critical of the Jewish rabbinical tradition as the French Enlightenment was of the Catholic Church and the Middle Ages and that, as a result, Zionism in its more propagandistic aspects sometimes inherited a somewhat distorted picture of Jewish history; and that consequently some of the facile Zionist images about the "parasitic" Jewish life in the Diaspora have their equivalents in anti-Semitic images. All this is known, and not particularly startling or novel; after all, Malcolm X's characterizations of Negro deficiencies sometimes resembled white images about Negro laziness, drunkenness, and sexual promiscuity. But to proceed from there to statements like, "The *Haskala* origins of the Zionist Movement ensured that movement's evolution along fundamentally anti-Semitic lines," or that "Zionism wishes to transform the Jew into an Aryan," and that consequently Israel is being "Aryanized," is an insult to the reader's common sense and basic logic. It is as honest as calling a plea for free medical services a "Bolshevization of America," and the evidence brought to bear is of the same character (after all, the Soviets do have free medical services).

WHAT THIS "Aryanization" of the Jewish people implies, or what it is meant to include, is never clearly stated by Selzer; hence one cannot even try to judge him right or wrong. The only instance where he approaches some kind of concrete statement is in connection with the Zionist postulate of inverting the lopsided occupational pyramid of Eastern European Jewry. It may well be that creating peasants out of intellectuals and shopkeepers is not such a lofty idea, and there certainly is a lot of vicarious self-congratulation lurking in the enthusiasm of present-day Hadassah groups thrilling over Jewish "peasants" in Israel. Yet behind all this there exist the hard facts of social structure, and it would be foolish to imply, as Selzer does, that the 19th-century Eastern European Jewish social structure was either viable or commendable. Selzer may argue that some *Haskala*-oriented Zionists foolishly tried to turn



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themselves into peasants and workers; the millions of Jews who emigrated from Tsarist Russia to America, England, and South Africa, however, were not motivated by any such ideology, but rather by the hard facts of an abnormal, explosive, and degrading social structure. It may well be too that the Zionist critique of this structure included a lot of physiocratic romanticism, yet the motivation for this critique, as well as for Jewish mass emigration to the West, had deep social roots, and it is precisely these which Selzer so blithely overlooks. Selzer's inability to confront sociological factors, his naive insistence that an ideology ("Zionism") is at the root of all that went wrong, and that, furthermore, ideology can be discussed outside the context of social relations, all compound his incapacity to render any significant historical explanation of the phenomena he is trying to discuss.

This is not to suggest that one must endorse *en bloc* all the historiosophic claims made by traditional Zionism, but Selzer's obstinate refusal to admit that Zionism might have been at least partly correct in its diagnosis of the Jewish condition leads him to perfectly absurd positions. In the latter part of the book he discusses Simon Dubnow's ideas of Jewish sociocultural autonomy within Gentile society; quite rightly he points out that many of the traits Dubnow wished to see realized in Eastern Europe can now be discerned in what the political jargon currently calls the pluralistic structure of America. This is fair enough; Selzer, however, simply does not confront the fact that Dubnow was preaching autonomism in *Eastern Europe*, and in Eastern Europe he was proved to be wrong—fatally wrong. That six million Jews were massacred in Europe impinges on Selzer's intellectual game not a bit, nor does it affect his judgment at all that with regard to Eastern Europe the Zionists were, alas, right. This does not have to reflect itself, to be sure, in one's views on American pluralism, but to read back from American pluralism to Dubnow's autonomism without ever mentioning the Holocaust is like discussing the Negro in America without mentioning slavery. It is an interesting intellectual game, but little else.

Similarly cavalier is Selzer's approach to the problem of Oriental Jews in Israel. No issue has been more debated in Israel than the gap between the Western and Oriental Jewish communities in that country; there seems to be a consensus, indeed, that ultimately Israel's success or failure as an experiment in social reconstruction will depend on its ability to create a culture that can be commonly shared by Jews of both European and non-European background; and it should be emphasized that Israel has not as yet achieved a solution that can be cited as ultimate proof of success. There is little doubt that some of the initial attitudes of Israel's oldtimers to the Oriental newcomers were tinged with a paternalistic humanitarianism which did not always make it easy for the bewildered immigrants to feel really at home. Yet the picture painted by Selzer in his book has very little to do either with the present reality of the situation or with the policies now being adopted in Israel to handle it.

SELZER BEGINS his account of the Oriental problem with the sensible statement that:

> There is very little of what might be called overt racial discrimination in Israel. Occasionally, instances in which an Oriental Jew is refused housing or employment because of his ethnic origin do indeed come to the notice of the Israeli public. They are usually widely condemned and are in no sense characteristic of the Israeli social scene.

Yet what follows is such an amalgam of hyperbole, outdated statistics, and pure ignorance, that it is almost impossible to find one's way through it. The variety of sources quoted is quite bizarre: as proof of some point about cultural orientation, for instance, the reader is presented with what Teddy Kollek, the mayor of Jerusalem, told Selzer while the latter was press officer at the Israel Museum; further buttressing the case is a 1930 quotation from the daily newspaper *Davar*. Selzer particularly delights

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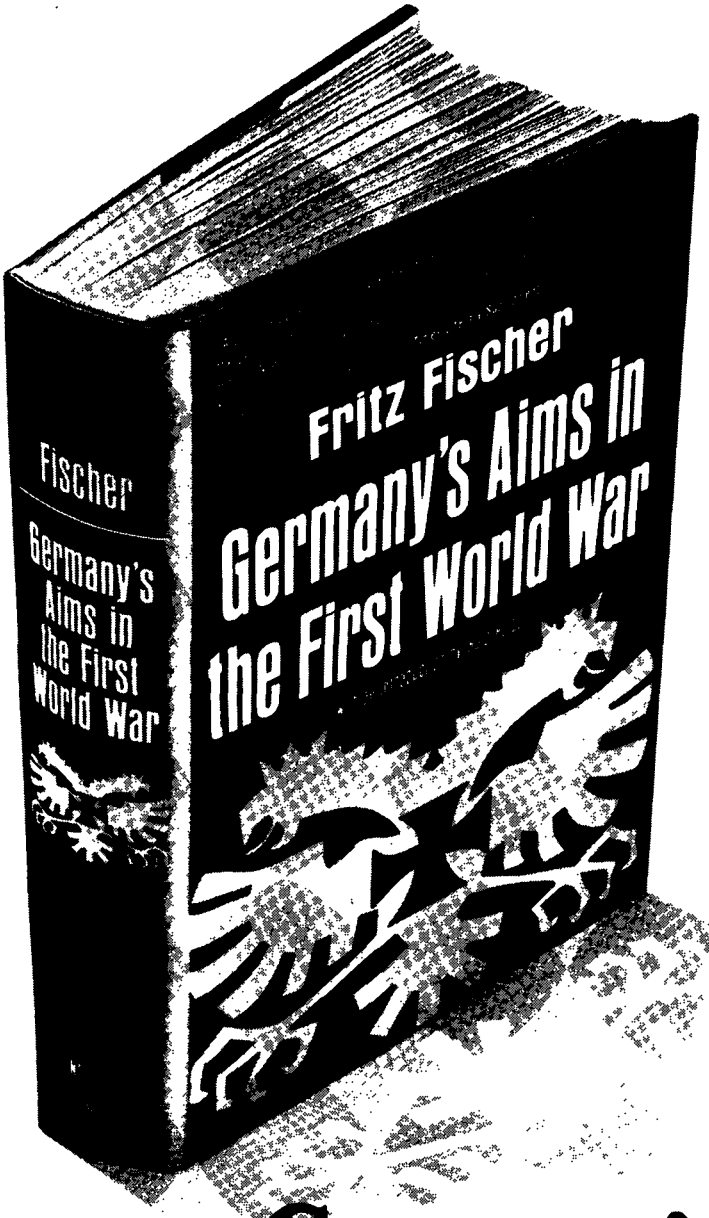

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in using the word *Ostjuden* as a term of abuse in a way reminiscent of its use by established German Jews in America during the mass immigration of Eastern European Jews to the United States. In addition, although he does refer to some sociological data, all Selzer's quotations are from English-language publications; he seems to be totally unaware of the large amount of valuable research which has recently been done in Israel and published in Hebrew, and is as much an outsider to the literature of Israeli social science as any other foreign journalist.

In the absence of any coherent mastery of the situation, what emerges is a collection of anecdotes pasted over by sensationalistic jargon. The basic hysteria of Selzer's argument is best exemplified by the term he uses to describe the attempt to introduce Oriental newcomers to European values: for him this constitutes "cultural genocide." Now most Israeli sociologists and educators agree that the simpleminded imposition of Western values on Oriental immigrants has sometimes had shattering effects, and indeed a more pluralistic attitude has evolved over the years. Genocide, however, is a very specific term; invoking it in a purely figurative way may sometimes be journalistically rewarding, but it is the very height of intellectual irresponsibility. The absurdity of the charge is heightened by the fact that the only concrete example cited by Selzer to prove his thesis of "cultural genocide" is the Israeli law prohibiting polygamy. Now that similar laws have been enacted in some of the Arab countries, one wonders whether Selzer would call *them* "cultural genocide" as well. Similarly, and by the same standards, the abolition of the caste system in India might also be called "cultural genocide." Where would Selzer stand on *that*? The basic intellectual dishonesty involved in Selzer's argument on this and other issues has the effect of making those of his points that do possess validity disappear in the maze of generalized and unfounded statements.

IN ALL, it seems legitimate to ask whether what really underlies Selzer's anger is not some genteel paternalistic racism. When he argues that Israeli school curricula do not incorporate enough of the Oriental Jewish heritage and are thus tailored to the European pupil, he seems to be airing a legitimate complaint. It may be a mere quibble that here too he shows himself ignorant of the changes in the curriculum which have been made in the last few years in that direction (and he himself in his chapter on Jewish history devotes no more than a passing reference to such products of the Oriental heritage as Maimonides and Gersonides). But what is more basic is that Selzer criticizes the Israeli school system because it is a *Western* system as such; his point is not that the content of teaching should be overhauled, but that the whole system, with its "Western orientation," should be scrapped. In order really to integrate the Oriental children Selzer suggests that Israel should "orientalize" its school system. A similar cure is suggested for the Israeli-Arab conflict: "The first step toward any kind of accommodation with the Arab world must be the orientalization of Israeli society and norms."

What should one make of such Oxford-based Oriental romanticism? While the whole non-European world is trying to modernize, to "occidentalize," Israel should "orientalize." While the Arab countries desperately attempt to become more modern and more Western, Israel, in order to accommodate itself to them, should become less Western. Now, we may grant that the general drive toward "modernization" in the non-European world, as well as Israel's pressure-cooker methods, is sometimes naive and simpleminded; but isn't it the fact that Israel is actually achieving with a reasonable modicum of success what Egypt and Ghana, India and China are all trying to do—at least in terms of education? It would be a fair guess to assume that, faced with a choice between Saudi Arabia and Egypt, Selzer would prefer the Egyptian drive toward modernization to Saudi conservatism. But evidently this does not hold for Israel.

How, after all, does one "orient-

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alize"? I hope it is not unfair to surmise that the reintroduction of polygamy would be one criterion. What next? Cut out science and math in school? Turn the Weizmann Institute into an Academy for Mysticism? Dismantle industry, turn Israeli farmers into *fellahin*? On a most fundamental level one wonders if Selzer's doubt about the feasibility of Western education for Oriental children does not originate in a basic mistrust of the Oriental's capacity to catch up with modern, rationalistic civilization. Israel believes that the Orientals are in fact able to do so, that there is nothing inherent about their "backwardness"; though modernization undoubtedly demands its price, the tensions in Israeli society seem on the whole less severe than in other societies, and the latest educational statistics show a slow but constant upward curve. Selzer, on the other hand, cherishes a romantic sentimentalism about Oriental values, with—ultimately—the hidden, condescending premise that maybe those "natives" really don't have it in them to get ahead by Western standards.

The same goes for his advice concerning the orientalization of Israeli norms as a means toward the achievement of peace in the Middle East. It can be plausibly argued that the search for peace in that region has to be predicated on the adoption by Arab leaders of Western standards of reality, veracity, and rationality. But even if this premise be rejected, has the Middle East been such a haven of peace and tranquility over the last few centuries and decades that only Israel's Western presence can be said to have disturbed it? What are the Oriental standards of political discourse that Israel should adopt? The norms of Egyptian-Jordanian relations? The standards of political power in Syria? The Yemeni idyll? It may well be that the broadcasts of Kol Israel are modeled too closely on the BBC (I wish they were), and that this is not the best way to communicate with the Oriental newcomer. But does the way out of this dilemma lead through an educational process that will ultimately make the newcomer capable of communicating on a rational basis

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—or should Israel simply adopt the standards of Radio Cairo? I wish Selzer would be more explicit in his prescriptions.

SELZER'S DISSCUSSION of the integration and participation of Oriental immigrants in Israeli politics is likewise lopsided and uninformed. He rightly points out that the "communal" lists of Oriental candidates were never successful in parliamentary elections and never managed to elect even one member to the Knesset. Yet he fails to mention the most outstanding phenomenon in Israeli politics of the last few years: the gradual penetration and capture of local party machines by an ethnic, Oriental bloc. Here again, Selzer's failure to understand or perceive social phenomena obscures his vision completely. Had he been better acquainted with the sociological literature on political integration of ethnic groups, he would have known where to look for the symptoms of integration. It is true that as of now only 12 per cent of the members of the Knesset are Orientals (as opposed to a figure of 35-40 per cent in the electorate as a whole), but this represents a substantial increase since the 1961 elections; the figure has been going up steadily from one election to the next, and it is a safe bet that it will be going up again in the elections of 1969.

In the area of ethnic integration, however, the significant level of political activity is not the national but the local. Here it is true that the Oriental newcomers were initially manipulated by a European machine, or rather by a plurality of machines; it would be hard to overestimate the power wielded by the various party-machines over a bewildered immigrant population introduced to democracy under conditions of extreme socio-cultural dislocation. Yet, over the years, the same phenomenon known to every analyst of urban politics in America has also occurred in Israel's new towns and immigrant suburbs: European oldtimers have been ousted by Oriental ward-captains, who control the delivery of the ethnic vote. Thus, the real political power-base of the Oriental community is being created in the rough going of local politics. The percentage of Oriental city councillors is, on the average, double that of Oriental parliamentary representatives; Beersheva, Eilat, Dimona, Kiryat Shmona, and Ashdod have Oriental mayors; Jerusalem has an Oriental deputy-mayor; many smaller towns (like Or Yehuda, Zikhron Yaacov, Ramat Hasharon) have also recently elected Oriental mayors. Many cities and towns have Oriental Histadrut secretaries—a most powerful political position; many local Mapai branches have Oriental secretaries; the No. 2 patronage dispenser of Mapai is a Yemenite. Altogether, the Israeli local political machine looks today very much as the American big city machines looked when the Irish and Italians began to take over the Democratic party on the local level; the day on which a Kennedy might be elected President of the United States was still far off, but the power base had already been laid for such an eventuality.

It is this gradual Oriental takeover of town halls, Histadrut branches, party machines, etc., which is the most encouraging sign in the political development of Israel; its impact on national politics is increasing from day to day. Some of these New Politicians might shock an Eastern European ideologue (they would also shock the genteel sensibility of Selzer); but political power grows out of smoke-filled rooms, and the fact is that the accent heard in those rooms today tends increasingly toward the guttural. Democracy has its own mechanisms of power, and the Oriental takeover of local politics is Israel's best guarantee that the future of its Oriental population will not resemble that of the politically alienated and excluded American Negro but that of the Irish and the Italian immigrants who successfully used the democratic political structure as a means of social integration. Selzer has nothing of all this.

IN HIS OPENING pages Selzer is sensible enough to avoid a definition of what it is to be Jewish. He adopts a broadly pluralistic attitude, accepting the view that Jewishness is

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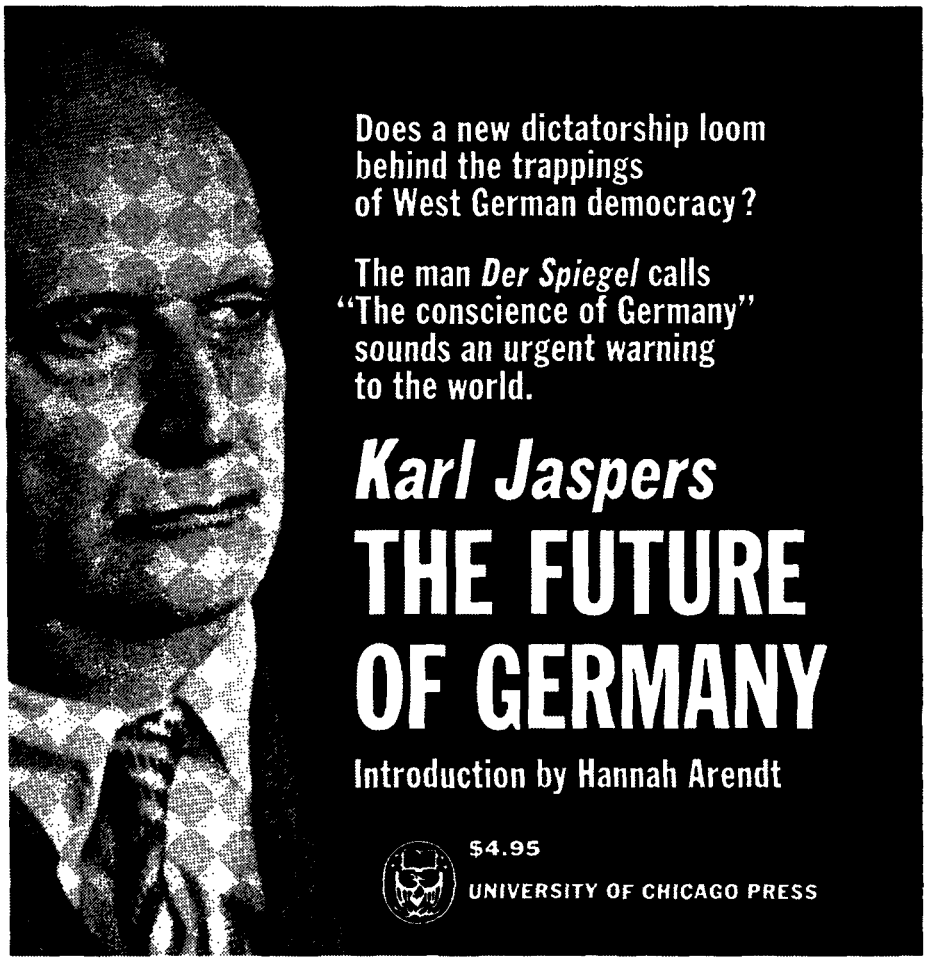
after all a matter of personal commitment and personal identity, and that there is no authoritative *means of dictating a one-dimensional* definition. Toward the end of his book, however, he seems to imply that the Zionist interpretation of Jewish history and identity is the one interpretation that is not covered by his pluralistic, *laissez-faire* approach.

This is a legitimate position, although it certainly reflects a less liberal world-view than the one implied in Selzer's first pages. Yet it also raises a series of questions which are never tackled by the author—questions, moreover, of basic moral judgment. For how can one advocate a deep concern for Jews everywhere, but somehow have no concern about Israel? Israel may not be that special, but at the very least one must take into account the fact that over two million Jews live there. Nor does it seem consistent to demonstrate a deep preoccupation with the fate of Sephardi Jews in Israel, and at the same time to be indifferent to the fate of Israel in general. It is, to be sure, possible to argue that such a position, twisted as it might appear to the outsider, is legitimate in its tortured way; the author, after all, is searching in agony for his own identity, burdened by guilt as a Western man, and many have sought their own identity by denying the identity of others. But when these postulates are turned, as they are by Selzer, into already existing historical facts, one begins finally to entertain some basic doubts about the author's good faith. Thus, for instance, in his concluding chapter, Selzer remarks, "Even those minimal bonds now existing between Israel and other Jewish communities throughout the world are diminishing. . . . Contacts between Israel and the Diaspora will now become increasingly insignificant." A grain of truth there may be in this statement, but how silly it looks after the Six-Day War. There is no doubt that relations between Israel and the Diaspora are problematical, and that under normal circumstances will continue to be so; but relations among Jewish communities in the Diaspora over the centuries have been no less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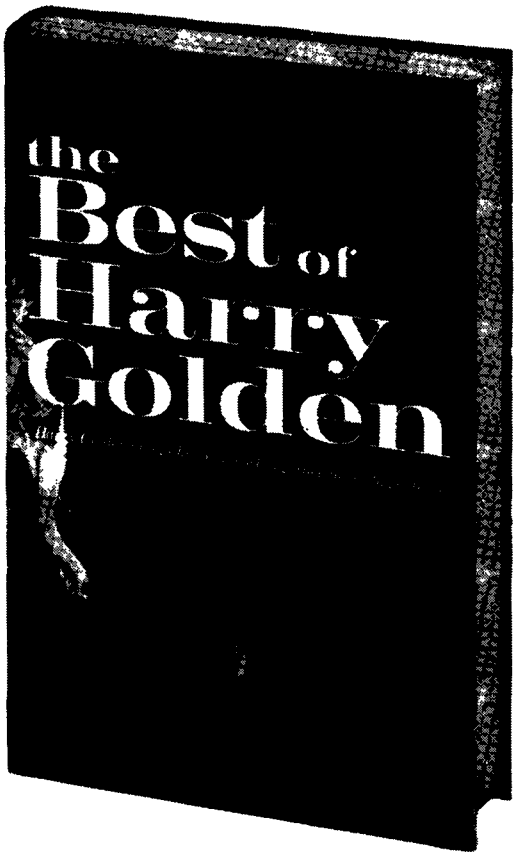
problematical. It is in times of stress, not in times of peace and security, that Jewish identity and cohesion come to the fore, and it is here that the Six-Day War of 1967 proved the basic assumption underlying Selzer's argument to be wrong.

Now, I would be the first to admit that there was a shrillness occasionally evident in the reaction of many American Jews to the crisis that precipitated the June war —a shrillness, I believe, that is attributable at least in part to the fact that these were Americans, and many Americans react in a hysterical way to foreign policy issues. On the whole, however, American attitudes toward Red China, Cuba, and Vietnam have been far more hysterical and uncritical than was the attitude of most American Jews toward Israel last May and June. Their reaction, moreover, was not the calculated result of a successful Zionist public-relations campaign; Israel, however much it might like to be a Goliath in public relations, is simply not up to it. All ideological considerations aside—for they really didn't matter in this case—what happened in May and June of 1967 was that many American (and European) Jews, who in their daily life care little about Israel, would certainly not consider settling there, and under normal circumstances would not bother themselves with fund-raising campaigns or any other ostensible sign of Jewish communal participation, realized all of a sudden that something that had a direct bearing on their Jewishness was now at stake, that they as Jews would be impoverished by the elimination of Israel from the map. One would be hard put to explain in what precise way they felt that the survival of Israel was meaningful to them; one could, I suppose, adopt Selzer's broadminded pluralism in answering this question, for it is, after all, a corollary to the question of what makes one Jew.

Yet the fact remains that even when the feelings of agony and euphoria evoked by the Six-Day War will have worn off, historically point has been proved. It is ironical that it was *Israel's Oriental*

Ah, it's good to see people laugh.



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Problem, the monthly bulletin of the Council of the Sephardi Community in Jerusalem (and a magazine once edited by Selzer during his stay in Israel) that stated in its issue of July 1967:

> Those "Six Days in June" have demonstrated beyond a shadow of doubt how inextricably linked together are the fates of Israel and of Jewry. The spontaneous and unlimited support for Israel by Jews everywhere was characteristic of this oft-forgotten solidarity, whose practical implications we all felt with deep gratification.

The Sephardi Council of Jerusalem may also, of course, be fallible, and Selzer would presumably dissociate himself now from its statement. Maybe all those people should not have cared, and, in the case of Jews in the Communist countries, should not have stuck their necks out. But then Selzer is already speaking an increasingly private language, shared by very few people in the Diaspora. It is true that the House of Israel has many rooms; but it is a sorry sight to observe that in at least one of them a sensitive person is condemning himself to solitary confinement.

LEGAL SURVEY

THE LAWYERS. By MARTIN MAYER. *Harper & Row. 586 pp. $8.95.*

Reviewed by DAVID T. BAZELON

WITH THIS sizable book representing a six-year effort, Martin Mayer takes his dearly earned place as America's leading amateur lawyer. When he wrote his book about advertising people, Mr. Mayer did not have to become an advertising man himself. Nor did he, in my recollecton, exert himself to touch all bases (anyway, compared to advertising men, lawyers have more bases than Ty Cobb chasing Jackie Robinson for decades could touch). We may suppose, then, that law compels Mr. Mayer more deeply than advertising; and we may just note (though I detest this kind of irresistible psychoanalytic thing) that both his parents are lawyers—which suggests, of course, that to become a lawyer (without jeopardizing his amateur status) he did not have to go to law school—for the good and sufficient reason that he had been raised in one.

MR. MAYER has attempted a comprehensive survey not only of lawyer activity—how much money in negligence practice, how many lawyers in Washington, what a night school is like, etc.—but something like a survey of the law itself. It must be a hundred years or more since any single legal scholar has undertaken a *survey*, as distinct from a characterization, of American law with examples. We have some encyclopedias in the law, but they run to dozens of oversized volumes, and have little status among the better technicians. By its very nature, the law cannot be surveyed; it makes sense, if at all, only as it is *given* sense—most often through an argument in a particular case, or, in law-review/treatise work covering a larger problem or an entire field, through a consistent prejudice which lawyers like to call a "policy argument." What then is Mr. Mayer's argument? I am kindest to him if I say that I do not find any in the book that is consistent or coherent; but I start to be unkind if I say that the book is swarming with the kind of practice-argumentation that one can overhear at any time of day or night in any good law-school dormitory (this being far and away the primary educating factor in the initial training of a lawyer).

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- A leading Boston lawyer took cash instead of stock—on a collection job in the early days—from Henry Ford, yet?
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300,000 lawyers was $13,000 in 1966?

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Thoughout *The Lawyers*, Mr. Mayer gives us a lot of this sort of thing (including a whole chapter on law publishers, which is fresh and excellent). But the defect of this virtue is that Mr. Mayer's approach to the law is merely inquisitive, and based merely on his own energetic eccentricity. Thus, in his chapter, "The Business of the Courts," a cause of action is defined in one helpful sentence, and motions are dealt with by means of a complaining quotation from a former judge and the author's timely reminder that the key to successful motion practice is the Christmas present to the clerk. In his chapter on torts, the nature of "loss of consortium" is firmly fixed in mind with the parenthetical remark that it is "a fancy word for sexual intercourse: courts have even worried deeply about how much a wife is entitled to if her husband's accident deprived him of one testicle." Tax lawyers are concentrated in New York City, we are told, "because taxes and the money market are closely related." (Nothing else?) The Robinson-Patman Act gets two paragraphs in which space is found to note the FTC's "lawyer-like ignorance of the significance of actual marketing practices" but no space is found to mention the political reasons for the initial passage or subsequent immovability of this absurd statute, nor is there any mention of the presence of numerous economists on the Commission's staff.

The most characteristic fault of this book is the presentation of a fact or a statement which presumes to inform us as to law and lawyers, but which in truth misleads through inadequacy. Here is one example of many: "Associates may talk to clients, but they are almost never authorized to sign letters of opinion." Associates (i.e., non-partner attorneys) do indeed spend long hours talking to clients and writing letters, all of which has nothing to do with signing opinion letters (which they also write). An opinion letter is the basis of a malpractice action, like an accountant's certificate; it is always signed in the firm name by a partner identified as such, to ensure the firm's liability; no client in his right mind would accept an opinion letter (they are expensive) signed by a non-partner, because such a signature would leave open the factual issue of authorization in a subsequent malpractice suit. Now my point is that Mr. Mayer should not have included this fact without an explanation; in the absence of the latter, nobody is being informed of anything, and the statement as it stands is a senseless *non sequitur*.

And then there is Mr. Mayer's famous quotesmanship. To be succinct, the talent he displays is in the gathering, not in the deploying. It fascinates me that, as a journalist, he uses quotes the way a mediocre win-the-argument lawyer cites cases—except that he usually argues both sides of each case. This frequently enables him, with a wordy show of fairness, to give a double Bronx cheer to single aspects of

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the profession. On many other occasions, the point of this Indian-giving method of composition seems merely to be the obvious convenience it offers the harassed writer actually to use all the index cards he has collected. Mr. Mayer's gathering-instinct is catholic, to say the least; and while I personally have no prejudice against gossip, I did wonder occasionally about its value to the lay reader; anyway, many of the juxtapositions are jarring even when the word-of-mouth or library quotes are individually intriguing.

I don't mean to suggest that Mr. Mayer doesn't have his own opinions on a great range of matters connected with law and lawyers—even a good number that are not subsequently retracted. Here, *I* am the eccentric: my problem is that I just don't agree with very many of them. For example, he follows Alexander Bickel on reapportionment, and seems to favor Herbert Wechsler in criminal law: I did not, do not, and will not. But there are also a good many straightforward views expressed which I would both hope and expect that very few lawyers might consider acceptable. Most spectacularly, Mr. Mayer finds the presumption of innocence functioning primarily to inhibit intelligent discussion of crime; and he assures us that 95 per cent of adult defendants in serious cases "have unquestionably done *something* for which they could properly be punished by law" (his emphasis). Nor are matters any better in civil litigation—*"where both sides are usually more or less right"* (my emphasis, this time). Not only lawyers but numerous philosophers are apt to object to his definition of justice—"The only possible operational definition of the word says that justice is the visceral reaction of informed people." In fact, he is generally bilious toward the entire adversary system. Deal-making, maneuvering, etc., before trial (and plea-bargaining in criminal law) he everywhere takes as evidence that trials aren't important anyway. This reveals such a profound misunderstanding of the essentially symbolic nature of the legal system, the role of lawyers in it, and its role in society, that one is almost embarrassed at taking the book seriously at all.

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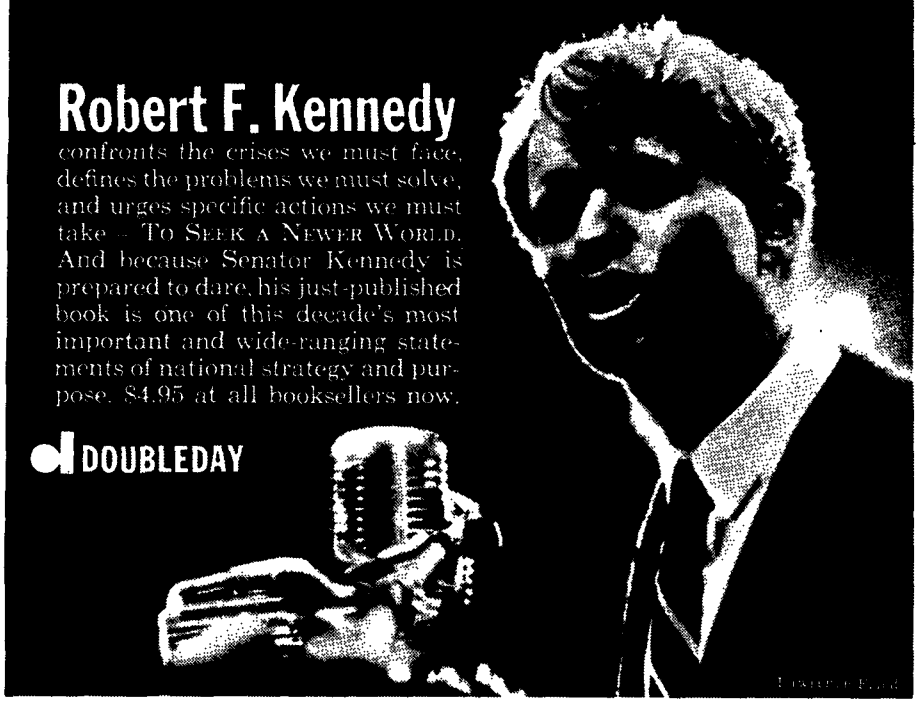

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M. Anderson is about as long as the longer of Heidegger's pieces. Moreover, the Memorial Address, though interesting as a talk, is hardly a good instance of Heidegger's thought; and the conversation about thinking will be extremely difficult for anyone not acquainted with Heidegger's other "thinkings." In fact, it is about as hard to follow as anything I ever read by him. What is the public to make of such a book? And why were the fine essays by Heidegger on poetry, on technics, on Hoelderlin, on Nietzsche, and on nihilism, essays long ago translated into French and which would be intelligible to many, not brought together for American readers? The present *Discourse on Thinking* is bound to disappoint and disorient anyone unable to evaluate it.

So let me say something to readers of just this volume. Heidegger, the chief instigator of existentialism (with which, however, he refuses to identify his thinking), is first and foremost a master of ambiguity; and his talent for philosophy, which is indisputable, he has himself distinguished from the talent for truth. (No doubt this is why Stuart Hampshire called him a bad philosopher; also a bad man. Wasn't Heidegger a Nazi for a time?) There is danger, to be sure, especially for a thinker, in thinking there might be something better than truth. Many have asked: does Heidegger mean what he says?

I'm not sure that he says what he means in the Memorial Address. In substance it is a defense of what Heidegger calls "meditative thinking" as against the currently wider mode of thinking which he calls "calculative." Though the Address is somewhat portentous (Heidegger describes our modern world as one in which the kind of thinking he refers to as "calculative" threatens to change the relations of men to things and to their fellows) it is, in its conclusions, modest enough, and in no sense outrageous. Heidegger does not deny that "calculative" thinking is necessary, even valuable. He does not call for a rejection of such thinking, but only insists that there is place for meditation. A modest place. And what should be our comportment toward the technological? In answer he says that we should "let technical devices enter our daily life, and at the same time leave them outside. That is, let them alone, as things which are nothing absolute but remain dependent upon something higher. I would call this comportment toward technology which expresses 'yes' and at the same time, 'no,' by an old expression, *releasement toward things.*" So, in his Address, Heidegger does little more than plead for a continued interest in meditation, and a partial rejection of the technological, in other words, the calculative.

The conversation on thinking is a more complex piece; here Heidegger indulges his flair for using terms new to philosophical discourse—also likely to be incomprehensible to the lay reader. I must add that the conversation, in which there are three participants —a teacher, a scholar, and a scientist—does not have the form of a real dialogue, being without a dramatic setting, and without any characterization of the speakers; it could have been more truly presented as a kind of stream of consciousness—the stream of consciousness, of course, of a philosopher. This is hardly the exchange of different views as held by different persons. What is advocated? Waiting. And real waiting, it is asserted, means making no decision as to what it is for which you wait. So, for instance, if you were waiting for Godot, or God, for that matter, if you knew you were waiting for *Him,* you would not really be *waiting.* To wait means not to know for what or for whom one waits. At its close, the conversation does rise to a kind of not very clear and not very consecutive series of poetic statements:

Scientist: Indeed, waiting is really almost a countermovement to going toward.
Scholar: Not to say a counter-rest.
Teacher: Or simply rest. Yet has it been definitely decided that *'Αγχιβασιη* means going toward?
Scholar: Translated literally it says "going near."
Teacher: Perhaps we could think of it also as: "moving-into-nearness."

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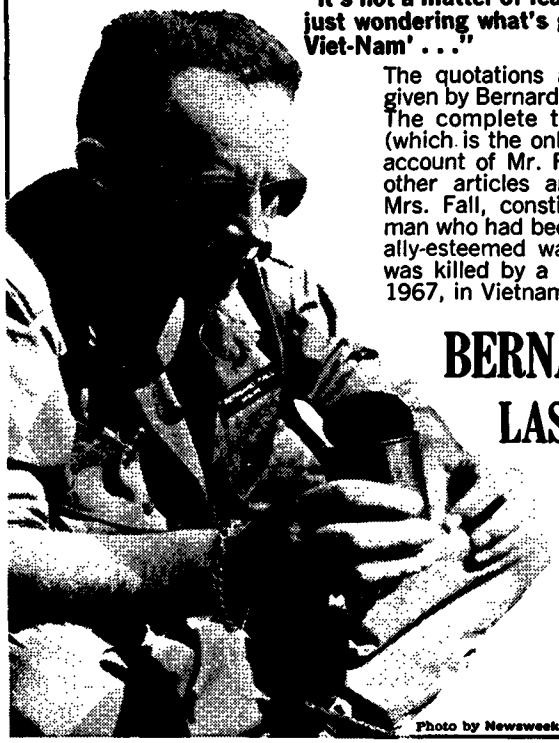
Scientist: You mean that quite literally in the sense of "letting-oneself-into-nearness?"
Teacher: About that.
Scholar: Then this word might be the name, and perhaps the best name, for what we have found.
Teacher: Which, in its nature, nevertheless, we are still seeking.
Scholar: Ἀγχιβασιη "moving-into-nearness." The word could rather, so it seems to me now, be the name for our walk today along this country path.
Teacher: Which guided us deep into the night . . .
Scientist: . . . that gleams ever more splendidly . . .
Scholar: . . . and overwhelms stars . . .
Teacher: . . . because it nears their distances in the heavens . . .
Scientist: At least for the naive observer, although not for the exact scientist.
Teacher: Ever to the child in man, night neighbors the stars.
Scholar: She binds together without seam or edge or thread.
Scientist: She neighbors; because she works only with nearness.
Scholar: If she ever works rather than rests . . .
Teacher: . . . while wondering upon the depths of the height.
Scholar: Then wonder can open what is locked?
Scientist: By way of waiting . . .
Teacher: If this is released . . .
Scholar: . . . and human nature remains *appropriated* to that . . .
Teacher: . . . from whence we are called.

The conversation of the scientist, the scholar, and the teacher on the country path states once again what Heidegger said in his Memorial Address, namely that meditation is something other than calculation. Also, in the conversation, Heidegger's notion of meditation is presented as more like waiting for thoughts than actual thinking. As I indicated before, meditation is assimilated to a kind of waiting for revelation, and without even trying to anticipate the revelation which may come. Waiting to think

"For the first time I'm really apprehensive about what I'm going to find..."

"It's not a matter of fear of getting shot at . . . I'm just wondering what's going to be left of 'my old Viet-Nam' . . ."

The quotations are from a radio interview given by Bernard Fall on November 21, 1966. The complete transcript of that program (which is the only available autobiographical account of Mr. Fall's life), together with 17 other articles and transcripts selected by Mrs. Fall, constitute the final book by the man who had become America's most generally-esteemed war correspondent before he was killed by a booby-trap on February 21, 1967, in Vietnam, on the Street Without Joy.



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or perhaps waiting to begin, is, I suppose, what Heidegger calls meditation; waiting, that is, for some new revelation of being.

WHY, one wonders, is Heidegger in the Memorial Address so moderate in his criticism of calculative thinking, and why, in the conversation piece, does he fail to distinguish it more sharply from the meditative? One is even inclined to wonder whether Heidegger sees a real difference between these two kinds of thinking: in trying to distinguish them, he is forced to give a most tenuous analysis of "waiting," and to overvalue "waiting" as against "waiting for."

Has he not always associated the revelation of being, that is, metaphysics, with meditative thinking? In his essay on technics in *Holzwege* ("Paths in the Wood") he puts the whole blame on Western metaphysics—the meditative thought of the West—for the current dominance of calculative thinking, that is, technics. Western meditation is responsible for Western calculation; that was his claim in *Holzwege*. May not a new experience of meditation lead to newer forms of the calculative?

Or can Heidegger be interpreted as meaning that all Western meditation has been fundamentally calculative, and that a new, more original kind of thinking is now indispensable? Elsewhere in his writings he implied nothing less. But then can he mean what he says in the Memorial Address, that a modest place can still be found for the meditative within the calculative?

Contrariwise, in another of his addresses, on nuclear energy, he attacked our tendency to ask "why" on the ground that it was this kind of questioning which led us into the nuclear age. He argued that any question beginning with "why" must lead to an answer beginning with "because"—and because of "because" we have nuclear energy. Maybe so. Yet in asserting that we are wrong to ask "why," he himself had to fall back on a "because"; this would not at all involve him in self-contradiction if his "because" were in answer to a meditative "why," clearly distinct from the calculative. Now I think Heidegger's bent is to have it both ways, and to confuse, after having distinguished, meditation and calculation.

Suppose, though, we ignore Heidegger's terms, which he has not made clear, and rely on terms more familiar to us in Western philosophy. Suppose we substitute for Heidegger's "meditative thinking" the term "speculative reason"—which should present no difficulties; for Heidegger's "calculative thinking," let us substitute the term "practical reason," taken in a wide and not in the Kantian sense, so as to cover all reasoning with respect to consequences. Would it be possible, with these terms, to be clearer about the "meditative" and the "calculative" than Heidegger has been, either in his Memorial Address or in his conversation piece? I'm inclined to think so.

Now it should be immediately evident—though perhaps it's not—that speculative reason is originary, distinctive of reason as such, and discloses the human most essentially. Confronted by Banquo's ghost, Macbeth cries out: "Thou hast no speculation in those eyes/ Which thou dost glare with!" And we are convinced that Shakespeare was unerring in making Macbeth miss in the visitation the quality not of life but of thought. But why should speculative rather than practical thinking stand for thinking as such? A very good answer is given by Gilbert Ryle in his Auguste Comte memorial lecture of 1962, "A Rational Animal," in which he points out that speculative reason—he calls it theoretical reason—is self-motivated as practical reason is not.

For all its independence though, speculative reason can do little more than speculate reasonably. It cannot defend itself against other forms of reasoning. It can only exhibit its charms. Practical reason, however, can defend speculative reason; it can also attack it. Practical reason even has the power to assert that speculative reason is sacred; it did just this in the Middle Ages, setting theology above the sciences.

In what finally lies the charm of speculative reason? Suppose a man, consulting a psychoanalyst, and hoping to be cured of what he takes to be a neurosis, is told by the analyst: I can certainly help you, that is, be of practical use to you, but the theory of psychoanalysis is completely questionable—would not the prospective patient be discouraged? And not merely because the statement of the analyst might lead him to question the likelihood of a cure. I think, in addition, much of the charm of analytic treatment would be gone once one's own cure was not part of validating a general theory.

Or let us look now at realities which are not expressed in systems of ideas, but in institutions. Let us take marriage, for example, and see how it relates on the one hand to the speculative, and on the other to the practical. Most people who are in favor of marriage—I'm speaking of Western marriage—would nowadays try to justify the institution in completely practical terms, forgetting its foundation in the speculative, that is to say, in the original notion that the married couple is united by a sacrament. And as the feeling for the sacrament has tended to dissipate itself, the institution has weakened. Has it not been the love relation, most often adulterous, which has attracted to itself that powerful erotic interest which can only be focused speculatively? Romanticism, in fact, may be described as living by a speculative judgment that can neither yield to nor become a practical judgment. The lovers can die or write poetry; they cannot marry.

To say that it is difficult to love is to say that it is difficult to judge another speculatively and to live by such a judgment. The ready acceptance of death by romantic characters is explained, I believe, not so much by the force of the erotic, as by their commitment to the speculative. Surely there is little about the Socrates of the *Apology* that suggests romanticism or eroticism. Yet he said to his judges, "I go to die, and you go to live, and nobody knows which is better." But if it is difficult to live by speculative reason, people did live by it, at least to some extent, in the Middle Ages when love and love poetry were invented. The lives of Christians were based on that logic made clear by Pascal in

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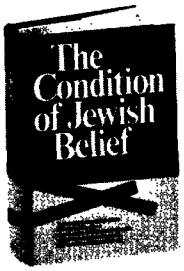

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his discussion of the Wager: Christians risked the possibility of finite happiness against the possibility of infinite happiness. The odds, Pascal claimed, were reasonable. They did not seem so to the people of his own time, which is why he formulated his argument, and if they did seem so during the Middle Ages, it was because during this period it was not merely the speculative, but also practical judgment, which said these odds were reasonable. True, practical reason only supported speculative reason when to do so was in the interest of practical reason; the rational purposes of the church in the Middle Ages required the dominance of theology. Both good and evil came of this: the great figures of the meditative life, also fanaticism, the Inquisition, and the *auto-da-fé*.

Is it possible that in this modern world of ours any significant number of people may again feel inclined to lead their lives speculatively? Only if practical reason endorses their inclination. And why should practical reason, so respected and entrenched, now become less enamored of the power it alone can hold? Perhaps the force of a new faith, like, let us say, the Christian revelation, could induce practical reason to serve the speculative again. Is this the revelation Heidegger is waiting for? It would explain his limiting of meditation to a waiting-to-think; also it would explain what is unclear in his discourse: he wants to speak speculatively but cannot—he has to limit himself to speaking in favor of the speculative, which means he has to speak in practical terms. No doubt this is why he calls for a "modest place" for the "meditative" within the "calculative." But the speculative, which I take to be what Heidegger means by the meditative, can never have a modest place in relation to the practical: a new revelation of the speculative might be the foundation of some new kind of practical reason. But we cannot speculate about such new speculation; we can only see the practical point of it—until it comes.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

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